AMERICA GETS ITS BACK UP AT

BY JAY FRANKLIN

MAR. 11,
1933

Liberty

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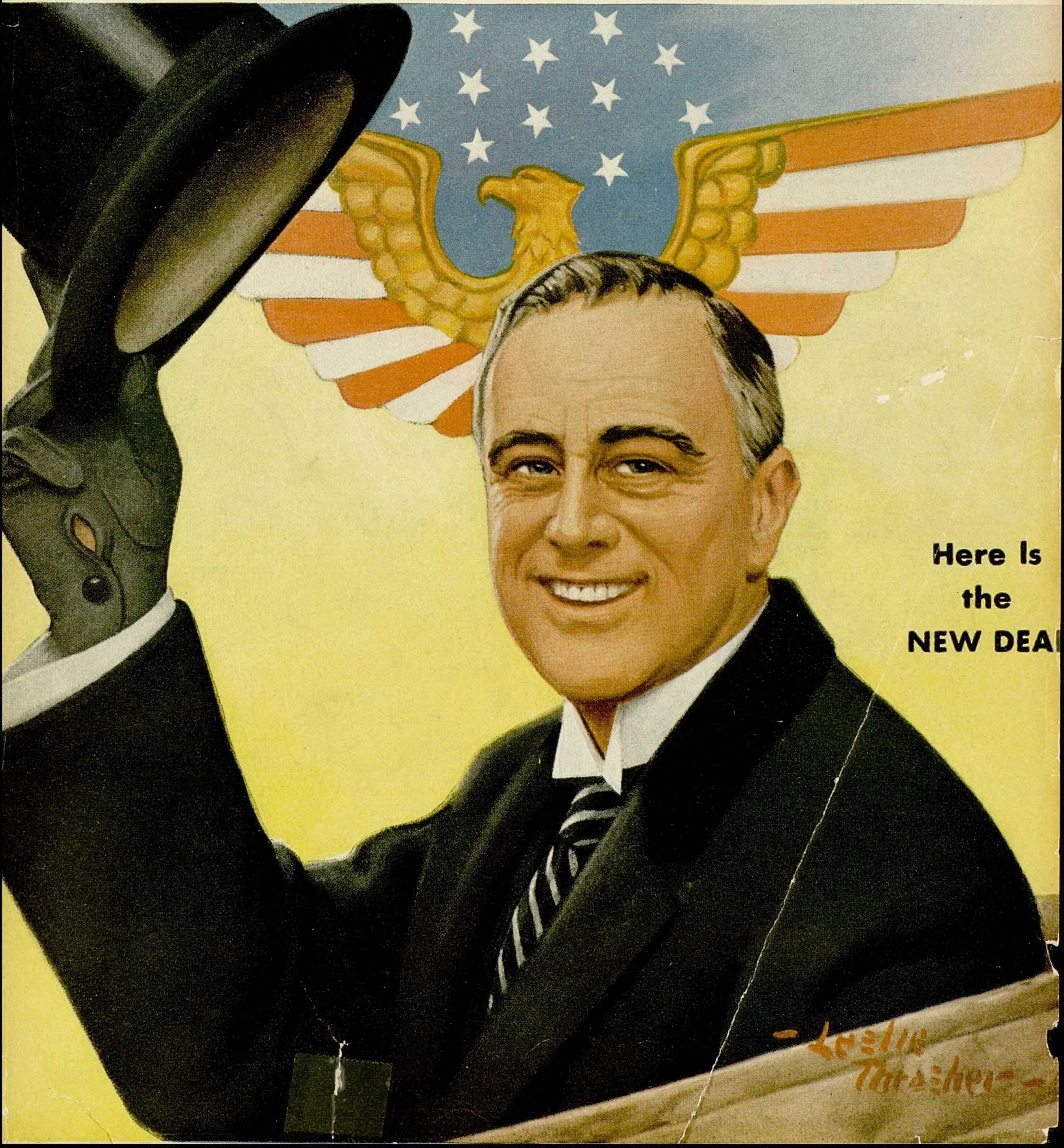
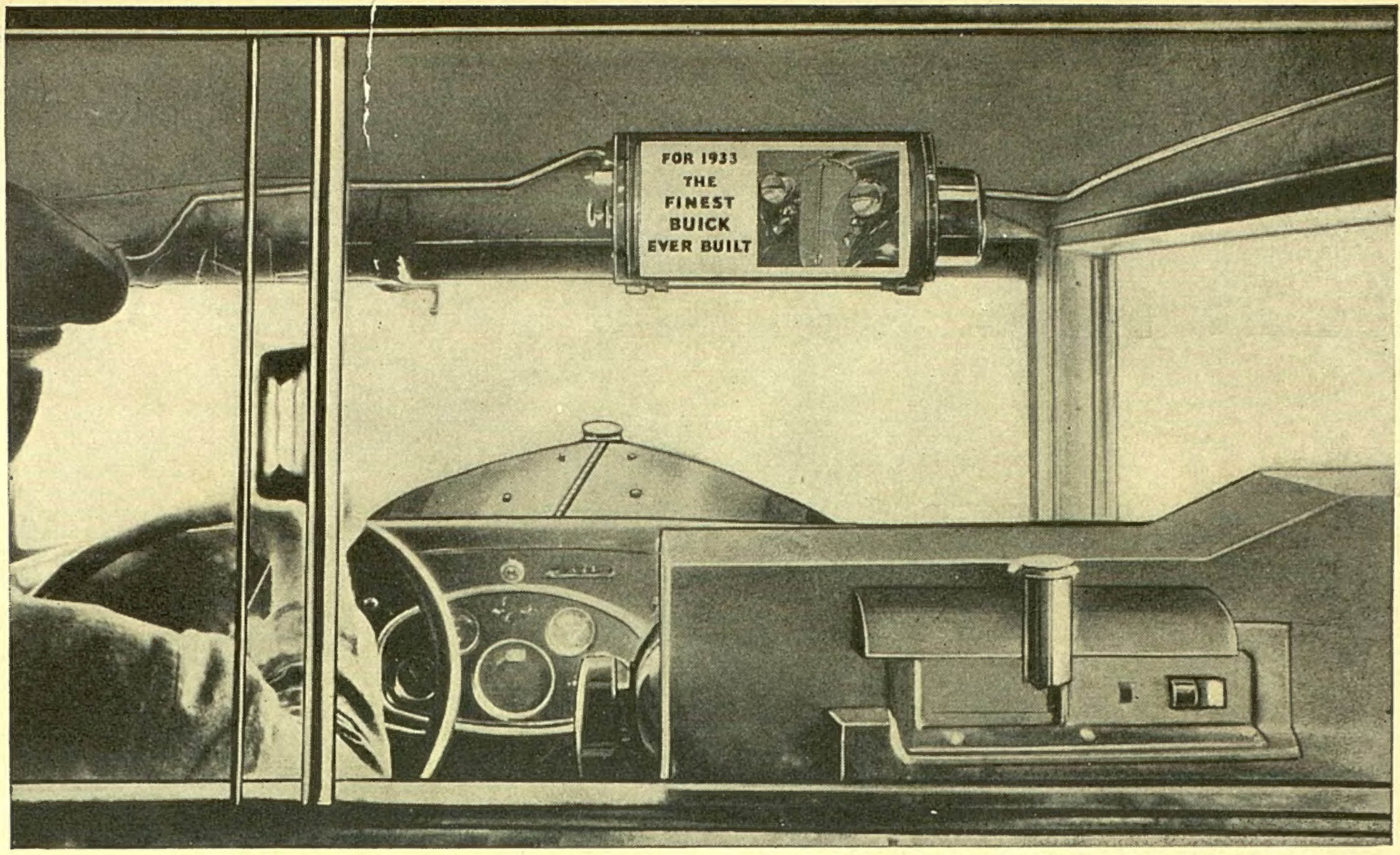


Here Is
the
NEW DEA

Leslie Thrasher



Terminal Cab Passengers in New York City Cannot Fail to Read the Twenty-two Beautifully Colored Advertisements Contained in This Moving, Electrically Lighted, Vacuum-operated Device. Cards Change Every Seven Seconds.

To Owners of Fleets of Taxicabs To Advertising Men

In the biggest market in the world is the most unusual advertising medium—a rotating device containing twenty-two cards of the finest grade of local and national advertisers, placed in one thousand Terminal taxicabs in New York City, carrying over a million passengers a month and costing advertisers only a little over a dollar to reach a thousand passengers.

These advertising devices are worked by vacuum and the power is taken from the same line that operates the windshield wiper. Taxicabs abroad—in London, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Oslo and Paris will soon be using this device. There is no reason why all taxicab owners everywhere should not be getting a revenue from advertisements placed in their cabs.

This machine shows twenty-two advertisements in one spot—shows them to a seated audience who must read them—shows them in color and with the added attention demand of action! motion!—every element of an electrically lighted Broadway spectacular!

We are prepared to lease these machines to fleet owners or responsible advertising men. In replying, tell us something about yourself. If you are a fleet owner, how many cabs you run, the kind of cabs they are, etc. If an advertising man, something about your financial responsibility, advertising experience, etc.

The machines are manufactured by the Trico Products Corporation of Buffalo, New York, U. S. A., under our patents and the Trico Corporation's hundreds of patents for vacuum-operated windshield wipers, furnished by them to all of the large automobile manufacturers in America, Canada and Europe.

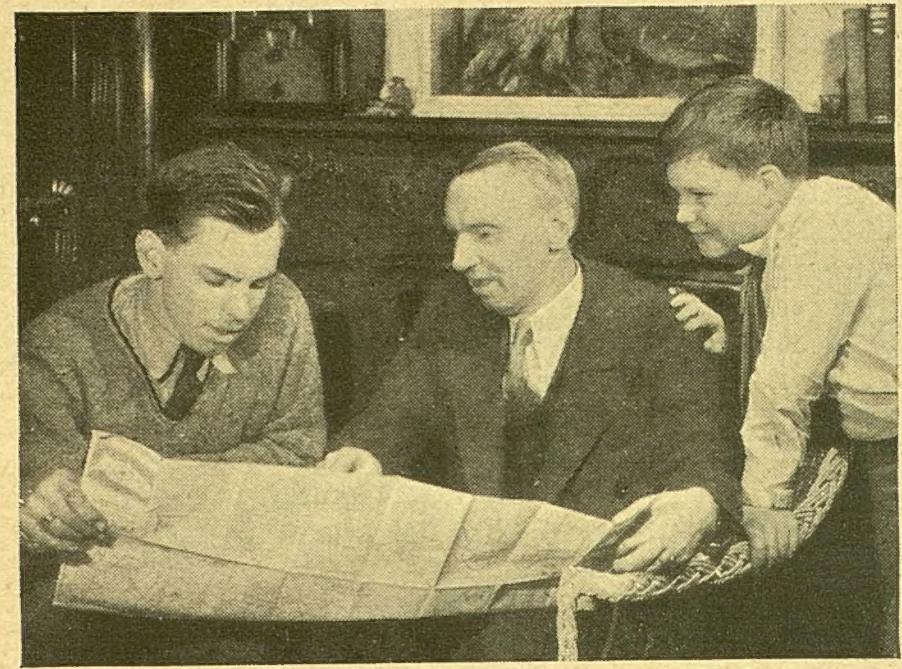
We also have a machine worked on the same principle but by electric motor, for windows and interiors of stores—a space-saver for merchants, to make twenty announcements at one spot.

J. H. Livingston, Jr., Taxi Advertising, Inc.

425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.   Telephone CAledonia 5-3460

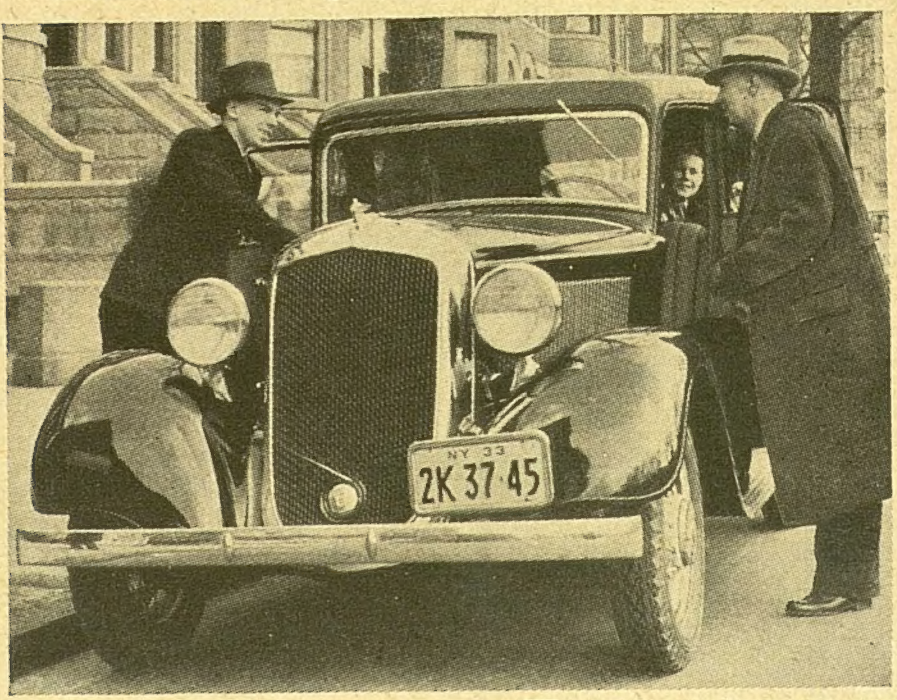
"We couldn't afford a Gas Eater!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD H. BORDEN (EX-FIRE CAPTAIN), BROOKLYN, N. Y.

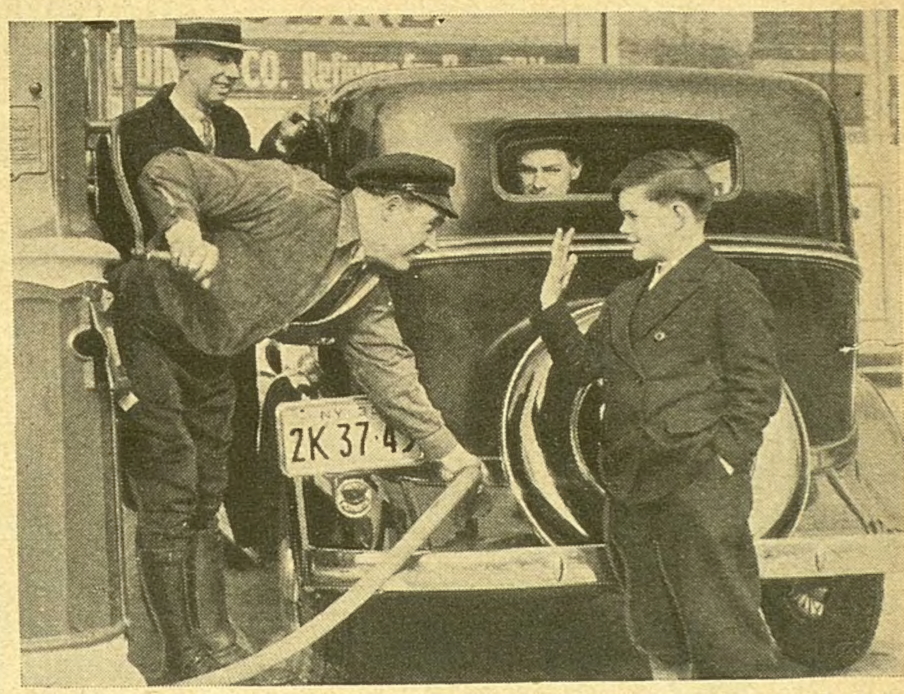


"Planning a long trip, we looked at cars and asked our friends about mileage. Plymouth owners sure did rave."

"Plymouth's looks and snappy performance won us heart and soul, and its economy sounded good, so I signed up."



"What a thrill that car gave us. We were anxious to go places, so we took a little practice 'spin' down to Florida."



"The car sure does burn up the roads, but it burns darn little gas. That jaunt to Florida was certainly a pleasure trip."

"We picked Plymouth because it's the most economical to run"

TALK to *any* Plymouth owner. Ask him how far a gallon of gas takes him. Ask if he's ever had the "head" off the motor for repairs.

The best advertising Plymouth gets is the "talk" of satisfied owners. If *we* said the things *they* do about Floating Power engine mountings . . . safety-steel bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . and 70 h. p. "pep", you might think we were exaggerating.

So we just let the owners . . . and the car itself . . . do the talking! In 15 minutes behind the wheel you can learn things about Floating Power, hydraulic brakes, and Plymouth nimbleness that a dozen ads won't tell you.

Frankly, we don't *have* to do much "selling" to folks who take a 15-minute ride in the new Plymouth!

We invite you to ride in the new Plymouth, whether you're in the market or not. In fact . . . we urge you to look at *all three* low-priced cars before you buy any.

NEW PRICES—4-DOOR SEDAN NOW $90 LESS

4-door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe $525, Business Coupe $495, prices f. o. b. factory. Convenient terms. Low delivered prices. Optional, automatic clutch $8.

PLYMOUTH SIX $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY • SOLD BY 7,355 DESOTO, DODGE & CHRYSLER DEALERS

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

MARCH 11, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 10

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE

The farmers are in an ugly mood in many sections of the country; and they have much cause for complaint. Some assistance through legislation will have to be extended to them.

On different occasions we have harshly censured the Farm Board, and our expressions have been commended by many readers. We have had a few critics, naturally, and one reader, as a climax to his various caustic remarks, says:

"And why criticize such an important governmental activity when you have nothing constructive to suggest? If you were at the head of the Farm Board, what would you do?"

The writer accepts the challenge!

He would first of all keep the farmers posted in detail whenever there was a possibility of overproduction in any product.

He would license all dealers buying direct from the farmer, and compel them to make monthly reports of the production cost of the products they buy and the price they pay for them.

Whenever the price paid to the farmer would not allow him a reasonable profit, governmental pressure would be brought to bear upon these licensed dealers to induce them to pay a better price. A small additional amount paid the farmer would simply be passed along to the next buyer, and to the final consumer the amount added would be infinitesimal.

When a stream is dirty the proper way to purify it is to begin at its source. The farmer is competing in a market of artificially created values. The merchandise he buys is usually manufactured at fixed costs for labor, rent, etc., and the government controls the railroad rates. In the past, therefore, the farmer without organization of any kind has been at the mercy of the dealers, the middlemen. They control the prices, and by combining together they can lower them to the extent desired. And the farmer, usually badly in need of cash, sells for whatever he can get.

The Farm Board should have made more effective efforts to regulate the prices to the farmer, not by governmental edict but by governmental influence, pointing out that when you rob the farmer you are stealing from the country at large.

Every dollar that the farmer makes he personally creates. He digs it out of the soil. He passes it on to the dealers for hardware, clothing, shoes, etc. It goes to the jobber, wholesaler, then to the factory, then to the banker and from there into various investments. There is no other activity from which money passes through so many hands.

It should be the object of every intelligent citizen, and especially of the government, to protect the farmer against unfair business tactics. And this the Farm Board has not done.

Since this board was organized it has spent nearly a thousand million dollars, and what have we got to show for it?

Farm products at unheard-of low prices. Farms everywhere mortgaged up to the limit. Farmers crying for a moratorium or any relief that will save their homes.

The Farm Board, intelligently guided, would not have bought a pound of wheat or a pound of cotton, or any other farm products, but would have controlled the evil at its source. By licensing the middlemen who buy direct from the farmers and by exerting intelligent governmental pressure wherever needed, the desired objects could doubtless have been attained.

The farmers may have to have assistance at this time, but they do not need charity. What they need is justice—a fair adjustment of prices from producer to consumer.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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"We stay slim...or we lose our contracts"

...*say Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray*

How to keep weight down and energy *up* .. that's the problem movie stars face.

IF THERE'S one place in the world where excess weight isn't wanted —*it's in the movies!*

A few extra pounds can cost a star a contract. Keeping slender in Hollywood isn't a hobby—it's a requirement for success.

That's why every movie star is an amateur dietician. Knows exactly what foods will yield the nourishment and energy every star *must* have —yet not add a jot to the waistline.

Heavy lunches—taboo!

At lunch time, for example, you'll find few stars eating heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—plenty of it—to carry them through the grind of the afternoon. But they get it in a nourishing, non-fattening lunch. A lunch that's become famous on the lots as the "Hollywood lunch."

If you had dropped in at the R-K-O-Radio Studios around noontime, when Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot were making "King Kong"—the chances are you would have seen them enjoying it—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim, take a tip from the movies and pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk.

Why Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in Vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant at a Borden fountain is an expert—knows how to mix the *best* malted milk, and is so instructed by Borden's.

Start your "Hollywood lunch" habit tomorrow! And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy bottles for home use.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT *Borden's Richer Malted Milk* DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

Of Course
you eat it
because you
LIKE it...
BUT DON'T FORGET THE EXTRA BENEFITS IT GIVES YOU!
A Delicious Cereal
Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
Deliciously flavored with Malt Syrup and Salt
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
A Gentle Regulator

THIS TEMPTING BREAKFAST FOOD PROVIDES THE BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS . . . TO KEEP YOU FEELING FIT. EAT IT EVERY DAY!

THOUSANDS of men and women agree! This crispy, golden-flaked cereal is the finest-tasting breakfast dish they know.

But more than that, for years Post's Bran Flakes has been professionally recommended as a safe, helpful precaution against constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet . . . an often unsuspected condition that may result in listlessness, lack of ambition, ill health.

A safe, effective regulator

Post's Bran Flakes helps to protect you against this insidious trouble. For it provides the bulk your system needs . . . and thus helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness and to insure normal elimination of food wastes. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B.

That is why you, and your children too, should have Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*, as an important part of this proven health program: Plenty of exercise . . . sufficient sleep . . . water to drink between meals . . . plenty of milk, fresh fruits and vegetables in your diet. And a generous daily helping of Post's Bran Flakes.

Make this two-week test

Try this health program for two weeks. Start eating Post's Bran Flakes at once —*today*—and see how easily and pleasantly it helps to keep you *regular* and feeling fine. You will love this delicious food . . . whether you serve it plain, or with fruits or berries.

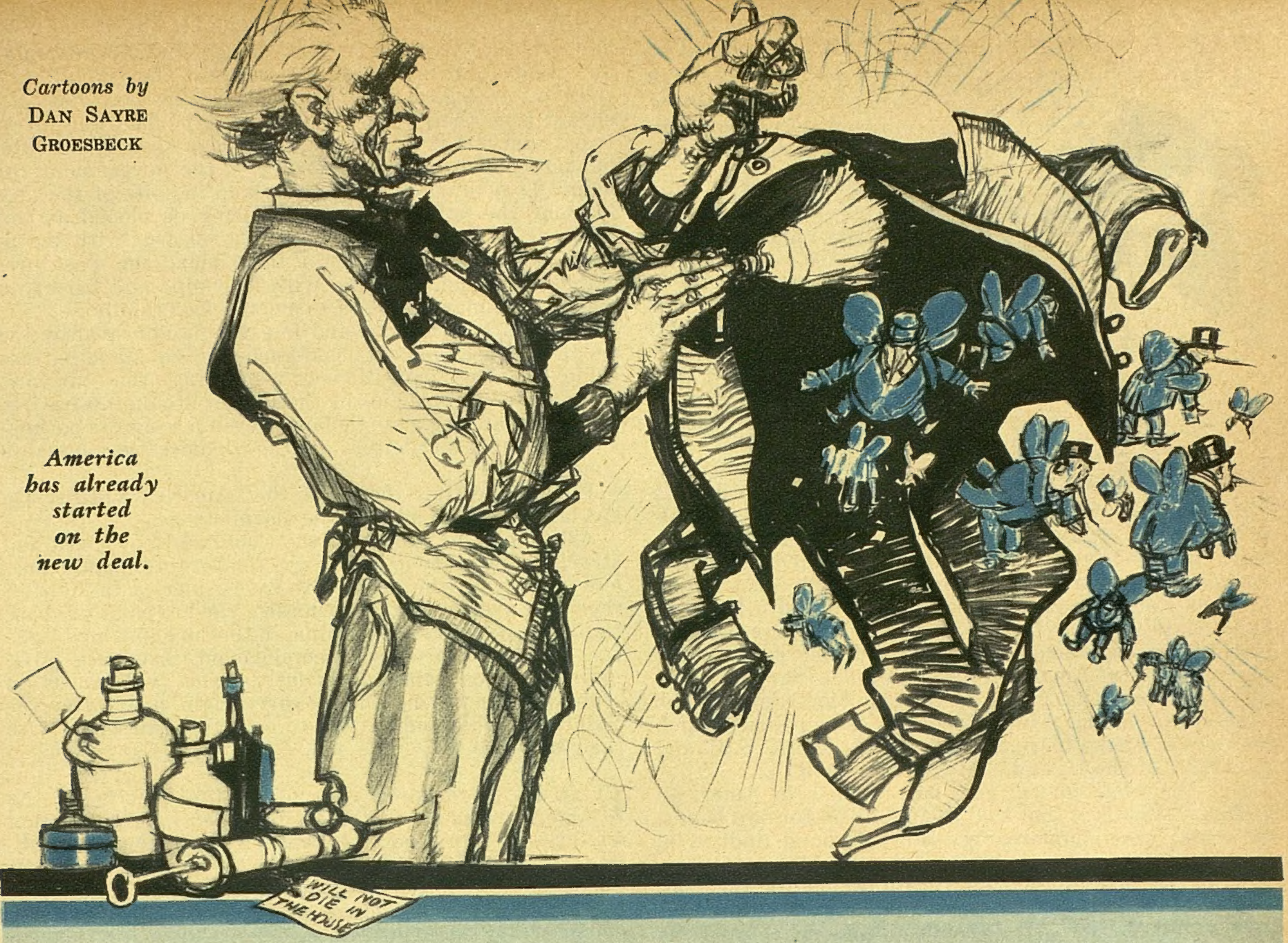
Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods. Your grocer has it.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© G. F. Corp., 1933

Cartoons by
DAN SAYRE
GROESBECK


WILL NOT DIE IN THE HOUSE

America has already started on the new deal.

AMERICA Gets Its Back Up At Last

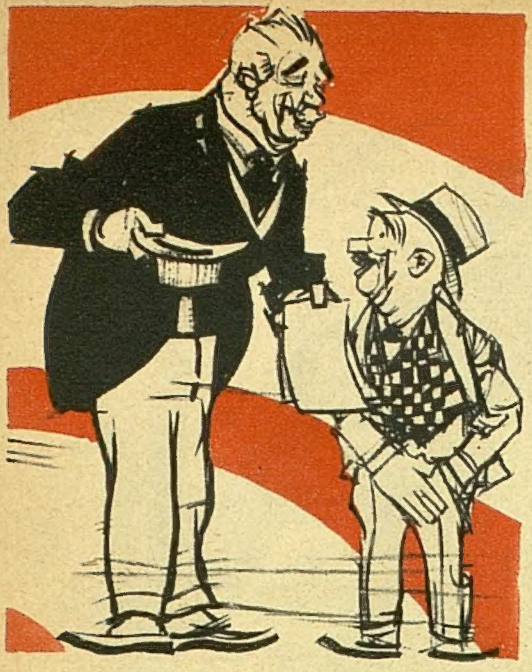
How the Average Citizen Is Putting the United States on Its Feet in Spite of the Failure of Its Leaders

(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

THERE are some Americans who think that the rest of us are such babies that we are not to be trusted with the key to the political jam closet and certainly must not be allowed to cross the road without a financial nursemaid. For generations we have been told never to trust the popular instinct and never—no, never—to pass a law which could change anything or to elect a man who might have radical ideas. Even now this idea still holds sway. What! repeal prohibition? You mustn't do that or the whole nation will go blind drunk! What! appropriate public funds for unemployment relief? You mustn't do that or you will turn a race of rugged individualists into a dole-doped set of panhandlers! What! reduce interest rates or have a moratorium on private debts? You mustn't do that or no creditor will ever trust any debtor ever again!

Bunk! Americans aren't natural-born drunkards, panhandlers, or swindlers. In fact, their leaders come closer to deserving these short and ugly names than does the average American who tries to provide for his family,

By JAY FRANKLIN



Who sold the public on foreign bonds, on "sound stocks," margins and ticker tape?

pay his bills and taxes, and play a little penny ante or drink a couple of seidels with the neighbors on Saturday night.

Who is it that supply the headlines—the debauches, the suicides, and the smashing scandals in America? It is the leaders of society, the business men, the wealthy and powerful. Who is it that rushed to Washington and got through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation a hand-out of two and a half billion dollars in order to keep at the head of our banking institutions the same gang who made merry with the savings of the American people? The bankers, who would otherwise have been forced into bankruptcy or the penitentiary as the result of the very same policies which they are now free to continue, thanks to the R. F. C. and the credit of the United States government.

Not labor but capital got the first dole in American history. Who is it that sold the public on foreign bonds, on what were humorously called "sound industrial stocks," on investment trusts, on margins and ticker tape? Not the fly-by-nights, the oil promoters, the Wallingfords, the confidence men, but the Mitchells, the Wigginses, the Morrows, the Insulls, the Morgans, and the Kreugers—the highest leaders of our financial and business system, aided by our Coolidges, Mellons, Hoovers, and Ogden Millses—were the men who sold us down the river and then foreclosed on the mortgage.

Bad leadership gave us the Civil War, the panics of 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907, and 1929; bad leadership was responsible for our failure either to prepare for or to keep out of the World War; bad leadership is today preparing to drag us into an unnecessary and stupid struggle with Japan; bad leadership is responsible for the Smoot-Hawley Tariff and the stock speculation which preceded the depression. And all along it is the people who have fought the wars, conquered the West, developed the country, paid the taxes, lived through and lived down the panics, and made us a great nation in spite of a century of criminally stupid leadership. Now that the people are taking control of the situation, the well known welkin is ringing with yelps of anguish and horrified groans from our bankrupt leaders.

WE were told that only the reëlection of Herbert Hoover or the "new deal" with Franklin D. Roosevelt could save us from complete collapse. Every vest-pocket economist has organized a posse with bloodhounds in hot pursuit of a panacea, while fat Babbitts grow gray and shaky at the thought that Stalin may get us if we don't watch out. The rest of the world has watched through narrowed eyelids, and so many thoughtful foreigners decided that America had hit the skids that Japan proceeded to make hey-nonny-nonny while the sun shone in Manchuria, and Europe felt that there was no need to worry about war debts.

At this point the American people took matters into their own hands. They didn't turn to machine guns. Congress and legislation couldn't help them. Every traditional channel of political revolt was blocked, so they took the irritating course of ignoring the whole old show and going ahead on their own. They voted for practically everybody who was out of office and against everybody who was on the public pay roll. They took a good look at the business system and decided to get on without it or in spite of it. They started barter leagues and service exchanges, token money and Technocracy, and walked out on the industrialists. They paid no attention to the good and wise bankers who said that they should keep their money in the bank vaults; they drew it out and put it in the postal savings system until the bankers had to come clamoring to the government for help. They started back to the land in spite of the protests of the political farmers. They developed an unpleasant habit of appearing in large crowds with sharpened pitchforks whenever a farm mortgage was foreclosed and of showing up with lead pipe and brickbats whenever a marshal tried to evict a poor family.

It was a spontaneous and irresistible upheaval by the people themselves. It has knocked the stand-patters aside, left President Hoover wondering what hit him, and decided the policies of the Roosevelt administration, without changing a single law or even asking the permission of the contributors to the Democratic campaign fund.

For all the time the proof that America will survive has lain visible to all save the alarmists.

After the Big Names of the Coolidge-Hoover era had struck a new all-time low, it was the forgotten and nameless American who decided to save America in spite of them, the average man who doesn't yield to panic or chase rainbows, and who puts a dime in the tin cup which is, so far, our only form of unemployment insurance. His patience, good temper, initiative, and willingness to coöperate are saving this country right now, after the failure of our stand-patters to cure the depression with their ballyhoo.

IT is an extraordinary proof of the charity of the American people that there has been little starvation during this depression. Recently a reporter of a Washington newspaper decided to test the local panhandling game. In three days near the Capitol he collected twenty-two dollars from strangers whom he accosted with the old gag: "Please, mister, give me a dime for a cuppa coffee?" A poor woman living alone in inland Connecticut came down with influenza. It was a commuting town, with plenty of wealthy residents. The woman's neighbors approached the wealthy, but they said that they had already contributed to the local charity funds. So the neighbors—themselves desperately hard up—took care of her, nursed her through her illness and paid for her medicine.

These humble incidents do not compare, of course, with the staggering statistics of community-chest or charity drives: they are much more important, for they prove that the mass of people in this country are determined to take care of each other and are doing so. If anyone deserves pity it is the rich and educated classes who have put America in the hole and who still do not know their own country. Not the rich but the poor and humble are carrying the burden of relief; and when the depression ends it will be in spite of, not because of, the so-called leaders of the United States.

Yet another angle to this instinct to help each other and to hell with theories is supplied by the rank and file of business men themselves. Where the banks are foreclosing remorselessly and refusing to renew notes, there are hundreds of moderate-sized businesses today which have maintained employment at a loss simply because the managers didn't feel it was right to turn men adrift in times like these. A Wall Street director of several large corporations said bluntly, "It goes against everything I was taught about economics in the past; but. damn it all! labor is *not* a commodity, and I have refused to allow anybody to be discharged from any business with which I am connected in times like these. In fairness to my co-directors, I can say that this policy met with no opposition."

The patience and self-control of Americans is probably the most dramatic element in the whole situation. In any other country we would have had barricades and revolution before this. Some fools point out that we aren't yet as hard up as the Chinese, the Russians, or the Germans. That isn't the point. The point is that we had farther to fall than they did, that the shock of the depression was greater, and that there is no sensible reason for it. We still have as much real wealth—food, clothes, machinery, railroads, ships, factories, mines—as we ever did. The shock of facing starvation in the midst of plenty might have wrecked a more excitable nation. So far, the worst we have seen is the Bonus Marchers and the Communist “Hunger” Marchers at Washington.

This self-control has made some of our alarmists look pretty silly. A prominent Republican remarked right after the election: “Of course I wanted Hoover to be reëlected. Just the same, this election renews my faith in the American people. It shows that they could suffer for three years and *wait* for the political opportunity to make the change. That, to me, is the most important thing which has happened in my lifetime. It makes me ashamed of some of the fears I and my friends have entertained.”

He is right. The election is a proof that the American people know what they want, that they are prepared to wait and work for it, and that they can't be frightened by threats that everything will collapse unless we keep everything exactly as it is. A close observer of politics remarked after the returns came rolling in: “Hoover would try to threaten and bully the American people, would he? There's his answer!” The hope of a new deal, and complete boredom with Hoover and Hooverism, swept into power a liberal leader, backed by Democratic control of Congress, on a broad and hopeful program for the complete reconstruction of our national life. Roosevelt was given a blank check, and the greatest power of any President in history. But neither we nor Roosevelt must be allowed to think that he is *giving* us a new deal. We are determined to give ourselves a new deal and are using him for that purpose. If he fails to follow the lines which we have already set for ourselves, he will be out on his ear so fast that he won't know what hit him.

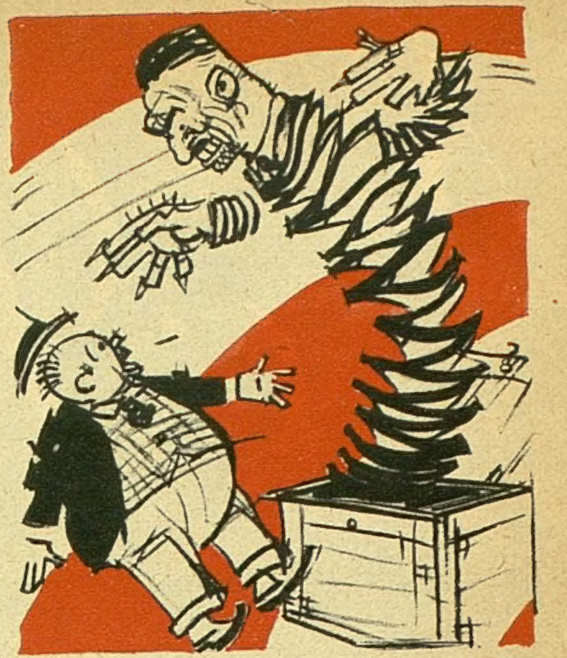
For America has already started on the new deal. From every part of the country comes word of some new local movement to better conditions for and by the people. For six months a young political group called the New National Party has maintained offices in New York in order to keep in touch with these new movements. Scarcely a week goes by but word comes in of two or three entirely new developments. The barter system is spreading over wide sections of the country. In the State of Washington alone eighty thousand people have organized a state-wide barter league. In Colorado there are colonies of unemployed near Denver who have built cabins, raised crops, and are finding it possible to live without money. The movement to relieve unemployment and to end the overcrowding of our cities by settling people back on the land is assuming the proportions of a nation-wide crusade. It is already happening, and President Roosevelt's farm policy must follow the line of what the people themselves are doing or it will be a failure.

THE gold standard and all that it implies in terms of debt and deflation is also being taken for a ride. Down in Chattanooga, Tennessee, George Christians has organized nearly a million Crusaders for Economic Liberty throughout the South, along the old Klan lines, and, in coöperation with Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, is working for a law to base currency on a minimum wage of forty-two cents an hour for common labor, and by a system of labor exchanges to regulate the interest rate so as to insure a constant supply of wages.

Working from a sounder angle, a group of engineers in New York are completing a research which already suggests that currency should be based on the production of energy.

A scientist at Atlantic City has suggested that dollars should be issued on the basis of the production of electricity. The Solicitor-General of the United States has drafted legislation amending the bankruptcy laws so as to prevent receiverships and foreclosures, while the wild man of the House of Representatives, Fiorello La Guardia, has introduced a bill to reduce the interest rate. Communistic ideas are growing in power, and Socialism, as a theory, though not as a political party, is in control at Washington. These new forces will determine the policy which the new administration will have to follow. They are the forces of the people and not the ideas of any leaders.

Fat Babbitts shake, thinking that Stalin may get us if we don't watch out.



They have already set their mark on the American government. Hoover has established a complete socialistic set-up which can be taken over by his successor and used to relieve distress. This set-up includes the Veterans' Administration with its distribution of a billion dollars a year to a million and a half people throughout the country. As the demand for the bonus is really a demand for relief, this institution cannot be overlooked. The Federal Land Banks are already beginning to take a crack at the farm-mortgage situation. The Federal Home Loan Bank System can be used to save the home owner from foreclosure and to lower the interest rate which he has to pay for his mortgage. The Federal Reserve System, under the Glass-Steagall bill, can relieve the banks of their frozen assets and put out fresh currency. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been compelled by Congress to lend to states and cities for relief purposes. The federal government construction at Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and on the proposed St. Lawrence Seaway and the Columbia River development will be used by Roosevelt to regulate the power industry and to reduce rates to the consumer. Hoover has put the government into business so completely that for the first time we have the power to compel business to work for the common good.

All of these developments are the creation of the people themselves, not of their leaders. We are putting to work our greatest and least developed resource, our own intelligence. We are about to apply our brains to the use of our other resources in such a manner as to help the country as a whole rather than a few get-rich-quick promoters and bunco bankers. The people of this country have earned the right to use their brains in solving a problem that only a banker would suppose is insoluble. They have decided to go forward rather than back.

This is, of course, very hard on the old boys who were born before million-horsepower units and superpower systems. To them it seems monstrous and dangerous that the people should have the political power to insist on their right to live when their work is no longer required by the machinery which could give us all plenty and leisure. Yet the greatest argument for survival of American power and wealth lies precisely in the refusal of the individual to take the depression lying down. The nation-wide response to the idea of a nonpolitical Technocracy which would enable our machinery to do its stuff shows that the solution of the people is going to put our politicians and bankers over the jumps.

The instinct of the people is here wiser than the wisest arguments of the kept economists and case-hardened stand-patters. For, after all, there *is* no really good and convincing reason why the inhabitants of this country should know a day of want. We are not scrambling for a diminishing supply of wealth. We have all and more than we need. If we are sane about it, we can provide comfort and security for every man, woman, and child in the United States. And the people are determined to see that everybody gets a fair break. That is why America will come back, and will come back with a rapidity which will astound even the optimists. That is also why anyone who tries to stop the people from getting what they want is going to be knocked out as pitilessly and completely as they knocked the Republicans out of power.

THE END

]

The Isle of the Dragon

A Dramatic Tale of a Treasure Hunt and a Captive Who Became a Bride

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrations by CARL LINK

(Reading time: 34 minutes 3 seconds.)

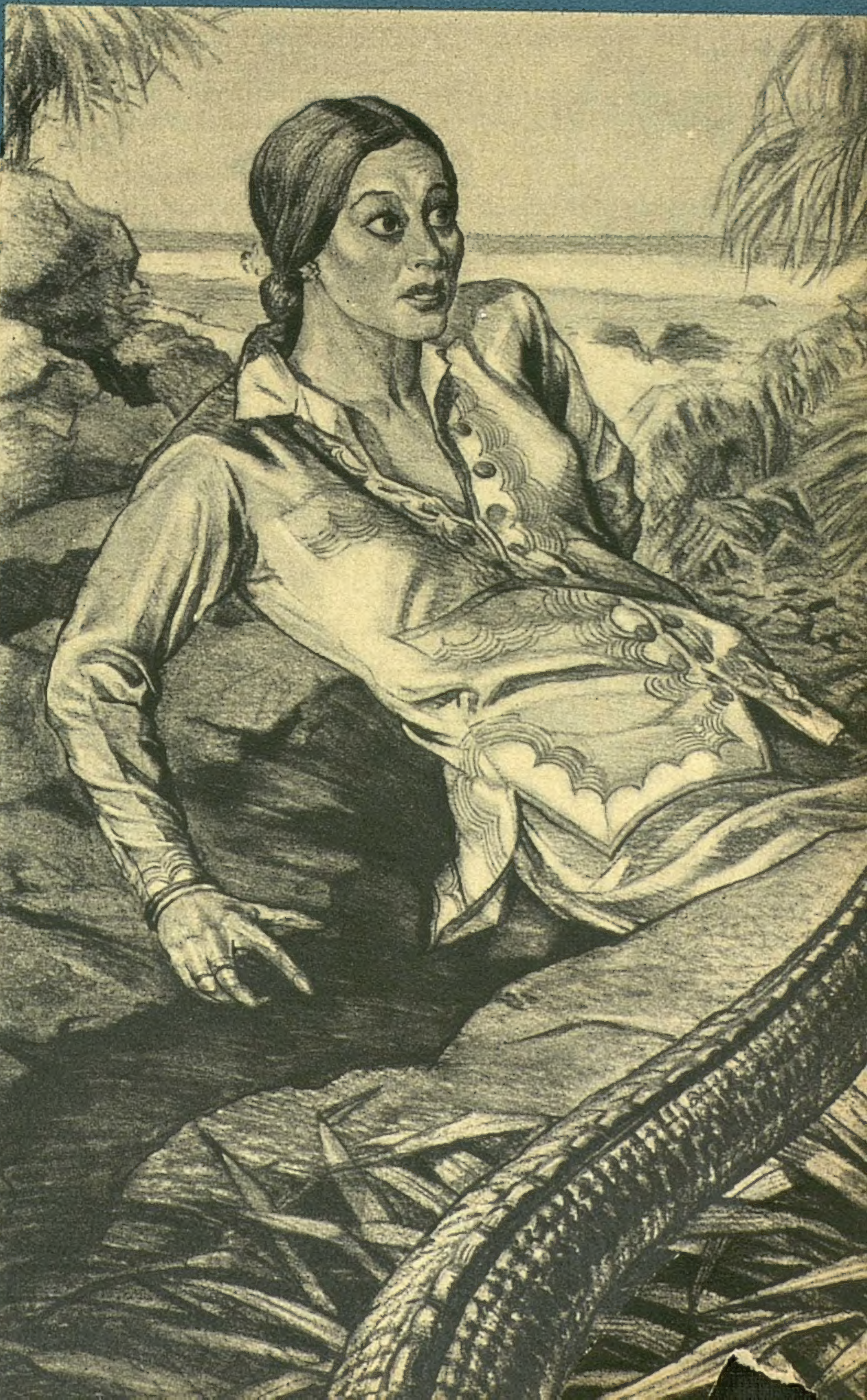
A WORLD of stars; a hollow globe of black-blue crystal sown with pulsating diamonds. A smell of water, a smell of coral reef, faint and mossy. No heavy sea, but now and then a long heave of the whole ocean, lifting the launch like a nutshell. In the launch, cruising cautiously off the island of Pulo Kring, Mr. Lee Chesterman, Mr. James Laracor, Mr. Hargreaves (commonly called Hoppy) Fish.

Mr. Chesterman, fortyish, fattish, rather good-looking, and very respectable, with the balance of a round-the-world ticket (which he was not using) in his suitcase. Laracor, twenty-eight or thirty, with upright sandy hair, and skin burned to saddle color. Fish, small, lame, fifty years well sounded, a sallow, blue-eyed little fellow, with a childishly innocent expression. All three engaged—if one came down to bare facts—in an enterprise that was neither more nor less than sapphire stealing.

Laracor you have met as a "stunt" artist of various kinds—seen him tramping round the world, in rather dirty shorts and shirt, for a wager. At intervals he disappears.

Lately he had disappeared. The stunt market was depressed, and Laracor, being wiser than you might have thought, slipped over the edge of civilization to a hide-out he had in Dutch Malaya. Where Hoppy found him. Where Hoppy, who could talk the hind leg off a mule, took him, and roped him in on his own latest enterprise.

As for Chesterman, that respectable civil servant just retired, that owner of a "desirable gent's residence" on the Leas of Folkestone, brother and traveling companion of the wealthy widow, Alice Prosser (with whose name you are familiar on the boards of a hundred philanthropic institutions)—Chesterman was simply running away. From the beautiful tourist steamer. From respectability, and from Alice.



While the beast hesitated, Lee bent down, filled both fists with sand, and flung it into the dragon lizard's eyes.

You will not meet Alice in these pages, but you know her. She is compact of the seven deadly virtues and her husband died of them. No, you would rather not meet her, and you shall not.

From Alice and her world, which indeed was the same everywhere, and (Lee told himself) a dead and damned world at that, Alice's brother eloped with Hoppy Fish, who had dined on board the ship and who wanted him, at first sight, to finance a "proposition" that promised unheard-of returns. Sapphire prospecting in a virgin place; an island belonging to a stuffy old rajah who wouldn't let anyone land—but soon as one could prove the existence of gems the Dutch government would grant you concession over his head, and then you'd be set.

Lee was no fool in money matters; he had almost immediately diagnosed Hoppy as a professional promoter of companies more or less shady.

Romance exuded from the very cuffs of Hoppy's somewhat flash traveling suit; the winds of adventure sang in his graying golden hair; the song of the sirens momently was on his lips.

Lee Chesterman—a sound man, with a stake in his country, somewhat enamored of the fourth daughter of a cheap Scottish baron, a girl who knew how many sides there were to a sixpence—struck hands with Hoppy at the second meeting, and agreed to finance his sapphire-prospecting trip provided that he were allowed to come too. It would be unnecessary, he said, to mention the matter beforehand. Hoppy winked. He had seen, and heard, Alice.

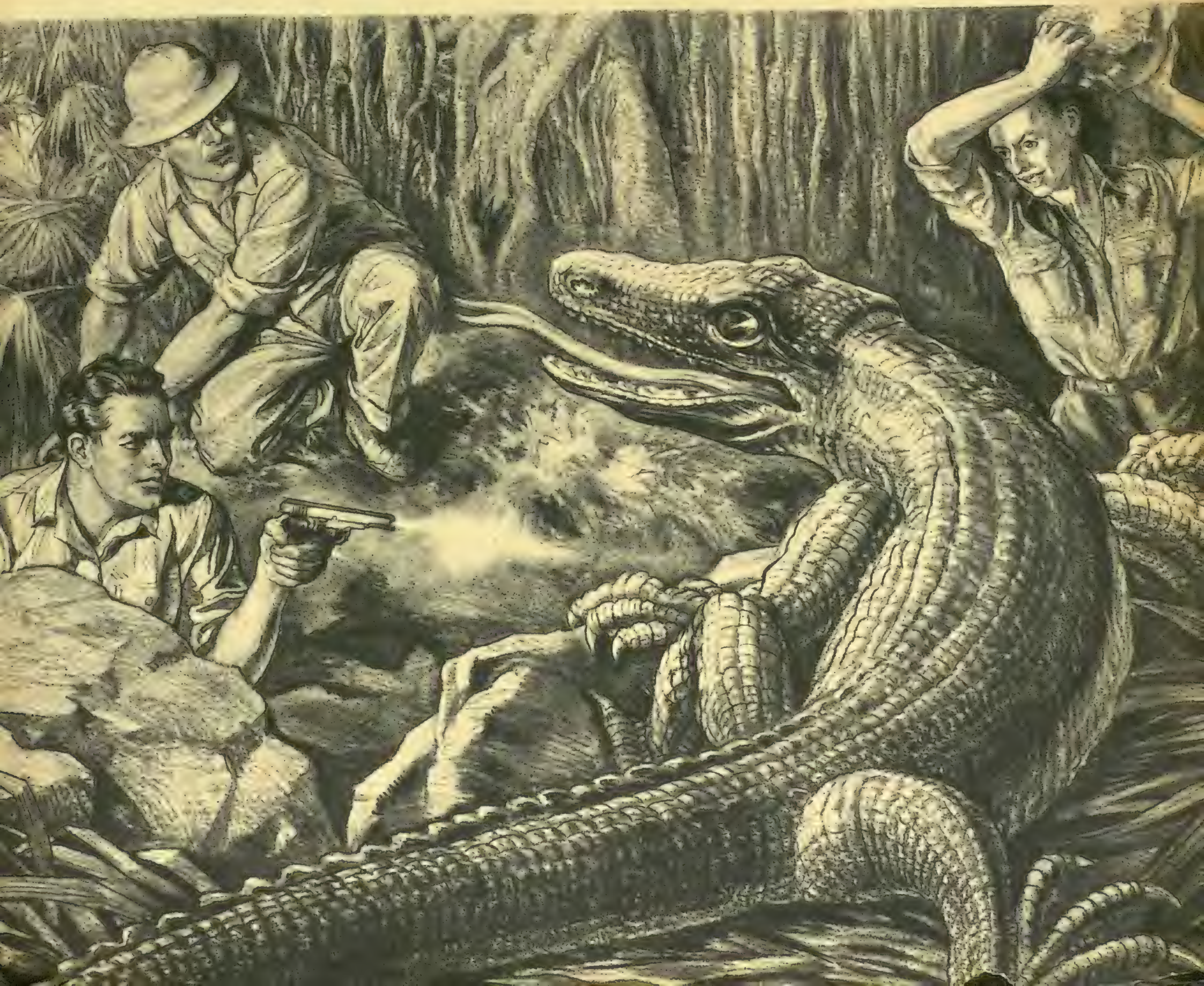
They picked up Laracor in Surabaya; Hoppy said he himself wasn't much of a fighting man since he broke his leg in a landslide in the diamond fields of South Africa, and Laracor might be needed. Also he could run the launch. Laracor met them with a pistol in his hip pocket, a good deal of whisky (yet not too much) aboard, and a way of talking that sent delighted thrills down Chesterman's spine. From his lips and from Hoppy's the romance, the risk, the wonder of Malaya poured.

BY the time they reached their jumping-off place, an obscure port at the end of a meandering voyage, Lee Chesterman felt, and knew that he looked, a new, a younger man. Life suddenly seemed longer. Queer, delightful things occurred. There was a girl in a market place on the last island where they called, a yellow half caste called "Lilin" (candle) because she was like a candle, a thin bright flame; this girl, it seemed, was a witch, and she told Lee, when she was selling him fried bananas, that he ought not to go to Pulo Kring. "Do not go looking for pearls on dry land," was one of the things she said. But it wasn't pearls they were after; nobody knew, for the matter of that, what took them to Pulo Kring. And she said, "Wicked things walk in the dark; wise men stay at home."

He didn't mention her till they were off Pulo Kring, in the hot dark, waiting for the tide to serve them for a landing. Then he told the others.

"She's a witch," said Laracor thoughtfully, much as you might have said, "She's a typist," or "She's a nurse."

"Then," commented Hoppy Fish, "she's likely to know what she knows. Prob'ly been making spells. Dry land—Pulo Kring means Dry Island, don't it? And pearls—



Well, there you have me. The place is one of the Kuning Islands, belongs to the Rajah of the Kunings, and there's no pearls anywhere about his— Hi!"

"What's bit you?"

"See here. Wasn't it the Rajah of the Kunings that they sold the white Malay girl to—the 'girl-who-won't-get-married'—her they call the Pearl?"

"What about her?" asked Lee, deeply interested.

Laracor, leisurely chewing tobacco, replied, "It's a queer story. You know about the conquest of Bali by the Dutch in 1906? No? Well, they sent a regiment to land by force, and all the kings and queens—Bali's a rich place—came down on the beach dolled up in satins and gold and jewels, and as soon as the soldiers set foot on the beach the whole crowd killed themselves with their jeweled creeses, and so that was that. But there was a small kid among them, a girl of about two; she was the child of a white woman, a widow who married a Bali king; and they brought her up Malay, only she turned out as pretty as be dam', and as white as me—"

"Aw!" cried Hoppy remonstratively.

"You never saw me before I got burned, stunting. They called her Mutiara—that means pearl. Well, she escaped the massacre somehow, and the soldiers carried her off and sent her to a white school. And when she was fifteen the remains of the tribe which belonged to the Kunings raised a row and took her back, because she was legally Malay, and of course she was a prize. And they tried to marry her to no end of high chiefs, but she wouldn't have any, and she as good as knifed two of 'm. So not long ago they sold her—"

"What?"

"Oh, you don't know the Malays," to Lee. "Sold her, guaranteed undamaged, to the Rajah of the Kunings, who's the richest prince south of Singapore. And it seems he told her he'd send away or drown all his other wives, and marry her legally, white-man way, if she'd consent to come of her own accord. And just then the government sent for him to go to Batavia, one time, about a bit of piracy he'd got mixed up in. So he shut her up in one of his palaces somewhere till he gets back, and then I suppose there'll be the biggest wedding ever heard of in the Kunings. She must be near twenty now. And nobody knows, or they say they don't know, where the Pearl is."

"Well, if they don't know, what's it to them or to us?"

"Maybe nothing," said Laracor. "I can work a bit closer in now. Time we landed if we want to be ashore and out of sight by sunup. We aren't advertising this trip. Pulo Kring's uninhabited, but there may be proas about anywhere."

THE launch was worked into a secret channel that Laracor seemed to find by instinct, and left there, anchored. They landed from the dinghy. It was quite dark and very hot. Nobody spoke. Lee could hear the heavy breathing of Laracor and Fish as they scrambled through entangling mangrove roots.

It was just possible to see by starlight that a wide colorless plain lay in front of them, backed by dark forest. The place was like the end of all the world. Mysterious. Silent.

Then instantly, without the slightest warning, a frightful sound broke out in front of the three. A horrible, belly-shaking sound like the hiss of an exploding steam pipe—if one could figure the steam pipe alive and angry. Ages of cave ancestors awoke in Chesterman and protested against that sound. His legs wanted to run away, but there was nowhere to run, with the sound in front of him and the sea behind.

Hoppy swore. Laracor said nothing, but Lee heard the click of a cocked pistol. For endless seconds they waited. The hiss grew louder, entangled itself in another sound, a swiftly rising scream. There was a wild scramble of hoofs, a clattering gallop. The hiss and the clattering shot farther off, lessened, died away.

For a moment nobody spoke, and then Laracor's cool drawling voice remarked, "They said there weren't any except on Komodo."

"And Flores," cut in Hoppy contradictorily. He seemed to be annoyed.

"Is it—is it—dragons?" Lee asked. He felt inclined to apologize for the absurdity of such a word. Yet hadn't the whole world very lately been excited over the giant dragon lizards found on Komodo and (it was said) nowhere else? There had been a good deal of dispute about the dragons. Some said they were as tame as kittens, and lived only on birds. Others said that they lived on wild horses, which they pulled down at full speed. After what he had just heard, Lee had no doubt the last theory was the correct one—if it was indeed a dragon that had disturbed the night.

Hoppy said, tramping after the silent Laracor, "We best get out of this. Keep your torch alight and hurry." No one suggested going back to the launch.

"It's that damned rajah," was all that Laracor said.

Hoppy seemed to understand. "They did the like in the Moluccas," he agreed. "Ternate. You know. The lake where the tourists go to see the big alligators. The Sultan of Ternate—"

"I know," Laracor impatiently answered. "Imported 'm from New Guinea to eat up anyone he didn't like.

"I reckon," he added, "this is going to play merry hell with your prospecting."

"Not necessarily. They attack only at night. Besides," Hoppy's voice rose a note or two, excitedly, "don't you see, man, what gorgeous publicity it'd make?"

Lee heard Laracor's reply; it was merely a rude clearing of the throat, followed by spitting. He did not, himself, venture to ask any questions. Right from the beginning these men had ignored him.

IT didn't matter what they thought of him. He was pleased with himself. During the ugly half hour that followed, before dawn came up all gold behind the black mass of the central woods, while the three adventurers walked, foot before foot, cautiously, through stone and shingle, risking every moment the rush of another of those hissing fiends, Lee Chesterman was meeting with Lee Chesterman; finding him a pluckier fellow than he had supposed. He was almost sorry when light came of a sudden, finding them on the verge of a deep waterworn gully, the very place, as Hoppy delightedly said, to begin prospecting.

They had bully beef and biscuits, and settled to work. Laracor, for some unknown reason, sulked while working, wouldn't speak, quietly swore now and then instead. But Lee enjoyed it all. He kept telling himself, "I am on a desert island digging for sapphires," and it helped when his soft hands blistered and his back began to feel as if it would break in just five minutes more.

About mid-morning Laracor straightened up, tossed his shovel away, and said, "It's no damned good."

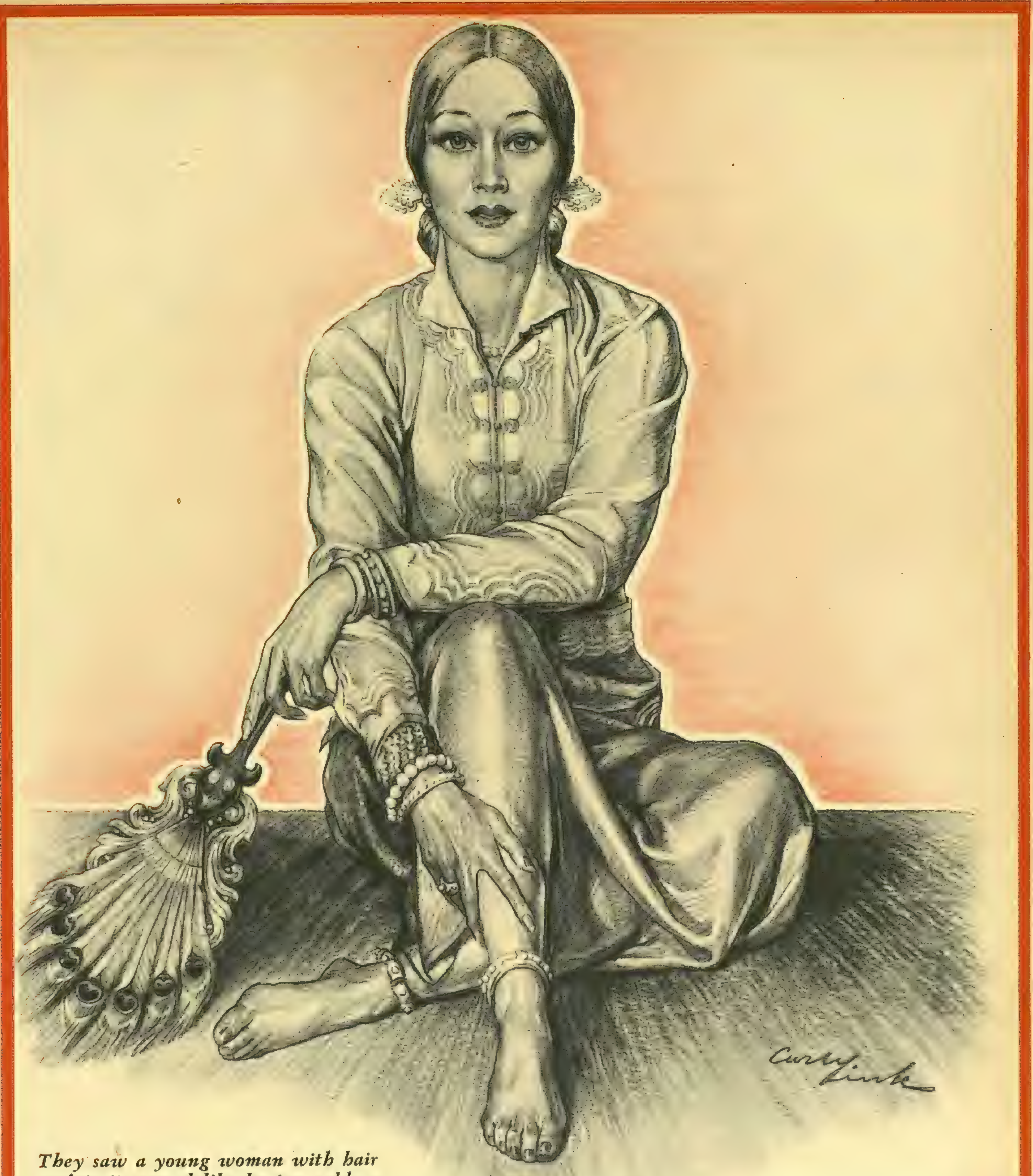
Hoppy, wiping his face with his handkerchief, asked him, "What rat have you got now?"

"Look. Were you ever on any gem field? Look. If you weren't, I was. This place may have had sapphires—prob'ly it had—but I reckon it hasn't got 'm now. Worked out. Played out. I dono why you troubled to come here at all. I reckon you could have written one of your snide prospectuses, and got the company up, on a concession from the Dutch government and a fancy map, without all the bother you've had, and you'll have some more, or I miss my guess."

"How do you think I could convince anyone if I didn't first convince myself? See, I've got to believe the sapphires are here, and I do believe it. Why, there's little grains of gem stuff in the sand. And those rocks there, they're andesite, or I'll eat them. There *are* sapphires."

"Were," contradicted big Laracor, "and likely whips of 'm. Worked out, I tell you. See those holes everywhere. See the way the stream's been shifted. See those lengths of bark? That's old flumes. I reckon there was something worth looking after here a while ago, and the rajah seems to have done the guarding business top-hole; even imported wild horses along with the dragons for them to live on, same as they do on Komodo, where they were discovered. I suppose the chap who told you—it was that surveyor who died of cholera, wasn't it?—didn't know much about it."

"Yes, he did. Yes, he did. He was here two or three



They saw a young woman with hair so fair it seemed like beaten gold; a skin camellia-pale, camellia-smooth.

years ago—and he picked up seven stones in a morning, all by himself. Never saw any Komodo dragons either, but maybe it was before—"

"Well, it don't seem to fit all together, but I can't exactly say why. I mean it's a long time to have kept up this dragon business if the stones were gone. Let's get on and see the other side. Take it through the wood; it's shorter."

In the wood it was dark and very cool. The men's shod feet made no sound upon the thick felt of fallen leaves; sea wind and sea clamor were shut away.

Hoppy, ahead, shouted, "Hi!"

Laracor quickened up and joined him. The two men stood looking at something white that shone out faintly among the banyan roots.

It was a skeleton.

Laracor lifted it. It was fresh; the bones, stripped by ants, and tumbling apart, were hardly dry; the skull shone.

"Quite lately dead," Laracor said. "Leg crunched in two, and an arm gone. One of those Komodo devils must have got the chap."

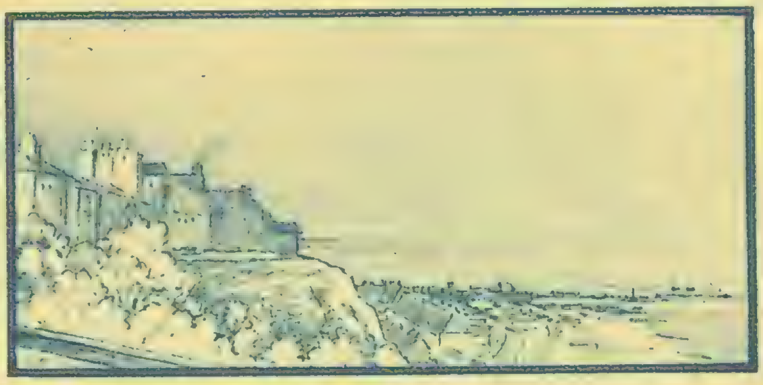
Hoppy, looking hard at the bones, said, "Wasn't a chap. Those bones are a woman's, and—look." He picked up a ring, set with one gentian-colored cabochon jewel.

"I bet," said Laracor, "it was her."

"I wouldn't take you. I believe it was. Jailed out here, tried to get away, and one of those dragons—"

"If it was," Laracor told him, "there'll be a house. Come on. You can't do any good by looking at the last of the Pearl."

Hoppy was piling the bones neatly together and covering them with leaf mold. "All the burial she's likely to get," he said. "Come on, boys, if there's a shack here we may as well have it as the next man."



They were all thinking, as they tramped, of the same thing. Lee Chesterman had to swallow once or twice; had to wink his eyelids. Only now did he realize how much the idea of the Pearl had been to him; how ready he had been to fall in love with her, even. This girl, of his own white blood, brought up as a Malay princess, bartered, fought over, carried away, living a life of wildest peril and adventure; this girl, hung with jewels, yet a slave, the pawn of fierce passions, desperate intrigues. God, what a difference between her and the Honorable Pamela, thirty-odd, who was so interested in Girl Guides, who played tennis so excellently in trousers! God, if Pearl had not died!

When they broke, quite suddenly, through the wall of banyans and came upon the little clearing in the midst of it all, when they paused before the huge timbered stockade that surrounded a little Malay thatched bungalow and a tiny storehouse and covered spring—the girl who was sitting on the high-up veranda, half shadowed, had an excellent view of the strangers before they even saw her. Laracor she saw first, a huge, impressive figure, all the manlier seeming for his rough clothes and careless, upright hair; Hoppy next, the funny little man with the limp and the blue eyes; then, last, an older man, in good clothes, a fattish man who was somewhat out of breath, who carried a helmet in his hand, showing the high forehead and thinning hair of middle age; who had a nice expression, and looked more like a chief than did the other two.

All this she saw while they were undazzling their eyes, blinking and rubbing, in the sudden fierce white light of the clearing. What they saw, in a moment or two, was a young woman all alone; a woman with hair so fair that it seemed like a sheet of beaten gold upon her head, with eyes blue-green like the Java Sea on a stormy day; with a skin camellia-pale, camellia-smooth, as if no sun had ever been allowed to touch it rudely in that land of burning skies. She was dressed Malay fashion, in kabaya jacket of starched muslin and sarong of thick silk; her feet were bare, her amazing gilt hair smoothed tightly and knotted behind with jeweled pins struck through. She had bracelets, necklet, earrings, anklets of gold, set with pearls and with large uncut sapphires.

HOPPY shouted, "Cripes, look at the sapphires!" Laracor said nothing at all, but shot a look from his deep-set reddish eyes at the girl that should have burned where it touched. Lee Chesterman, helmet in hand, came up to the stockade and bowed, greeting the girl in polite Malay, of which he knew perhaps ten words.

The girl, rising and coming forward with hands outspread, said in English, "Welcome, very welcome!" And added, "Where do you come from? Who sent you? Have you seen anything of my nurse?"

"Your nurse?" Lee was beginning, but Laracor, quicker, cut in, "Yes, we saw her; we'll tell you presently." Then he added, "We come from England. Nobody sent us. We're prospecting. Can we come in?"

"You had better come in, very quick," said the girl, who used the formal English that, no doubt, she had been taught in school. "It is very dangerous to stay outside."

"'Tisn't dangerous by daylight," Hoppy objected, as they filed inside the stockade. "Those Komodo dragons of yours attack only at night."

"Have you shut the gate well? Yes? But you are wrong. Did you not see dead horses?"

Hoppy hadn't, Chesterman hadn't, Laracor had. Seen the crows circling about near the gully, and reckoned they were feeding on something.

The girl said rapidly, "That is the danger. The horses are dying of some disease, and now there are hardly any left. Before, it was safe to walk in daylight; now it is not, and I am very troubled about my nurse. Since two days I have not seen her, and I was afraid to go and look."

"We'll find her," promised Laracor, shooting another of those hot glances at the girl. It seemed to fly off from her as an arrow might fly off from a coat of mail, and Chesterman realized that this girl's life had been made up of just such glances.

Hoppy said, staring as if she had been a figure in a waxwork show, "Don't you see this is her? This is Mutiara."

"Yes, I am Mutiara," the girl said proudly. "Mutiara, the Pearl."

"What are you doing here?" Laracor asked, taking a step nearer. "You don't mean to say the Rajah of the Kunings planted you out here alone among all these wild beasts."

"Yes, he left me here," she answered calmly.

"This is the house they have formerly used for the sapphire diggers. At night it was not safe, since the *cheecha besar* [great lizards] came. I and my nurse Setia were sent here to stay till my lord comes back. In the day it was all right before, but now it is not, and I am very much frightened. It will be two weeks more until the *tuan besar* comes back; he did not mean me any harm; he meaned only that no one should come, and also —and—"

SHE broke off. Chesterman thought he could fill in the blank she left: "And also to frighten me into submission." He was filled with fury at the thought. He was ready to give up the "understanding" with Pamela, to abandon home and country, to do anything wild and mad and delightful, if only he could save this wonderful creature. He was deep in love from the first moment. Looking at Laracor, he saw that Laracor, too, was mad about her. Probably most men were. What a life!

The Pearl, with the air of a queen, invited them to enter her house and refresh themselves; set out new-made bread, and bananas, and water from the well. Serving as a queen might condescend to serve in order to prove that she was human after all.

And afterward, seated on the floor and slowly fanning herself with a magnificent peacock fan, she talked—about herself, her affairs, her present and her future. Sure of herself; quite sure that the world was interested in all concerning her, the famous Pearl.

She spoke lightly of adventures that made the hair of Lee Chesterman stir upon his head; she touched upon the famous massacre of 1906; she mentioned carelessly, almost with boredom, the intrigues that had circled about her during all of her short life. "And now," she finished, "I am to marry the *tuan besar* when he comes again. No, I do not love him; that's the way the English and the Hollanders talk; I remember at my school. But life is not school. Setia, she is very old and wise; she has talked and talked, and she says no girl gets what she wants when she marries—no, no, not one; but the rajah can be very kind, and he has given me jewels; and Setia says, 'Do not talk nonsense no more, but put jasmine oil on your hair, and keep from the sun, and be ready when he is coming back.'" Suddenly she broke off. "Where is Setia?" she cried. "I want Setia."

In a moment she was transformed. She was no longer the princess, the Pearl; she was a young girl all alone, and frightened. Every man of the three felt his heart swell with the desire to help her, defend her. And instead of that, they had to strike her with the news of Setia's death.

It was Laracor who

(Continued on page sixteen)

HAVE A GRAND TIME

KEEP YOUR SYSTEM PURE AND CLEAN WITH SAL HEPATICA!

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

BEAUTY — Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

IF you don't "feel very well"—if you have frequent colds and headaches, if you drag around feeling grumpy and irritable—life gets pretty flat. You have to sit back and let *other* people have all the fun and good times.

Try the Sal Hepatica method of keeping fit and looking your very best every minute of the day. Just *try* it! Sal Hepatica, you see, is not "just another laxative." First of all it clears wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—and gently. But it does more! Because it is a *saline*, it also purifies your blood stream, frees your system of wastes and poisons.

Salines are recommended by physicians—here and abroad. And Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the salines in the health springs of the famous European spas—Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix—where wealthy Continentals throng each year to regain sparkling health and vitality.

When you keep your system purified with Sal Hepatica, you check colds, headaches, rheumatism. And your skin becomes as fresh and clear as a child's. Your whole point of view changes—brightens up!

Whenever you get up feeling low and half-sick, stir a couple of teaspoons of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink the sparkling mixture. Almost before you know it, you'll feel better. And look better!

Begin with Sal Hepatica *tomorrow morning*—and see how the whole day brightens!

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the blood stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

Sal Hepatica

Sal Hepatica

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(Continued from page fourteen)

got in first; Laracor with his knowledge of Malay and his quickness in realizing that the girl would take bad news best in her native tongue. Three swift sentences told her. She hid her face in her hands; slowly she rose and passed into the inner room. Laracor followed a step or two, spoke again, consolingly. She nodded but made no reply.

Left alone, the three adventurers sat silent for a moment, and then, almost together, broke into speech.

"We can't leave her here." It was Chesterman who spoke.

"There's no use going on with the prospecting game if the rajah's people worked the place out and left," from Laracor.

Hoppy said cheerfully, "The only way to get her away safe from that skunk of a rajah is for one of us to marry her legally as soon as possible."

Chesterman felt as if the room were turning upside down. It steadied in a moment, and he heard his own voice quite calmly answering, "Why do you suppose she would want to do any such thing?"

It was Laracor who replied. "Fish is right. She might, because she's had a hankering after her own blood all her life; anyone can see that. And, 'sides, she's accustomed to the idea of marrying for convenience. If we ran her down to Surabaya, and brought her to the consul, I reckon she would make no bones about it. Even the half caste or quarter caste in these places is always hankering after white blood, wanting to marry someone a shade whiter. Mutiara would probably do it, and once married, no one could touch her."

"What do you suppose she means," Lee asked, "by 'getting what she wants'? Is that it?"

Laracor considered. "I think not," he allowed. "I dono what she wants, but I dare say one could give it to her."

Lee hated him.

Hoppy, with his invariable grin, interrupted. "This is all very well," he said, "and very interesting to an old married man, but it's the sapphires I'm after. If we take her off in the launch straightaway, what's going to happen to the company?"

Laracor answered—he never would give Lee time to speak:

"Simple enough. Take one more day's prospecting to prove to yourself the place is worked out, and then get away as quick as you can."

"And the Komodo lizards?"

"I don't think they'll worry us. Everyone says they attack only at night, and Mutiara told me her nurse went out latish to see if the boat was coming, and might have been caught by sunset before she got back."

"We could bring back machine guns," Hoppy said thoughtfully, "when we get the concession."

Laracor sneered. "The stones that girl is wearing," he said, "are all you'll ever see of Pulo Kring sapphires."

"I suppose they're her property?"

"If she can get away with them."

"Well, we'll ask her if we can camp here for the night, and offer her a passage to Surabaya with us." It was settled in five minutes between Laracor and Hoppy. As usual, nobody asked Lee Chesterman's opinion.

PULU KRING looked wonderful to Lee next day, the more so as their adventure was so quickly cutting itself short, and as he would never (so he told himself) have the chance of seeing those strange shores again.

The light was magical, raw gold, dripping from rock and leaf; the sky was a dry laughing blue; you could not think of winter or of cold, or of dark days, except as a long-past dream in some forgotten world. From the far side of the island, where they worked all day, prospecting every likely pan or gully, the black wood of banyans seemed a fairy forest; the raffle of rocks down on the beach had a mysterious quality of terror and delight. It was there that the unseen struggle between the Komodo dragon and the horse had taken place; that the adventure had truly begun.

Well, if the impossible happened, if the Pearl chose to marry him, Chesterman, there would be plenty of adventure for all the rest of his life, and not much quiet. He had money enough for a small yacht; they could travel over Indonesia, have a house on some remote, romantic island covered with palms, spend exciting years in the most wonderful part of the tropic world. Mutiara would like that. She would be recognized by the whites; she would be happy among them. It would be a marvelous existence, and he was sure she would simply love it.

The villa on the Leas, with the green seas breaking below, the far too safe, the far too quiet life—all gone. Alice and her societies and committees; Pamela (always, in his recollection, cutting about the tennis ground with flannel trousers on her thin legs), everything of that kind—dead, dead as the little skeleton that was all that was left of Setia. Of course. And a good thing too.

Mutiara had come with them from the bungalow early in the day, with her clothes packed up in a silken sarong. All morning she had patiently sat beside the workers, content, it seemed, to do nothing in their company; to watch the light slowly shifting on gully and forest; to stare silently now and then at the imprisoning blue sea. She seemed to accept her rescue very calmly. Lee remembered that she had been captured and rescued more than once before. She talked a little to Hoppy in her precise schoolroom English; once or twice she spoke in Malay to Laracor, laughed at his eager flattering replies, and struck at him playfully with her fan.

THEN, after a long silence, she beckoned to Lee Chesterman and began to ask him questions. "What good manners the little thing has," he thought. "She's like something in a Government House. Pleases everyone. Pretends to be interested even when she's not." She was asking him about his home in England, his life in Folkestone; about the villa he lived in there, the people whom he knew.

The day passed; they ate, and rested, and worked again. And through all the hours they worked without result. Traces of older workings they found everywhere; never so much as one little black-blue chip of sapphire to promise fortune for themselves.

Laracor was triumphant, and Lee hated him for it, and hated him for his handsome looks, when he finally flung down dish and shovel and came to sit beside Mutiara on a great block of andesite, part of the long moraine that they had been fruitlessly investigating. Laracor was so exactly what that girl must like if she wanted a white husband (and Lee was sure, now, that she did; she must; she fitted into their society like a hand into a glove). Laracor was romance itself; he had led as wild and strange a life almost as Mutiara; he matched her in looks, in courage, in devil-may-care adventurousness. Oh, they were a perfect pair, and he supposed he might as well return to Folkestone, go to Alice's infernal bridge evenings, run up to town to the club, and have a bit on the races for all excitement for the rest of his life.

It was growing late; over the sea began to creep the strange cold thunder-blue that haunts the seas and sunsets of the tropic world; that contradicts, so instantly and cruelly, the vital glow of afternoon. The blue that is the blue of death.

Hoppy rose, limped over to Mutiara. "Well, girlie," he cheerfully said, "all's over but the shouting; I mean, except the prospectus and the floating of the company." It was Hoppy's way to suppose, Lee thought, the whole world aware of, interested in, his interests. Even as it was Mutiara's way—maybe his own. "We'll be going," Hoppy Fish went on. "And we'll give you a quick run to Surabaya, and maybe by that time you'll have made up your mind about what you're going to—"

That was how it came, cutting through Hoppy's careless talk like a knife through gossamer, unexpected as the crash of a falling tree. Laracor was a little ahead, tying the picks and shovels together; Hoppy was a few yards behind Mutiara, where she sat on the lump of andesite; nobody was quite near the girl when the horror came, the unbelievable happened. Something half in shadow, that had seemed to be a shapeless rock, took on form and life, flung itself into the air, and with huge armored tail upraised like a scorpion's, and legs spraddling in its rush, came straight for

(Continued on page eighteen)

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(Continued from page sixteen)

Mutiara. Seven feet of it—and a body like a dray horse's, a narrow reptile head, with hissing mouth and forked tongue; tiger claws, teeth like spears, black back and belly sheathed in knobbly iron. All his life Lee was to remember that sight; to recall the cold shock of horror that seized him when he realized that Laracor, swinging round, pistol in hand, had fired and not stopped the dragon. Something was wrong with the pistol; Lee saw Laracor fiercely hammering it on a stone; he saw Hoppy, dismayed but undaunted, picking up a rock to throw it at the beast. He realized that rocks were useless. In a fraction of a moment he recalled something that he once heard about alligators and eyes—people caught by alligators thrust fingers—eyes— Would dragons— There was a patch of sand close to where he was standing. Only that one patch. While the beast momentarily hesitated, dazed by the sound of the shot, while Laracor shook and battered at his pistol, Lee bent down, filled both fists with sand, and flung it into the dragon lizard's eyes, stooped, and flung again.

The brute reared up in agony, and began to claw at itself. In that moment, Laracor, dashing forward with freed pistol, pumped half a dozen shots into the vulnerable spot below its foreleg, and felled it. Not dead at once, it lay writhing and lashing with its iron tail; the sand was combed up by its claws. Laracor slid another load into the pistol and fired again. The dragon lay still. And everything was still. And in the distance, faintly, sounded the unceasing murmur of the Java Sea.

They were all panting as if they had run a mile. Mutiara had turned pale as her own white jacket, but she held on to herself; kept from crying. Hoppy, with a shaken laugh, said it was a dashed pity they hadn't had a camera; it would have made a grand picture for the papers. Laracor, almost immediately as cool as he had been half an hour ago, pulled the shells out of the pistol and began looking it over. Giving half his attention to this and half to Lee, he said carelessly, "Good idea, that of yours; came in useful."

Lee saw, with a shock of delight, that Laracor was jealous. He caught the blue-green eyes of Mutiara looking at himself with an expression that made him almost reel. Well, maybe it was a plucky thing to do; sort of David and Goliath business, sling and stone—only it hadn't been stones; stones would have been no—

THOUGHT broke off; sensation centered itself like a burn in the tiny thing that showed itself in his opened palm as he relaxed his fingers mechanically to let fall the sand he still was holding. He stared at it. Hoppy followed his eyes, let forth a shout, and snatched. Lee, moved by some unexpected primitive impulse, ducked, and held on. "No, you don't," he said.

"Let's see! Let's see, man! By God, you've done it. Where did you—what did you—"

"Picked it up with that patch of sand. There was only one, unless I flung others into the dragon's eyes."

Hoppy passed that. He had got his prehensile fingers round the stone and twitched it away. Lee wanted to hit him but refrained.

"Perfect color," Hoppy chanted, holding it up to the sun. "Ten carats or I'll eat it. Where's your sand? Where did you—"

"Here," said Lee, pointing to a drift that had collected, blown from heaven knows where, in a deep depression of the rock. "Wasn't another bit of it for miles. You won't find sapphires enough to feed your blessed prospectus out of three yards of ground."

Hoppy, looking somewhat dashed, nevertheless went down on hands and knees and, helped by Laracor, began scooping up the sand. Lee thought they looked like a couple of terriers after rabbits.

In a moment Laracor threw out the first result—a handful of bones. More came after: the best part of a skeleton, with a large skull last. The bones were chewed; the skull was cracked like a nut.

"Hmp!" said Laracor, looking at the dead dragon. "Seems to have been one of that fellow's favorite haunts. He could lie among those rocks, and nobody'd know he wasn't one of 'm till he got up. This chap must have been taken by surprise."

"How long ago?" asked Lee, staring at the skull that was dried with sun and wind.

"Maybe a year or two; hard to say. Fish, you take this side and I'll take that; if there was one stone among that stuff, there may be another two or three. Get it all out of the cleft and we'll go over it."

"YOU won't—" Lee was beginning, when a long, joyous curse from Laracor halted him. The big man was sitting up on his heels, holding in one hand a dried leather bag, and pouring from it into the other hand a stream of blackish pebbles.

"Those," said Mutiara, fanning herself, "those are sapphires."

"I reckon I know," Laracor said. "I reckon I can guess too. The chap was pirating here, and thought he'd get away with the swag, but the dragon got him instead. Well, that proves what I said."

"What did you say?" bellicosely from Hoppy.

"Proves the place is worked out, if all we can find is what somebody pinched off the field years ago. There's no more sand in that cleft, and nothing left but another bone or two. Must have been the lizard's larder."

"Whatever it was," Hoppy said in his softest voice—the voice he was wont to use in addressing angry shareholders, "it's good enough to start a company on, and pay the 'exes' into the bargain. And of course," he added, as an afterthought, "recoup Mr. Chesterman for what he so kindly advanced."

"You can cut that out," Lee curtly said. The adventure was all very well, but Hoppy's business methods—

"Thanks," said Hoppy immediately, nailing down the refusal. "Now best be on the move, if we don't want another of these gentry to interrupt us."

Laracor moved confidently over to the side of Mutiara. "I'll look after you," he said.

"You are very good," she told him, behind her fan, "but I want Mr. Ches—Ches—what is it?—to walk with me."

Laracor, at first offended, recovered himself and laughed as he moved away. "They're all alike," Lee heard him saying to Hoppy. "Think to draw you on by keeping you off. I remember a half-caste girl in the Minahassa—"

Lee Chesterman, dazed with his good fortune, took place by the side of the Pearl, determined to guard her with his life if need be, sorry that the journey to the launch was so short and, now, so comparatively safe. He wondered what he was going to say to her; what she really meant.

Mutiara enlightened him. Holding the fan that seemed part of her dainty personality above her head to shelter her from the slanting rays of the sun, she said with a provocative glance, "What was it you were telling me about that place in England?"

"Folkestone?" Lee asked amazedly.

NEXT WEEK—

The Ghost of the San Mareno Hotel

Beginning a Two-part Story

BY

Ben Hecht

HOW TO MAKE OUT YOUR INCOME TAX

BY

Jay Franklin

Some useful information for those who are having a struggle with the new rules

"Yes—ah, the pretty name! Tell me everything—but everything!"

There was no mistaking the nature of her interest now. From the plain of the dragon right down to the sea rim Lee talked and Mutiara eagerly listened, every now and then asking questions. "Is there a kitchen with a large, large stove? Is there much bedrooms, and some drawing-rooms, and carpets, and lamps, and shall you live there very quiet, and play the cards and drive the motor car, and shall there be English ladies who say, 'O-oh yes!' and parties of tea, and slave girls who wear the apron and the cap on the head?"

"All that," said Lee.

"And all belonging to you?"

"Well, as to the 'slaves'—" he temporized. "But you might say, in general, yes."

She snuggled—there was no other word—closer to him. She leaned upon his arm. The scent of jasmine from her dead-gold hair caught his senses, intoxicated him. "I could very, very much like a man who gave me all that," she whispered.

"Why—what—I should have thought— But, Mutiara! Don't you want to live in these islands? Have all sorts of exciting times?"

She made a face. "If you have eaten red peppers," she said, "but red peppers, always, always, it is rice you want. Just rice. I shall like to eat rice for the rest of my life. English rice." And she added, "With you." And Lee Chesterman did not feel, as he might have felt, that she spoiled it by saying almost immediately, "You are so safe!"

THE pale sun looked through muslin curtains on an English breakfast table. Lee, who had been married nearly a fortnight, felt that he could afford, today, to glance at the morning paper without risk of drawing tears from somebody's blue-green eyes. And Mutiara, behind the teapot, saw him read without remonstrance. She was busy, as it happened, looking out of the window, down the gravel path of the Folkestone villa.

"See this!" Lee said excitedly. "'Pulo Kring Sapphire Company. New Discoveries.' Seems that Hoppy's pulled it off, after all. Well, if he has made an honest man of himself I expect he won't know his own image when he sees it in the glass."

"I like that Hoppy," said Mutiara, staring down the walk. "I like Laracor, but not so much. He did not kill the dragon; it was you."

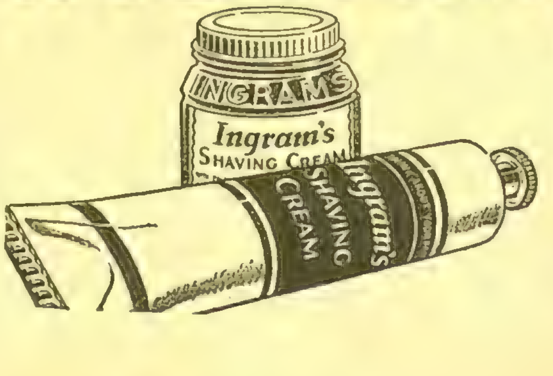
"Hardly," corrected Lee. "But you know I would."

Mutiara did not hear him. "Somebody," she said, "is coming up the walk."

Lee got up and looked. A lady of determined mien was walking briskly toward the door. "Alice," he said to himself. "Well, it had to come."

With his arm protectively about the Pearl, he said, "Yes, sweetheart, I would face dragons for you—at any time."

THE END



WHEN THE "EARL" WAS AS COOL AS AN INGRAM'S SHAVE

PRESS BOX STORY BY
Damon Runyon
Damon Runyon
Sports Columnist, N. Y. American

Sportsmen, I give you a great little man and a great jockey—Earl Sande! And when I dub him "as cool as an Ingram's shave," I tip my hat to the premier jockey of my day and yours, and pay a compliment to the coolest shaving cream that ever soothed my whiskered chin.

Picture yourself at Pimlico one bright May day in 1930! Your voice swells the anxious cry that goes up as the big field in the $50,000 Preakness sweeps by the stand first time around.

"Where's Sande? Where's Sande?"

And then as frantic eye and trembling glass pick him out, a long-drawn wail of disappointment quivers through the mob.

Sande is there all right—but where? Sande is last . . . Sande—the incomparable—on that great horse Gallant Fox . . . is taking the dust of the entire field!

But at the turn—Sande starts his bid. Gallant Fox spurts forward. Gallant Fox is moving up. Gallant Fox is closing the gap! And then, the cool and dare-devil manoeuvre that brings 40,000 people to their feet in a frenzied roar—the "Fox's" red-speckled hood is moving up around the field!

On they come—a blinding whirlwind of dust, a brazen orchestration of thundering hoofs. Far up the sunlit track—out of a winding reel of bright color—the "Earl's" red-spotted white jacket flashes past the pack!

Two hundred yards from the finish and only the "picture horse," Crack Brigade, ahead. Split-seconds from the wire and Sande—disdaining the whip and coolly "lifting" with his hands—pushes the "Fox's" nose out front! They thunder over the finish and Sande and Gallant Fox win the $50,000 classic by a cool three-quarters of a length.

I've talked Ingram's coolness from Pimlico to Churchill Downs and from the Yale Bowl to the press box at the Garden! I use the blue and white jar at home, but for the "long jumps" the big tube takes my money. It's a great shaving cream—that's my story and the day you buy it you'll name it the favorite.

* * *

No other soap or cream can duplicate Ingram's chilly comfort—its smooth after-shave blessedness that leaves your skin as toned as a cracked-ice facial.

Ingram's has three special ingredients—that's the inside stuff—that make it cream, tonic and lotion all in one. Fill out the coupon and we'll send you the proof—10 cool and comfortable Ingram shaves for the price of a 3-cent stamp.

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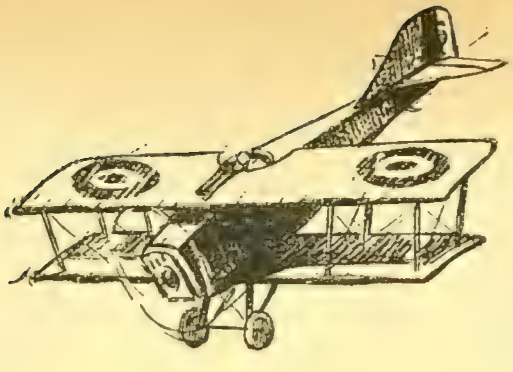
No Parachutes



Yellow Jack Horner—Whoopee in Paris—A Poilu's Homecoming—Curtains for Heroes—Hunting the Enemy in Mid-Air

Illustrations by W. MacRae Gillies

By
ALAN WINSLOW

(Reading time: 27 minutes 30 seconds.)

HIS experiences of beginner's luck as a combat pilot were recounted by Alan Winslow in last week's installment of No Parachutes. On his first patrol, near Corcieux, in the Vosges, he fell in with a German plane and failed, through surprise, to take advantage of a good chance to shoot it down. As he was trying to retrieve the failure his machine guns jammed—whereupon the German pilot, to whom the novice in that predicament would have been easy prey, spared him, waved a chivalrous farewell, and flew off toward Germany.

Shortly afterward, the young American might have bagged an enemy photographic plane but for a spasm of doubt that caused him to withhold his fire lest the plane be a French one that he was supposed to protect.

In February, 1918, he transferred from the French to the American air service and became an original member of the Ninety-fourth (Hat-in-the-Ring) Squadron. It was located at an airdrome near Toul, and on the morning when it was to begin operations two enemy planes came out of the mist, probably on a raid intended to destroy the squadron's hangars. Lieutenants Winslow and Douglas Campbell went up and scored a double victory. Winslow was the first to score, and was thus the first officer of the United States Air Service to shoot down an enemy plane.

Part Three—Bright Lights and Shadows

THIS fight took place less than three hours after the first American pursuit squadron had checked in at the front. We had not only had the good luck to shoot down two enemy planes on French soil; they had actually crashed to earth but a few hundred feet on either side of our airdrome.

The fight seemed to be staged. It occurred only a few hundred feet above the ground, in clear view of the hundreds who rushed out from barracks and hangars and the thousands who watched, gaping, in the town of Toul.

With no charge for tickets, the onlookers had witnessed the spectacle as clearly as though they had had front-row seats in a theater.

In fact, the fighting at times was so close to the ground that one of my bullets pierced the ear of a French peasant who was plowing a near-by field. When he showed me the wound, blood dripping down his neck, I thought there was going to be trouble.

Not at all. He was delighted. It was "*un grand souvenir.*"

For a week the damaged remains of the Albatros and the charred skeleton of the Pfaltz were placed on public exhibition in the town square. And for weeks the owner of every café in Toul refused to allow Doug or me to pay for anything we chose to drink.

. . . .

I have been frequently asked: "Do you think Lindbergh would have made a successful war pilot?"

The question is hypothetical. Yet this much may be said: The qualifications and temperament which go to make up an outstanding pilot in civilian flying are not necessarily the qualities which spell success for the fighting pilot in time of war. Infinite patience, thoroughness, and caution, three qualities which have contributed largely to Lindbergh's greatness and to the remarkable record-breaking achievements of other post-war pilots, are qualities which, of themselves and unaccompanied by additional qualifications, might have meant failure in aërial combat.

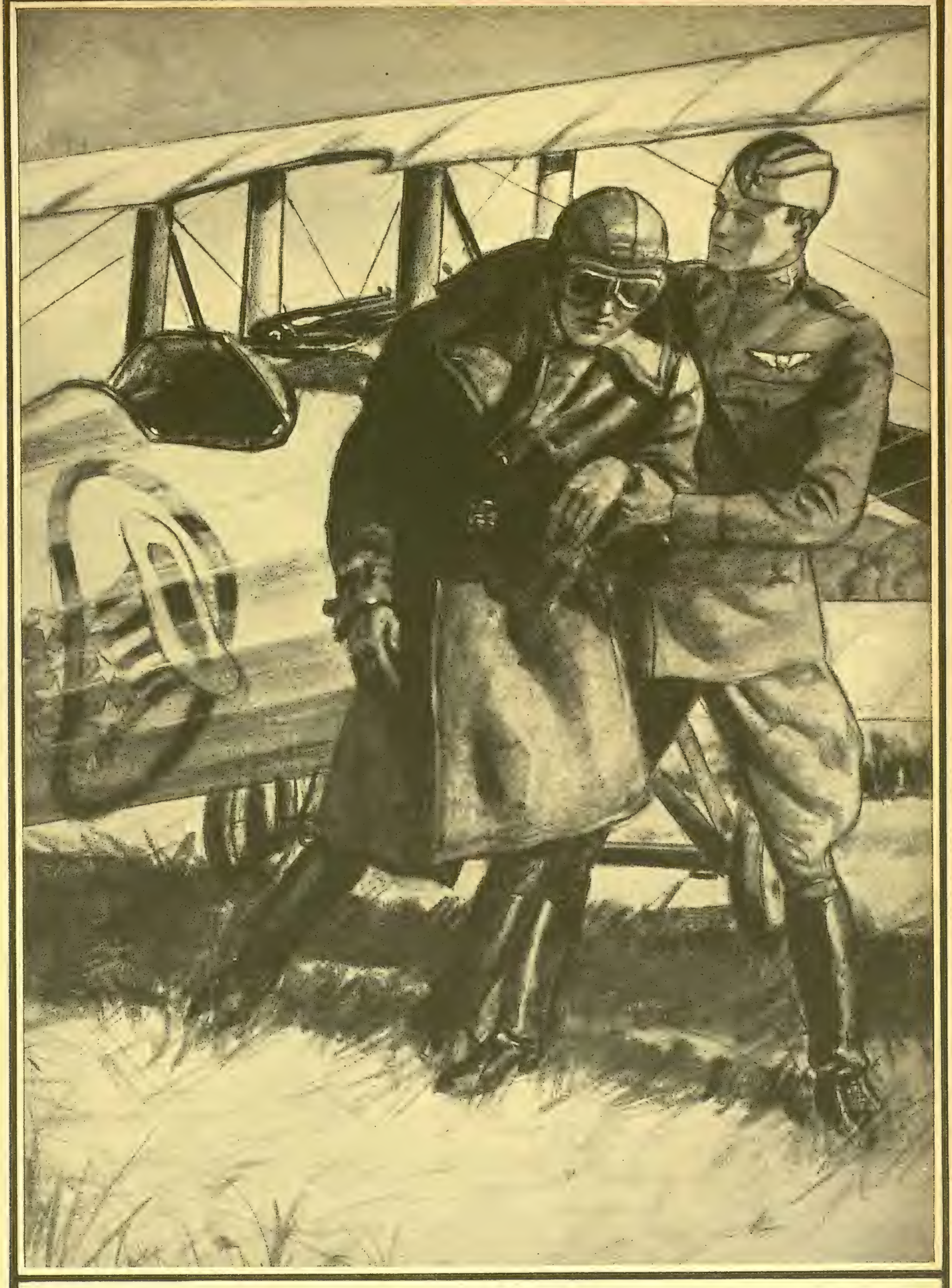
It should be assumed, of course, that to become successful in actual combat flying an aviator must necessarily be a good average pilot. It is not required, however, that his flying ability be superlative; merely that flying be so natural to him that he is enabled subconsciously to execute this or that instantaneous maneuver without the slightest thought of how it is done.

His flying ability in this respect, when in active combat, may be compared to the riding ability of a polo player. In a heated contest the poloist does not think of his horsemanship, for he has no time to do so. It is merely a necessary adjunct to his efforts to outwit and outmaneuver his opponents. His mind is on where and when to hit the ball.

In similar manner the military pilot when in aërial combat, flying at well over 100 miles an hour, has no time to think of his airmanship; this is merely a necessary and subconscious adjunct to his efforts to outwit and outmaneuver his adversary; he is concentrating instead on his machine-gun ability, his aim, his choice of attack or defense, and on the proper moment to release a flood of roaring, deadly bullets.

A star poloist would not necessarily prove to be a star steeplechase rider; likewise an outstanding successful war pilot might not be qualified ever to break a long-distance or endurance flying record. The converse of either statement is also true.

We do not know whether Guynemer, who at the time of his death was the greatest French ace of the war, possessed those qualifications which would have enabled him to fly the Atlantic alone. In similar manner, as Lindbergh was too young to take part in the war, we shall never be able to know whether he possesses those additional qualities which in



"Did you have any more luck?" "Yes," he answered. "We shot down another. But I think he got me."

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you can cut down
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HE'S got to have fun or he won't live and grow. But o-o-o! how hard that fun can be on shoes! There's one easy way to take care of that. Put his active feet on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

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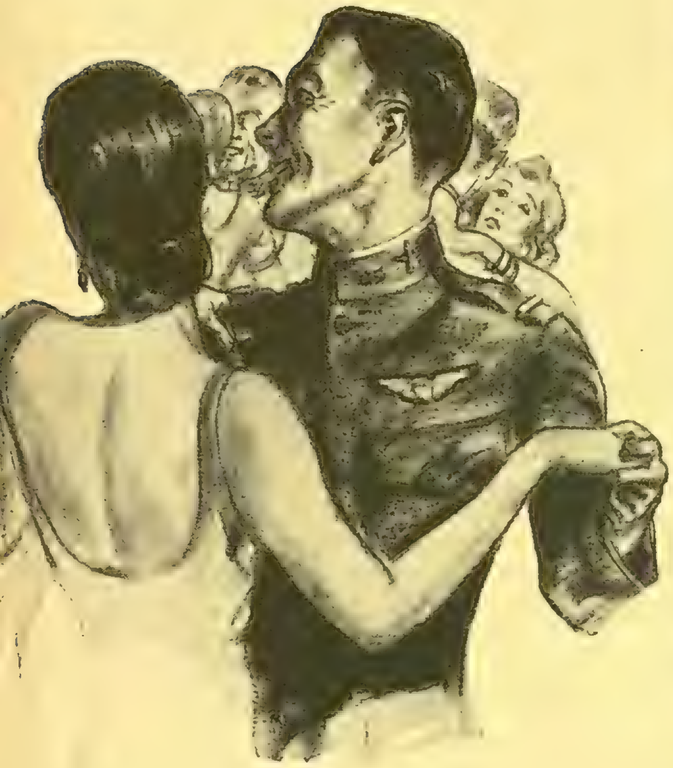
wartime made great the names of Lufbery, Rickenbacker, Fonck, Guynemer, Nungesser, Coli, Bishop, Ball, von Richthofen, Boelke, Immelmann, and countless others.

Dieudonné Coste, by his brilliant war record and his remarkable transcontinental and transoceanic flights, stands out alone as having been successful in both fields.

I have known many pilots at the front with many brilliant victories to their credit who seldom could make a perfect landing or execute a given stunt with exactitude, men who in the schools were the despair of their instructors. Raoul Lufbery, who at the time of his death had officially destroyed seventeen enemy planes and probably had actually destroyed twice this number, was one of these. In the schools he had been regarded as a hopeless pilot. On the other hand, I have known many men who went through the schools with flying colors, became extraordinarily fine pilots, and never proved a thing at the front.

A further observation would not seem out of place. The postwar pilot seeking record-breaking achievements has the time and opportunity to give frequent if not constant personal supervision to his plane and motor. He tests his engine and instruments under all conditions; alterations are made here, replacements there, until every bit of mechanism functions to his complete satisfaction. He usually carries, moreover, a parachute.

The wartime pilot, unfortunately, was not always able to exercise this personal care. His plane was in almost daily use; hidden damage incurred in some encounter with an enemy machine might not always be detected and repaired before he was obliged to take off on another patrol. He had not time thoroughly to inspect his machine; instead, he must rely upon the word of his mechanics



About two o'clock in the morning, the champagne began to have a humanizing effect on the chorus of would-be grandes dames.

that the plane, motor, and guns were all in good working order. And frequently, when his own plane was under repair, he was obliged to fly into combat with a new and untried plane or with some other pilot's machine with which he was unfamiliar. And he, unfortunately, had no parachute.

Nor was the type of nerve required to be a good pilot necessarily the type of nerve required to be a good fighting pilot. I recall the case of an aviator in a certain American squadron. As he is still alive, for reasons which will become obvious I shall refer to him fictitiously as Lieutenant Jack Horner.

HE was a good pilot, but in combat a complete washout. During the many months he was at the front I understand that he did not cross the lines more than three or four times. There is no question that he "had his wind up," and the tragic phase of his case was that he not only knew he was yellow in combat but would admit it.

Time and again he would start off on a patrol, only to return to his airdrome a few minutes later. He would then explain to his superiors that his machine guns didn't seem to work well, that his motor was missing, that he thought his oil feed had clogged, that this or that seemed to be wrong, or any excuse that came into his mind.

Be careful in March *the* PNEUMONIA *month*

TAKE NO CHANCES...FIGHT COLDS THIS PROVED, DEPENDABLE WAY

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If the air-passages are badly clogged, or there is much irritation or coughing, drop a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors for several minutes. They penetrate through every air-passage—direct to the seat of the trouble—soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and help restore normal breathing.

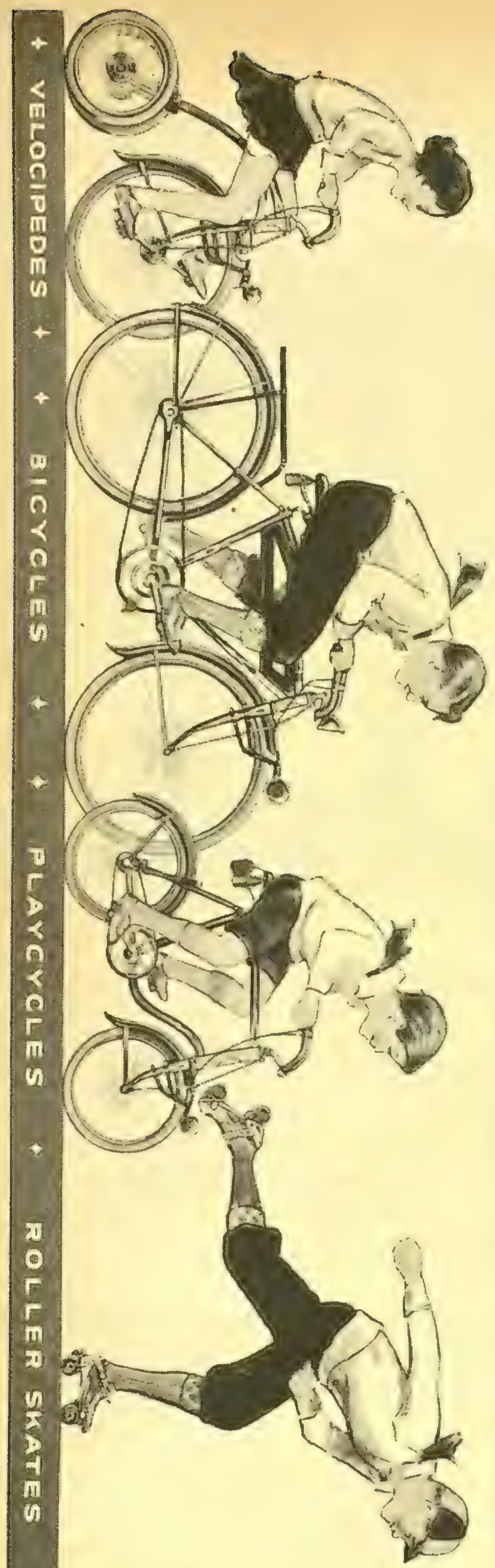
For better Control of Colds

Vicks VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In extensive clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges, and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half—saved almost two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds—cut the costs of colds more than half. The Plan is fully described in each Vicks package.

When Colds THREATEN
VICKS
Nose & Throat
DROPS
To Prevent *many* colds

If a Cold DEVELOPS
VICKS
VAPORUB
To End *it* Sooner

★ FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS ★


VELOCIPEDES ✦ BICYCLES ✦ PLAYCYCLES ✦ ROLLER SKATES ✦

Whenever youth takes to wheels . . . . there's just one name to remember:

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bicycles — velocipedes
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Send 10c for
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D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
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A check-up by his mechanics seldom revealed anything out of order. He would return to his barracks, where he sometimes broke down completely, cried like a child, and tragically admitted to his friends that everything had in fact been working perfectly—everything except his guts.

Quite naturally, several attempts were made by his superior officers to have him transferred to a post behind the lines, where he could have been useful as an instructor or ferry pilot. However, these attempts were frustrated for some time by the unanimous protest of all the pilots in the squadron.

True, his fighting spirit was not a stimulus, but he was needed for other reasons. During long dreary days and nights, when rain or fog made flying impossible, he was a great source of entertainment, for once he managed to overcome his morose lapses of remorse he was an unusually witty and amusing buffoon. Hence the protests against his removal; he was essential to his squadron's morale.

This curious combination of the tragedy and the humor in his nature was made particularly evident one morning when some of his friends wandered out into the hangars and found him sitting in his plane, its tail elevated on a stand, correcting the aim of his sights and guns against a target set up opposite him. They noticed that for some reason he had pasted a huge colored picture on the lower right-hand wing of his plane, where it would be constantly within view as he sat in the cockpit.

On closer observation they saw that it was a Liberty Bond advertisement, a poster of a beautiful girl clad in flowing draperies, who presumably was meant to represent the spirit of America. One hand was held aloft in an Onward Christian Soldiers attitude, the other hand held a bravely waving Star-spangled Banner, and behind her came legions of marching American troops.

AT the top of the poster in large letters was the legend: " Fight or Buy Bonds."

They studied the picture in bewilderment.

" For God's sake, Jack, why have you pasted that picture on your lower wing? "

" Well," he replied, " I get up over the lines. Archie starts bursting all around me. A couple of Germans pop down on me from out of a cloud. A few of them begin shooting at me from below. I get scared to death. I want to turn tail and scuttle back to the airdrome. Then I look down at that girl in the picture. She looks up at me, and says, ' Fight, you yellow son of a ——, *or buy bonds!* Well, I can't buy bonds up there—I've got to fight! "

Jack made the last of his occasional sorties over the lines shortly before the Armistice. He made a perfect landing on a German airdrome. He explained that his goggles had been shot off, which caused him to lose his way in the fog.

Until he was returned to France after the Armistice, I am told that his imprisonment, by virtue of his ability to entertain the Germans, was really quite a delightful experience. . . .

" A good day for aviators but a bad day for aviation " was our usual comment upon being awakened by the sound of rain. If the rain kept up all day with no sign of abatement till the morrow, such a condition occasionally resulted in a " bad night " for aviators as well.

Yet these " bad nights " should be defended to doting mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts who knitted socks and sweaters that too often should have been thrown into the burning home fires.

They should be defended to those who foolishly idolized their dear aviators not only as dauntless eagles fighting in the heavens for liberty and civilization, but as young crusaders with never a thought of things earthly.

I DOUBT if I shatter any illusions, however, for unfortunately too much has already been written on the whoopee that was made by pilots on leave in London or Paris. Books, stories, and movies overemphasizing that phase of a war aviator's life have created just as false an impression as though I were to attempt here to create the impression that all such aviators were purer than holy water, never touched champagne, and shut their eyes at the sight of any feminine attire suggesting the *cocotte*.

The truth is, of course, that the pilots of the war, taken by and large, probably did indulge in greater excesses than if there had been no war at all. But war and peace create two entirely different environments for youth, each lending different degrees of physical restraint and physical impulse.

Generally speaking, I doubt if there is a sane war aviator alive today who does not feel that it was these occasional excesses which saved his nerves and enabled him to come through. A drinking binge, a party with a flock of snappy girls, or a quiet party with just one, were by no means the daily or nightly order of things, as some authors have misled their readers to believe; but they were not too infrequently part and parcel of a war aviator's life.

Thank God these occasional excesses were possible. Had it not been for their existence, shattered nerves would have meant the death in combat of many a pilot, and others would have returned home in an abnormal state, physically and mentally.

Regardless of his background, education, or upbringing, the nerve tension of aërial combat, the continual loss of friends, the constant proximity to danger and death made this type of safety valve necessary to every pilot.

" Here today, gone tomorrow,"

may have had something to do with it; but more truthfully, I believe, these occasional blow-offs had become essential to compliance with the supreme order of " Carry on."

One little incident is very clear in my mind and I recount it, fully aware that by some it may be regarded as an inexcusable avoidance of military duty. Two of our pilots had not been in Paris for some time and accordingly had made application for forty-eight hours' leave. At nine o'clock in the morning of the second day following the request—it often took several days for such an application to be acted upon by headquarters—they were ordered on a joint patrol several miles inside German territory. Their mechanics had warmed up motors and they were in flying clothes. Just as they were about to take off, however, the squadron adjutant came out on the field in a motorcycle side car and presented each with an official slip of paper.

The request for leave had been granted as of noon that day. Three hours more and they would be permitted to leave for Paris!

But there was still the patrol to make.

Not a word was said. They climbed into their planes and disappeared in the direction of the lines. Twenty minutes later one came flying back, landed at the airdrome, and reported serious engine trouble; ten minutes after his return the other came back, reporting machine-gun trouble. Each had pulled a Jack Horner!

Without exchange of thought or word, their reaction had been the same. Both were supposed to make a dangerous patrol, but in the pockets of each was a document permitting them to go on leave at noon that day for a period of forty-eight hours. They would be killed later, if necessary; but under such conditions would rather be damned as yellow than run the risk of being killed just then, with the prospect of a visit to Paris so bright and so imminent.

ONE night, in her partly modernistic, partly Romanesque, gorgeously hideous or hideously gorgeous house, Mlle. S., then the leading artiste in a French revue, and conceded to have the most beautiful ankles in Paris, was giving one of her weekly entertainments.

Her hospitality, extended indirectly through the generosity of her wealthy, absent, and hence unknowing benefactor, consisted of keeping open house from midnight until what have you for every aviator—French, British, or American—who chanced to be stranded in Paris.

A few generals of any nationality were thrown in for good measure and as part of the entertainment, which otherwise was provided by a Negro jazz band, unlimited champagne, and the entire English chorus from the Casino de Paris.

These parties commenced at midnight, and I had observed on previous occasions that for the first two hours

DR.
PIETRO
BOSELLINI
of Rome
says . . .

"Bad Skin
is usually Nature *punishing*
you for internal
neglect"—

DR. BOSELLINI is one of the most famous skin specialists in Italy. He is Professor of Dermatology in the great University of Rome.

He states:—

"Skin troubles as a rule must be attacked from *inside*. When wastes collect in the body, the blood absorbs poisons and . . . pimples, boils or blotches may appear.

"Fresh yeast," adds Dr. Bosellini, "has remarkable power to . . . 'tone' the intestinal tract and restore regular evacuation. The effect on the health is often remarkable. Digestion improves; headaches cease; *skin troubles soon clear up.*"

At any grocery, and most restaurants and soda fountains, you can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast. Just eat it regularly—3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

Then notice, after say 30 or 60 days, how much clearer and fresher your complexion has become.

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, *stimulates* the intestines . . . softens the wastes in the body so you can eliminate them easily. The result is, your system is cleansed. The poisons that were *causing* your bad skin, bad breath, headaches, indigestion and general "run-down" feeling are gently cleared out.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

"Our faces were broken out"

"My sister and I both had skin trouble," *writes* **Miss Virginia Koons (at left)** *of Miami Beach, Fla.* **"We dreaded to be seen . . . A doctor had advised yeast for a friend . . . We tried it—noticed improvement in a week. Fleischmann's Yeast entirely cleared up our skin trouble."**

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind famous doctors advise.

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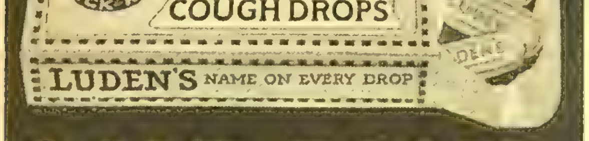
The Secret Formula For Quick Cough Relief

Rx Luden's Secret Formula is a laboratory-compounded blend of 11 standard medicated ingredients, recognized and listed by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

Lightning-like, Luden's fast vaporizing action gently spreads soothing menthol vapors over the rasped tissues of throat and nose. Coughing throats become *happy* throats.



LUDEN'S 5¢

or so the level of social demeanor remained as formal and austere as that at a White House reception; at about two o'clock in the morning, however, the champagne began to have a humanizing effect on this false dignity of a chorus of would-be *grandes dames*, and the prevailing atmosphere of strained formality burst its artificial bonds and reverted joyously to unrestrained familiarity.

John Wentworth accompanied me on this particular evening. He had never attended one of these functions, so prior to our arrival and as a necessary precaution, I schooled him for hours as to the social attitude he should assume; warned him above everything to be charming and chivalrous at the outset, emphasizing that any show of familiarity would be resented by these nice English girls until the champagne had injected a little Latin element into their Anglo-Saxon veins. I assured him, however, that a few hours later, when many a magnum had been emptied, all and everything would be well. John agreed that he would start the evening as the counterpart of a perfect gallant at the court of Louis the Fourteenth.

We were ushered into the main salon with its sunken mirrored fountain and its gold mosaic walls relieved by life-sized onyx silhouettes of the genus Eve in the nude, then through a patio of palms, and finally into our hostess's magnificent ballroom.

To my relief, John was behaving with the manners of a royal prince. I presented him to Mlle. S., and he bent low over her hand. She in turn presented him to the nearest English beauty—and then everything seemed to go wrong.

As John, with his well schooled dignity, bent graciously over her finger tips, this Saxon vixen somehow seemed to zoom off the floor, fly through the air, and make a forced landing all over his shoulders. And while his face registered utter astonishment, chagrin, and anger at me, she greeted him with a shrill:

" For God's sake, look at the great big aviator what's blown in! How in hell are you, dearie? "

What had gone wrong? I looked at my watch—2 A. M.! So that was it. I had taken so much time carefully to instruct John in his behavior that it had all been wasted effort. The champagne had already been flowing two hours.

ANOTHER bad night for aviation was when two members of our squadron were dressing in a small private apartment in a town somewhere in France, near Toul.

Later they confessed to an experience truly of the war but unusual in its combined elements of grimness and pathos.

The doorbell rang. One of their companions went to the window and looked down to the street. She started back, a frightened expression on her face, and uttered an enraged " *Sacré nom d'un chien!* "

She then ran downstairs to the door, while the other girl, her sister, frantically herded the two men into a cupboard. They were unceremoniously locked in and ordered to keep quiet.

There they remained, half clad, bewildered, alarmed. They did not even dare to whisper. And as they huddled together in the dark they heard two voices below, one feminine, high, excited, the other masculine, low and gruff, haranguing, pleading, threatening, as is only possible in French.

At the end of what seemed hours, the first girl returned upstairs—alone; the other sister unlocked the cupboard door. Both girls sank exhausted on the divan, and the two men, still alarmed, rushed to the window.

Below, in the street, they saw the tragic figure of an old man, a poilu, bent over by his heavy knapsack, covered with the dust and dried mud of the trenches, slowly trudging away.

After two years in the trenches, fighting for France, suffering, he had received permission to visit his native village.

He had thought so often of this reunion with his two daughters!

DURING April, May, and June the Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron began piling up the long list of victories which in the end were to give it the most successful record of any American pursuit squadron at the front. Doug Campbell soon earned the distinction of being the first ace of the American Air Service, having destroyed more than five German planes, and his last fight was a tribute to his spirit and courage.

On patrol with two other members of the squadron, he had encountered an enemy machine well inside the German lines, and a fight followed which lasted fully half an hour. During the combat a bullet from the enemy plane pierced Doug's body and lodged against his spine.

Seriously wounded and in frightful pain, he nevertheless stuck to the fight till the German machine was destroyed, then flew back the long distance to the airdrome, made a beautiful three-point landing, and taxied up to the hangars.

Unaware that anything had happened to him, for he had landed his Nieuport with perfect control, I casually asked as he was climbing out of his plane, " Well, Doug, did you have any more luck? "

" Yes," he answered. " We shot down another."

Then, with a supreme effort to retain consciousness: " But I think he got me."

We rushed him to a hospital, where he was operated on immediately. In a few weeks he was well, but to his sorrow was ordered back to the United States on a speech-making tour in the interest of our air service. His subsequent return to France was too late to permit him to take any further part in the war. As a reminder of his last fight and possibly as a good-luck piece, the bullet which once lodged in his spine now dangles from his watch chain.

Eddie Rickenbacker was also beginning the long list of victories which were destined to make him the greatest of American war pilots; Reed Chambers and Jimmie Meissner were increasing their scores; so were many other pilots of the Ninety-fourth. But in those months we had our setbacks too.

One of our first disasters was the loss of James Norman Hall. He had enlisted in the British infantry at the outbreak of the war, and served with Kitchener's First Hundred Thousand until he was wounded, more than a year later. Having recovered from his injuries, Hall became one of the early members of the original Lafayette Escadrille and he shot down more than his share of enemy planes. In June, 1917, he was wounded again, this time in aërial combat. Once more he recovered, returned to the front, and transferred to the American Air Service in 1918, was given the rank of captain and designated as one of the original members of the Ninety-fourth Squadron. On May 9, 1918, while diving on a German Albatros, the fabric on the upper wing of his plane gave way—as later happened to Meissner and Rickenbacker. As he attempted to regain control of his machine, an Archie made a direct hit on his engine.

He fell within German territory, miraculously escaped death, and spent the balance of the war in prison hospitals and camps.

We also lost Chapman, who was killed in combat on May 30. Likewise, a little later, Davis was mortally wounded as he attacked six German planes while endeavoring to protect a British flight of day bombers. And on May 9, little Raoul Lufbery, not only one of the greatest of American war pilots but one of the greatest air fighters of any nation in the war, met his death.

While attacking a large German two-seater several thousand feet in the air, his plane was set on fire by the bullets of his adversary. Lufbery jumped and was killed.

A night or so before he fought this last fight, I remember him remarking that if his plane should ever burst into flame, he would do his best to bring it down without jumping. The circumstances of his death prove, however, as I, too, later had occasion to experience, that to leap under such conditions is instinctive.

The lives of hundreds and hundreds of combat pilots would have been saved during the war had it been possible to equip them with parachutes—life preservers of the air which were perfected too late to be of service in those days of truly hazardous flight.

During those months of April, May, and June, fights took place on practically every patrol, and though our losses were many, we could always be

HERE, GRACE — I BROUGHT YOU SOME OF THAT MARVELOUS SOAP I TOLD YOU ABOUT. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS
Rinso
SEE, IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT, AND YOUR CLOTHES COME LOTS WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING
WHY, RUTH— I NEVER DREAMED WASHING COULD BE MADE SO EASY
HERE GOES THE OLD WASHBOARD — I'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN! THANKS FOR TELLING ME ABOUT RINSO, RUTH. IT'S SO EASY ON MY HANDS
IT'S EASY ON THE CLOTHES AND COLORS, TOO!
LATER
THEY'RE LOOKING AT MY WASH — IT'S SO WHITE! I MUST TELL THEM ABOUT RINSO. IT GETS CLOTHES AT LEAST FOUR SHADES WHITER

THAT EVENING
RINSO IS GRAND FOR DISHES, TOO — I NEVER SAW SUCH LIVELY SUDS!

You can save lots of money this way!

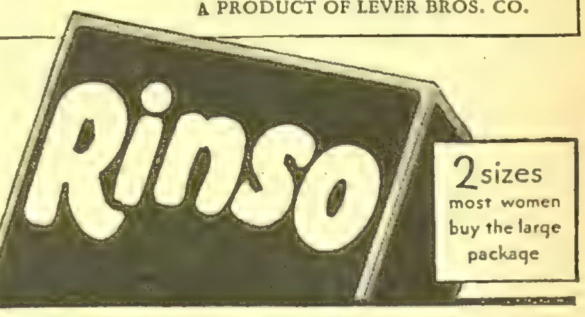
BE WISE! Stop scrubbing clothes threadbare. Let Rinso's lively suds *soak* them 4 or 5 shades whiter. They'll last twice—*three times*—as long! Women say they save $100 and more on clothes this "scrubless" way.

Rinso is safe for the finest cottons and linens. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the makers of 40 famous washing machines—recommend it. Great for dishes, too; *so easy on the hands.*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. It's all that's needed, even in the *hardest* water. Most women buy the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors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2 sizes
most women buy the large package

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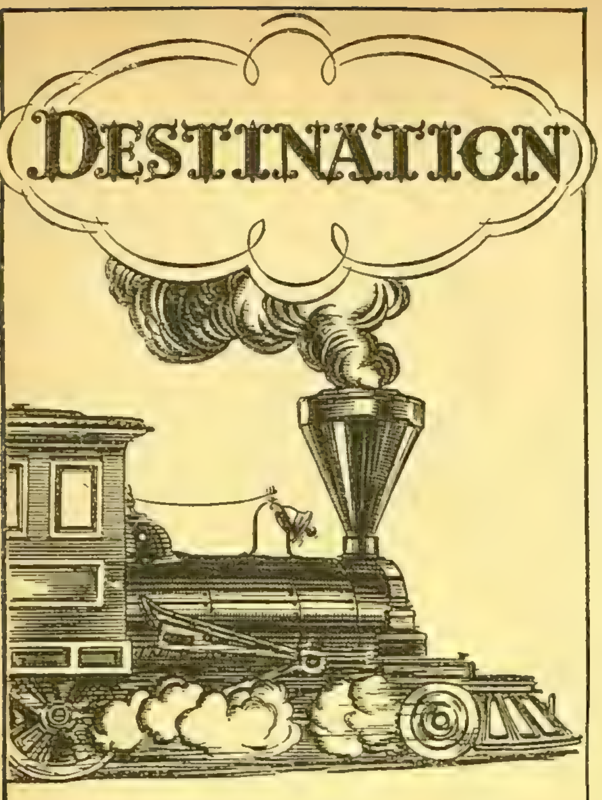

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Efficiently operated by trained drivers, the Parmelee System taxicab is sturdily built for the comfort and safety of the passenger. The honest taximeter charges an authorized rate of fare.

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Phenyo-Caffein safely dispels the worst headache in 15 minutes or money refunded.

Prescribed by doctors since 1888. Phenyo-Caffein must be good! 3 sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.

PHENYO CAFFEIN

consoled by the fact that these were outnumbered by our victories. And when one man "went west," another pilot was immediately assigned to the squadron to maintain its full fighting strength.

It was during these days that I was credited with my second official victory.

For a week or so, Jimmie Meissner, Thorne Taylor, and I, while flying on joint patrol, had almost daily encountered a large two-seated Hannover photographic plane, which annoyed us by the nonchalant manner in which it completely ignored our attacks. As it calmly went about its business, slightly above our "ceiling," photographing Allied infantry and artillery positions, it paid no more attention to our futile efforts to shoot it down than would a large dog to the yapping of several small puppies.

Every morning, as punctual as though it were a prearranged meeting, we could count on finding the Hannover not far from St. Mihiel, lumbering along at about 18,000 feet. And the apparent contempt of the pilot and the machine gunner for our bursts of fire, their cool disregard of our repeated attacks, so angered us that at the end of a week this particular plane, for us, became the most desired victim in the entire German air force.

Back at the airdrome we studied and analyzed the causes of our inability to destroy it, and planned a new method of attack for the following morning:

First, Thorne was to climb to his maximum ceiling at the right of the Hannover, dive with full motor, zoom up vertically, and then give it a short burst from directly below. A moment later, Jimmie, flying at the German's left, was to dive several hundred feet from his ceiling, pull up sharply and rattle out another volley of bullets at the big plane's belly.

AS Jimmie thus stood on his tail to fire I was to come diving down from the rear, zoom up, and give the German a third burst in the same manner. And as I did so, it was planned that Thorne was to be climbing as quickly as possible to recommence the whole process.

In thus pecking at our unwieldy adversary in quick succession, first down and up from the right, then from the left, then from the rear, over and over again, we hoped to accomplish our purpose.

We were aware, of course, that our bursts of bullets would be quite ineffective as we would necessarily be firing from too great a distance. Our three planes, wabbling and wavering unsteadily in the thin air of their extreme ceiling, would make accurate aim impossible. But we did hope that these persistently repeated attacks, futile as they might be of themselves, would eventually so aggravate our opponent that he would be antagonized into returning our fire. We hoped that the pilot would be tempted to tip his plane first to the right and then to the left in order to give his gunner a free shot at each of us as we climbed up from beneath in quick succession. It was our final hope that he would eventually tip his plane just an inch or two too much—just enough to cause it to lose its flying equilibrium as it struggled to maintain even flight in the thin air of its maximum ceiling.

This was all we planned. If we succeeded in this, then the German plane would undoubtedly slide off on a wing and fall several hundred feet before the heavier air permitted the pilot to jerk it back into controlled flight.

And in his short but uncontrolled fall or spin, any or all of us would be quickly following in a dive, our machine guns rattling forth long bursts of fire at the pilot's cockpit.

SURE enough, there, on the morning of June 13, at the usual time and place, the three of us found our adversary calmly photographing French and American positions below. And as usual the big Hannover paid no heed to our approach.

"Here come those damn' little gnats again," was probably the only thought that flashed through the minds of the German pilot and gunner.

The big plane was again at its ceiling, and it took every ounce of our climbing ability to get even within a few hundred feet of it. When we reached our ceiling, however, Thorne deployed to the right and Jimmie to the left.

Suddenly Thorne dived with full motor, pulled back sharply on his stick, and came rushing up vertically toward the belly of the German plane. At the peak of his climb he barked forth a burst of bullets which had no more chance of inflicting damage than the pellets of an air rifle. At the same time I saw Jimmie start his dive from the left and pull up for his gesture of attack.

I started down with full motor from the rear. I dived several hundred feet, every wire shrieking with the rush of wind, every member of my plane vibrating, pulled up beneath the German's cockpit, and rattled out my own burst of futile fire. As I did so I caught sight of Thorne commencing his second dive, and then, a moment later, Jimmie did the same.

At first the Hannover continued to ignore these apparently silly attacks. There was hardly a remote chance that a stray bullet would touch it. Even if one did, its force would be so spent that it would inflict but little damage.

Nevertheless we repeated these diving, climbing attacks over and over again in rapid succession. At the end of possibly a quarter of an hour our scheme had its first small sign of reward.

Either because it was bored by our daily presence, tired of our antics, or because at times our planes obscured the object of its photographic mission, I finally saw our cumbersome adversary tilt somewhat to the right. The German gunner then pointed his machine gun vertically toward the earth to give a long, deliberate burst of fire at Thorne, who was rising like a skyrocket to make one of his many hopeless attacks.

And as I dived for my next attack I gleefully caught a glimpse of the big plane tipping over to the left in order that the gunner might take a similar shot at Jimmie.

Then, as I zoomed upward, " standing on my tail," to aim at the big ship's belly, I somewhat less gleefully heard the *tac-tac-tac* and whiz of machine-gun bullets as they sprayed the wings of my own plane.

At last the Hannover had seemed to forget his photographic mission entirely. Instead, he became intent on one of two things only—either to drive off or destroy these foolish, pestering little gnats.

On each rising attack our planes were perforated with great streams of bullets. Wouldn't the German pilot ever overplay his hand? Wouldn't he ever tip his plane just a fraction too much, lose his flying equilibrium in the thin air, and slip off, out of control? Would our own riddled planes hold together long enough for this to happen? Would the three of us be able to escape destruction ourselves until it did happen?

WE had been at this little game for three quarters of an hour now; and on each rising attack, as the German's bullets sped and sputtered about each one of us in turn, our enthusiasm for our plan of action lessened.

And then it finally happened.

As the Hannover leaned to one side to give its gunner another clear aim at one of his skyrocketing tormentors, the pilot tipped it just a fraction too much. Down it slipped on one wing, down, down, and down. The pilot made a desperate effort to regain control of the plane. But the air was still too thin.

In a moment the German was at our level; now he was below us; and in another moment the three of us were diving after him, our machine guns barking above the roar of our motors.

At last we could fight in heavier air. At last we could get within effective firing range. We could control our planes as we attacked. We could control our aim.

What followed will appear in next week's installment of No Parachutes—which will also give a glimpse of Elsie Janis " doing her stuff for the boys " at the front, and an idea of the grim strain of July, 1918, when an American combat pilot was in battle in the air almost daily, and his comrades, Quentin Roosevelt among them, were being shot down and " going west " one by one. Then, as the installment's climax, Alan Winslow will tell from his own experience how it feels to be shot down and made prisoner.

Every move I made was *torment!*

. . . . I THOUGHT I'D GO *mad* WITH THE SUFFERING I HAD TO BEAR IN SECRET

WHEN hemorrhoids or piles are your lot, life is indeed a burden. Every move is torture. You can't walk, you can't stand, you can't sit, you can't even lie down in comfort. It is agony inescapable.

The suffering takes more out of you than would a daily lashing at the whipping post. You become nervous, mentally depressed, pale, haggard and drawn.

The sad part about piles is that they are looked upon as a delicate subject and for that reason many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is no subject on which the public is in more need of light and no affliction more needful of attention. Neglected, this common form of rectal trouble may make necessary a painful operation.

The Threefold Effect Necessary

Piles, whether "blind" or visible, and whether painful, burning or itching, are essentially the same in nature and call for essentially the same treatment.

Any treatment must do three things. It must (1) soothe, (2) heal, (3) absorb.

Because Pazo Ointment does these three things it affords relief never before known through medical treatment.

Pazo soothes the sore and inflamed blood vessels, heals the torn and irritated tissue and reduces the swelling. In other words, through its threefold action, Pazo not only relieves the pain and itching, but tends to correct the condition of piles as a whole.

Correctly Applied

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George Arliss, the puppet king who abdicates his throne and finds happiness in a cottage.

Joan Blondell, teamed with Chester Morris in a crook drama—Blondie Johnson—displays really capable acting.

Pickles, Pleasure,

An All-Star Picture; A Five-Day Cruise; George Arliss' New Vehicle; and a Crook Talkie

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

EVERY day somebody asks me how I know how many stars a picture should get. I'll answer with two quotations. In Adam's Diary, by Mark Twain, one entry tells about Adam going about casually naming the various animals. "Why do you call this creature a hippopotamus?" asked Eve. "Because it *looks* like a hippopotamus," answered Adam.

"But," you reply, "that which looks like a hippopotamus to you may look like a hop-toad to me. How do you get that way?" Then I pull my second quotation.

Stephen Crane wrote a poem in which he summed up life thus: "There is nothing in this world save opinion—and opinion be damned!"

Now that *that's* over, let's be on with our critiques.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ + State Fair

CAST

Margy Frake, Janet Gaynor; Abel Frake, Will Rogers; Pat Gilbert, Lew Ayres; Emily Joyce, Sally Eilers; Wayne Frake, Norman Foster; Melissa Frake, Louise Dresser; The Storekeeper, Frank Craven; The Barker, Victor Jory; Harry Ware, Frank Melton; Blue Boy, By Himself.

Directed by Henry King.
Produced by Fox.

If you are fed up on booze and bozo films, stop in and get a whiff of new-mown hay and have a glass of milk at this picture. Can you imagine getting a punch out of judging pickles and pigs? Well, Henry King has done it. Indeed, the whole story builds to the homely victories of Mr. and Mrs. Frake—Will Rogers and Louise Dresser—at the State Fair.

We see the preparations at the farm, Will chambermaiding Blue Boy, a huge porker, and Louise preparing her pickles and mincemeat. We follow the whole kaboodle to the fair, Pa, Ma, Blue Boy, and the kids, Norman Foster and Janet Gaynor. Side shows. Excitement. Janet meets a city feller, Lew Ayres, but Lew is not a slicker, and pretty love develops. Norman falls for Sally Eilers, a beautiful trapeze girl, but alas, the innocent country boy leaves the fair no longer innocent!

There is tenderness, exquisite humor, and beautiful photography.

High points: The pickle judges doing their stuff; Blue Boy coming to life at the approach of a huge red-headed sow; and Congressman Goodhart introducing the grand champion.

★ ★ ★ Luxury Liner

CAST

Dr. Thomas Bernhard, George Brent; Miss Morgan, Zita Johann; Sybil Bernhard, Vivienne Osborne; Milli Stern, Alice White; Luise Marheim, Verree Teasdale; Edward Thorndyke, Frank Morgan; Fritz, Henry Wadsworth; Dr. Veith, Wallis Clark; Schultz, Billy Bevan; Exl, Theodore von Eltz.

Directed by Lothar Mendes.
Produced by Paramount.

Screen canvases are growing bigger, yes, and better. Once we had small stories of two or three people; now we get whole streets, cities, and even empires. In this picture we are given fugitive glimpses into the complete social cosmos of a city afloat—first-, second-, third-class, and steerage. Our particular interest, however, is centered in George Brent, who has followed his erring wife, Vivienne Osborne, aboard in the hope of winning her back from Frank Morgan, with whom she is running away.

As Frank hates "triangles," he ditches Vivienne, who promptly jumps overboard. In the meantime George has become enamored of Zita Johann, a ship's nurse, and they finally clinch. A lot to happen in five days, but ocean trips hasten romance.

George Brent does his best work, Zita Johann plays with fine repression, Frank Morgan makes a fascinating heavy, and Vivienne Osborne, in a rotten rôle, acts splendidly. Alice White in a small part would have stolen an ordinary film. However, the charm of this screen play by Gene Markey lies in the picture it gives us of life aboard a luxury liner and the colorful direction of the many incidents by Lothar Mendes. It's darned good entertainment, ravishing to the eye, pleasant to the ear, and challenging to the mind.

Norman Foster, Janet Gaynor, Louise Dresser, and Will Rogers in State Fair, a delightful film of rural romance.

and POMP

★ ★ The King's Vacation

CAST

Philip the King, George Arliss; John Kent, Dick Powell; Millicent, Patricia Ellis; the Lord Chamberlain, Dudley Digges; Joe Thorpe, O. P. Heggie; Helen, Marjorie Gateson; Wilhelmina the Queen, Florence Arliss; Barstow, Vernon Steele; Anderson, James Bell; Amalia, Maude Leslie.

Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Make-believe kingdoms make swell musical comedies and burlesques; played straight they are not convincing. Pomp and ceremony of court life are gently kidded in this picture, but its value depends largely upon the personal charm of George Arliss.

Philip, puppet king, is bored stiff with changing uniforms twenty times a day, and when revolution comes he joyously abdicates. He will return to his commoner wife and grown daughter and recapture his early romance in a cottage. His faithful queen, to whom he has been royally married for eighteen years, helps him to his happiness. But his first love has become a terrible snob and lives in a palace with all the royal trappings he's left. So, after framing a romance between his daughter and her commoner sweetie, he seeks out his queen and together *they* find love in a cottage.

Arliss is kingly, Mrs. Arliss is queenly, and the others do their stuff royally; but the story is too slight for the talents of the principals.

Luxury Liner, which gives glimpses of social life afloat, enables George Brent, shown with Zita Johann, to do the best work of his career.

★ ★ Blondie Johnson

CAST

Blondie, Joan Blondell; Curley, Chester Morris; Louis, Allen Jenkins; Gladys, Claire Dodd; Scannell, Earle Foxe; Mae, Mae Busch; Manager, Joe Cawthorne; Red, Sterling Holloway; Eddie, Olin Howland; Max Wagner, Arthur Vinton; Joe, Donald Kirke; Hype, Tom Kennedy; Freddie, Sam Godfrey; Swede, Tom Wilson; Lulu, Toshia Mori.

Directed by Ray Enright.
Produced by First National.

Joan Blondell has now gone in for molls and is proving herself a very capable actress. In this crooker she is teamed with Chester Morris, one of the best dips that ever laughed at the Eighth Commandment.

Joan, an embittered woiking gal, decides to get hers crookedly, so she teams up with Chester in a burglary-insurance racket. A feud develops within the gang and the leader is bumped off. Revenge, and Chester gets his. Unlike most crook pictures, there is no moral wash-up at the end. The whole rotten gang goes to prison. Joan gets six years. When they serve their time, she and Chester perhaps—But that's another story.

Best sequence: Blondie faking the young wife about to become a mother, and so moving the jury that they let off Allen Jenkins, who is guilty as heck.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half-Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers.

What I K*now Abou*
Will ROGERS

(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)

TRY and stop him! That ornery, stubborn, witty, gabby, fearless, fascinating freak! Don't get excited, Rogers rooters. I'm one of his original fans. But he is a freak! Look the word up. You'll find the definition reads: "A sudden fancy, a whim, a caprice."

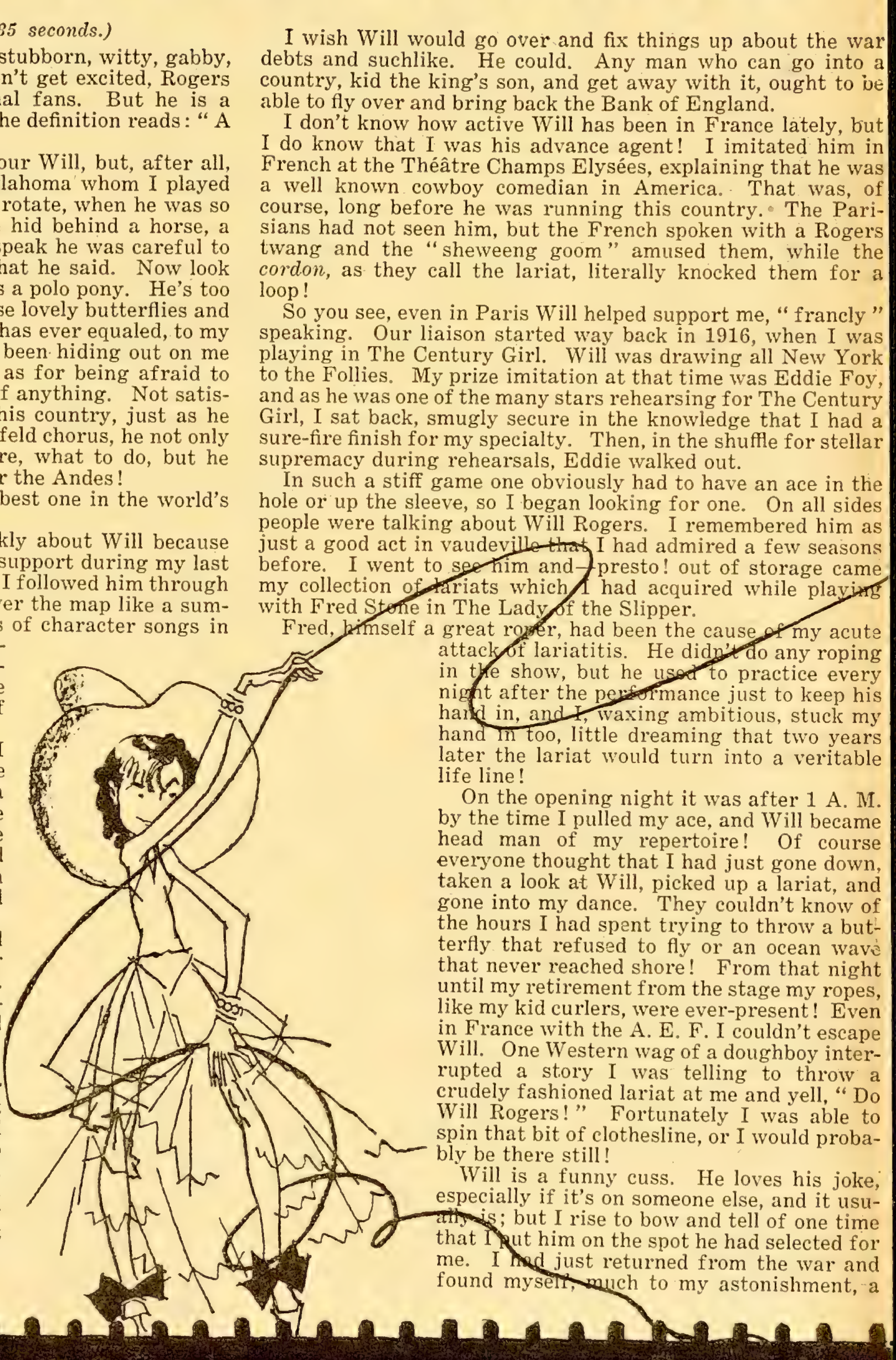
All that sounds a bit lah-de-dah for our Will, but, after all, here's an admitted roughneck from Oklahoma whom I played with not so very long ago, as the years rotate, when he was so shy and afraid of an audience that he hid behind a horse, a lariat, and a hunk of gum. If he did speak he was careful to chew so loud that no one could hear what he said. Now look at him! The only horse he'll speak to is a polo pony. He's too busy roping people's goats to throw those lovely butterflies and ocean waves which no other trick roper has ever equaled, to my knowledge. If he still chews gum he's been hiding out on me the last few times I've seen him; and as for being afraid to talk, I can't imagine him being afraid of anything. Not satisfied with swinging an influence over this country, just as he used to swing a rope over an entire Ziegfeld chorus, he not only tells our Presidents, present and future, what to do, but he tells them while he himself is flying over the Andes!

I tell you he's a freak, but he is the best one in the world's big show.

I feel privileged to write quite frankly about Will because he contributed a great deal toward my support during my last ten years on the stage! For two seasons I followed him through Texas, Oklahoma, Georgia, and so on over the map like a summons server, and though I did all sorts of character songs in practically every language but Esperanto and imitated most of the Broadway stars, it was Will who helped me wind up the performance to the sound of cheers.

I didn't have to announce his name. I would simply reach offstage for the lariat, grab a hunk of gum, pull down a lock of hair, start chewing, twirling the rope at the same time—and the applause would begin. Even if it had been a bad imitation the applause would have been there for Will. As it was a pretty good one, we shared honors.

In London, in 1915, I had introduced my lariat-throwing in a musical number during the run of The Passing Show. They liked it, and that was that! Several years later, after the war, Will had been over there doing one of his unofficial ambassador stunts and making almost as many tactless remarks as our official ambassadors do, so I dragged out the lariat again and this time imitated "that extraordinary American chap who says whatever comes into his head, by Jove!" Result: more cheers! But I will not give Will the same credit for those because I had already been "that extraordinary American girl at the Palace" way back in 1914.



I wish Will would go over and fix things up about the war debts and suchlike. He could. Any man who can go into a country, kid the king's son, and get away with it, ought to be able to fly over and bring back the Bank of England.

I don't know how active Will has been in France lately, but I do know that I was his advance agent! I imitated him in French at the Théâtre Champs Elysées, explaining that he was a well known cowboy comedian in America. That was, of course, long before he was running this country. The Parisians had not seen him, but the French spoken with a Rogers twang and the "sheweeng goom" amused them, while the *cordon*, as they call the lariat, literally knocked them for a loop!

So you see, even in Paris Will helped support me, "francly" speaking. Our liaison started way back in 1916, when I was playing in The Century Girl. Will was drawing all New York to the Follies. My prize imitation at that time was Eddie Foy, and as he was one of the many stars rehearsing for The Century Girl, I sat back, smugly secure in the knowledge that I had a sure-fire finish for my specialty. Then, in the shuffle for stellar supremacy during rehearsals, Eddie walked out.

In such a stiff game one obviously had to have an ace in the hole or up the sleeve, so I began looking for one. On all sides people were talking about Will Rogers. I remembered him as just a good act in vaudeville that I had admired a few seasons before. I went to see him and—presto! out of storage came my collection of lariats which I had acquired while playing with Fred Stone in The Lady of the Slipper.

Fred, himself a great roper, had been the cause of my acute attack of lariatitis. He didn't do any roping in the show, but he used to practice every night after the performance just to keep his hand in, and I, waxing ambitious, stuck my hand in too, little dreaming that two years later the lariat would turn into a veritable life line!

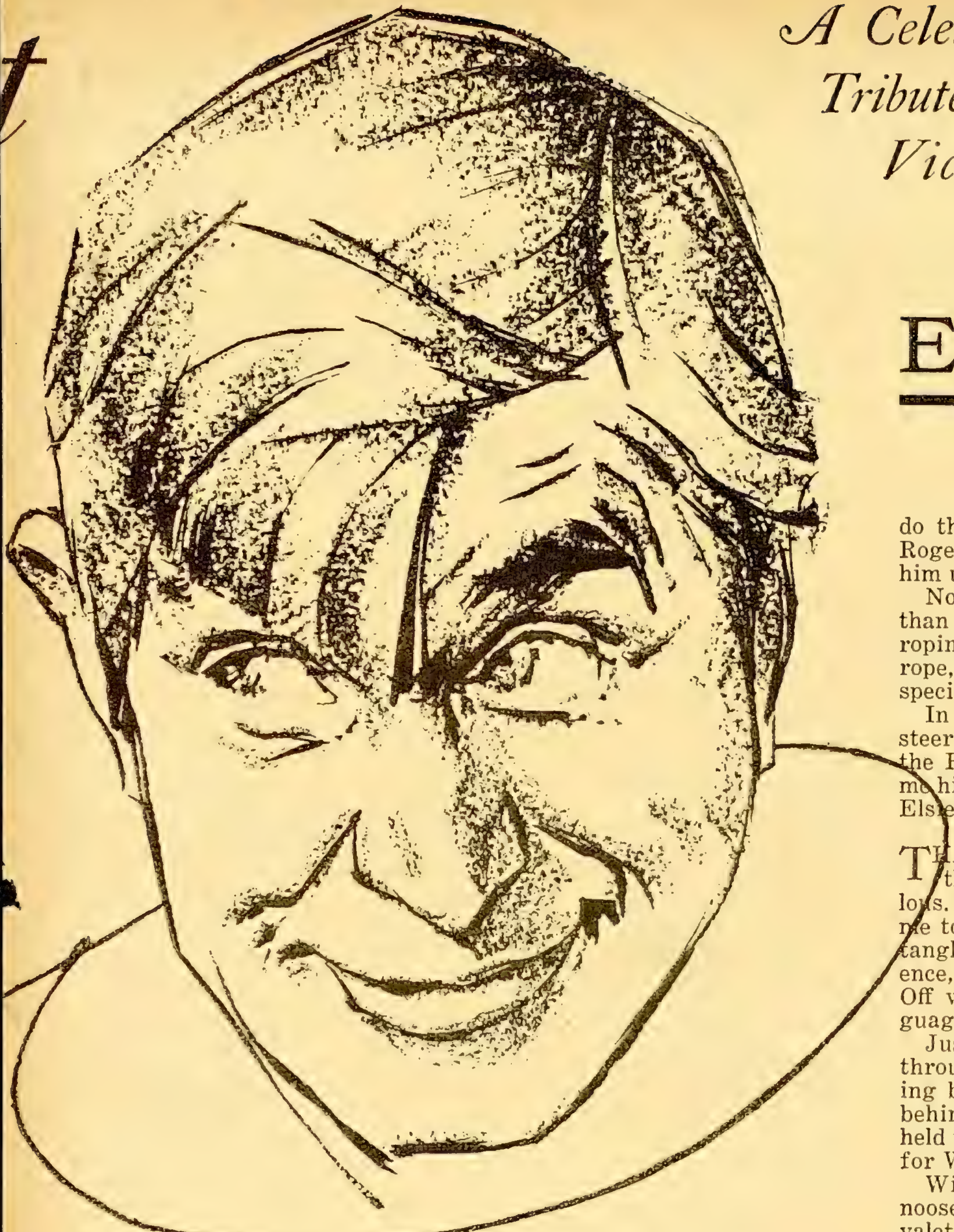
On the opening night it was after 1 A. M. by the time I pulled my ace, and Will became head man of my repertoire! Of course everyone thought that I had just gone down, taken a look at Will, picked up a lariat, and gone into my dance. They couldn't know of the hours I had spent trying to throw a butterfly that refused to fly or an ocean wave that never reached shore! From that night until my retirement from the stage my ropes, like my kid curlers, were ever-present! Even in France with the A. E. F. I couldn't escape Will. One Western wag of a doughboy interrupted a story I was telling to throw a crudely fashioned lariat at me and yell, "Do Will Rogers!" Fortunately I was able to spin that bit of clothesline, or I would probably be there still!

Will is a funny cuss. He loves his joke, especially if it's on someone else, and it usually is; but I rise to bow and tell of one time that I put him on the spot he had selected for me. I had just returned from the war and found myself, much to my astonishment, a

A Celebrated Imitator Pays a Tribute to Her World-Famous Victim and Meal Ticket

By
ELSIE JANIS

DECORATION
By CARL PFEUFER



bit of a heroine on public appearances. With my mother and several friends I went to the New Amsterdam Roof in New York, then called The Frolics, where Will was, as always, the shining light of ruthless wit. It was Will's great stunt to lasso any patron who he thought might interest the other customers. From under a large hat of the 1919 mode I watched him do it to several people, and breathed a little prayer of thanks that we were far from the ringside tables. I was not dressed for any personal appearance and I was quite sure that he couldn't reach our table, even if he saw me way back in a corner.

But that was before I realized Will has eyes in the back of his neck and can throw anything from an idea to the bull clear across the world!

He did see me. "Wal! If it ain't my friend Elsie Janis," he drawled. Heads turned, applause started. Instinctively I grabbed my swell hat. The lasso sailed unerringly over at least fifty ducking heads and landed around my shoulders. Shrieks of approval from the crowd. There was nothing to do but "take it" and be dragged into the center of the dancing floor.

Once there, the reception smoothed my ruffled composure and I thanked the audience, saying how glad I was to be home again. There were cries of "Give us a song!" "Do this or do that," but the loudest cries were "Do Will Rogers!" "Take the rope, Elsie!" "Show him up, Elsie!"

Now, that old so-and-so, Will, knows better than anyone that lassoing is one thing and trick roping is another. For one you use a long heavy rope, for the other a short lariat, and there is a special sort for dancing.

In other words, it's darned hard to catch your steer and exit dancingly with the same rope, so the Rogers grin was extra broad as he handed me his lasso and said, "Sure thing. Here ye are, Elsie!"

THAT I didn't hang myself in an effort to get that cow-catching rope to spin was miraculous. Will stood by, grinning and encouraging me to try again as I became more and more entangled and nearer to tears of rage. The audience, somewhat disappointed, stuck with me. Off went the "swell hat." I forgot looks, language, and locality in my struggle.

Just as I was about to admit defeat, I glimpsed, through the blood in my eye, Will's valet standing behind the arched proscenium of the stage behind me, enjoying the fun. In his hands he held two carefully coiled dancing ropes, all ready for Will's big finishing number.

Without hesitation I dropped the "hangman's noose" and walked over to the unsuspecting valet. "Give me one of those!" I said, and took one before he had time to refuse. To the orchestra I yelled, "Play something!" To Will I threw a dirty "How'm I doin'?" look and, just as if all my fruitless efforts had been a joke, I swung his pet lariat over my tousled head and proceeded to execute steps I had never tackled before.

Result: cheers!—in which Will joined.

It was some time before we met again, and that time the joke was on a magazine editor who thought it would be interesting to publish a joint interview, with Will the imitated and Elsie the imitator co-starring. Will allowed it was O. K. with him, and I said I would love it. We lunched at the Ritz—Will, my mother, the interviewer, and myself. We were asked our ideas on marriage. Will knew all about it, having a large family. I knew nothing, but we were both dubiously dumb on the subject. Politics, sports, the movies, divorce—from topic to topic we skirted, lighting nowhere long enough to contribute anything illuminating for prospective readers. You see, we had both started writing for the newspapers, and we were both saving our ideas for our own columns.

We had a large and expensive lunch, but if the poor interviewer got enough material for an article he was a mind reader!

It seems only yesterday we had that free lunch, and today thousands of people buy a particular newspaper just because they couldn't start the day without seeing "what Will has to say."

I'm one of the thousands. In my opinion, and I've met many who share it, Will Rogers is a splendid example of representative American, even to that dash of Indian blood! He has courage, he has a big heart, he is a good business man. He believes in equality. Executive and extra are "just folks" to him. He has raised a fine family, all with one wife. He has great civic pride, and above all he has humor!

Of course he talks too much sometimes, but that has always been the privilege of representative Americans, only seldom do they say as much when they talk as Will does. He rose to his unique position through his own intelligence, and although it is part of his rôle in life to pretend that he "only knows what he reads in the papers," he is about the highest-paid contributor to them and he has at least one Indian ear that is well on the ground!

WHEN they started that talk about Will Rogers for President, I laughed long and low, but that was before the last Presidential campaign, during which I hung around the radio like a necklace and listened to our two candidates and their supporting casts with great interest and a certain amount of embarrassment. If Will were making speeches we would at least know when he was being humorous! Recently I talked to a young man named Wilber Morse, who toured the country in an automobile which was practically hidden under a sign reading "Will Rogers for President!"

It was a publicity campaign organized by a motion-picture magazine, and was not intended to be taken too seriously.

He told me that it was surprising how interested people were in the idea. He found himself getting in and out of towns quickly before the crowds started demanding details of Will's platform and promises.

Well, I know one thing: we would certainly have to raise the salary of our chief executive if Will moved in, because he makes more money than all the presidents of all the republics put together, and has a good time doing it.

I saw him a few weeks ago at the Fox studio, which is the last word in studios. It sits high on a flock of hills surrounded by over three hundred acres of land. The buildings resemble a miniature World's Fair, and their restaurant, called the Café de Paris, lives up to its name in atmosphere and cuisine. It was there I saw Will. He never changes! The "Hello there!" of today has the same twang as the "How're ye?" of twenty years ago.

"What you doin' over here—goin' to work here, Elsie?" He flopped into a chair beside me, extending a friendly paw.

"I wish I were," I said. "This is a wonderful studio!"

Will looked around and grinned.

"Yes, it is; it's swell! I'm goin' in now to talk about my next job. They want me to play in State Fair. I got to co-star with a prize-winnin' hog! Wal, I'm goin' over to talk money to Mr. Sheehan now. He'll find out who's playin' the hog! So long, Elsie. Hope you come over here. So long!"

He shuffled out, with a greeting here and slap on the back there. It's a funny thing, but when Will leaves a place one phrase seems to leap automatically to the lips of those who are left: "He's a great guy!"

In the air or on it, in the papers or the studios, with kings or deuces, in politics or out, Will will be Will! They have changed the course of the mighty Colorado River, and they talk of bridling Niagara Falls, but I hope they won't start on Will. That would be a really big job!

THE END

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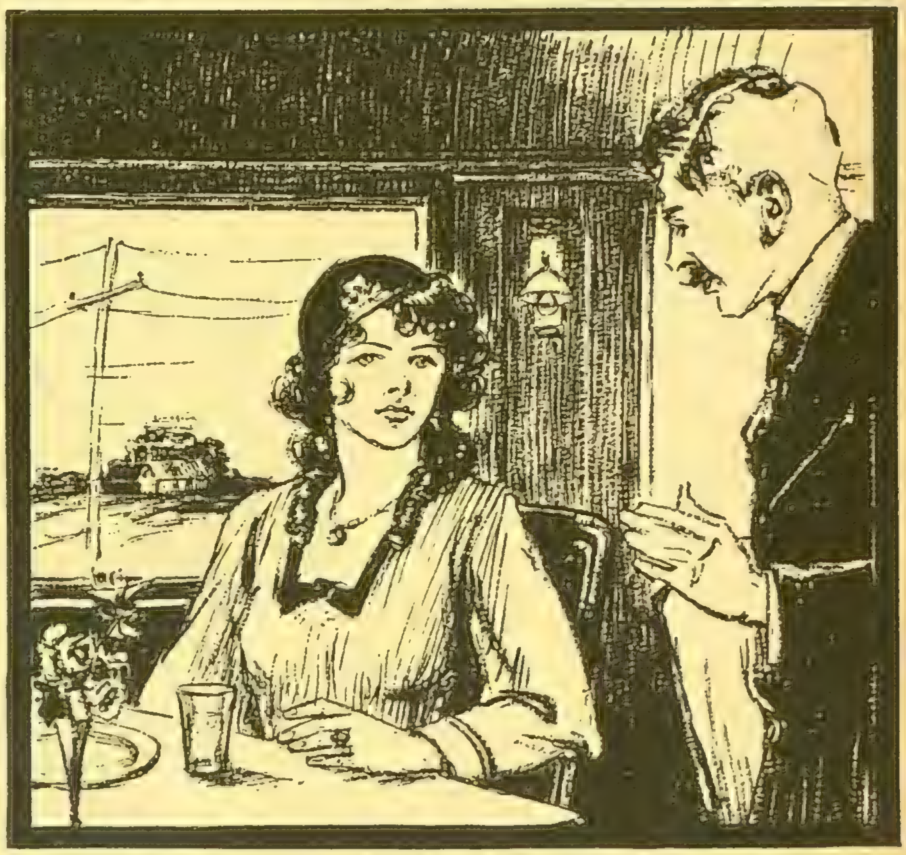


A Short Short Story

By ALEC WAUGH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE head waiter hesitated, then pointed to the far end of the swaying tea car.

"There's a place down there, sir."

It was at a single table across which a woman was leaning on her elbows, her face resting on the latticed bridge of her fingers. It was a pose that seemed familiar. As he took his seat the woman lifted her head.

For a full minute they stared at one another; then with a laugh she stretched out her hand to him.

" I wonder if I've altered as little as you," she said.

" You haven't altered."

" Yet it's a long time, John."

" Thirteen years."

Seated opposite her now, as the train swayed and rattled through the southern counties, it did not seem twelve days since they had looked at this same landscape through a carriage window in the first hours of their engagement.

Life isolates certain moments as a painter isolates one passage in a landscape. Whatever else might grow blurred with time, he would retain, as he had retained, in every detail that instant of summer heat, with the engine purring, the carriage swaying, as she whispered: " I never dreamed I could love anyone so much."

They had been very sure of one another; he had been very sure of life then. The war was over; himself with the most coveted of a soldier's honors; the proud duties and responsibilities of a family estate were waiting to fill his life. Then Mary, and a whirlwind of wooing. The planning for an autumn wedding.

There had been no minatory warning of that letter, every phrase of which, after a hundred and fifty months, was printed clear upon his memory.

> Johnny, dearest one, I know you'll say that I'm treating you wretchedly [it said], but I'd be treating you far worse if I married you against my judgment; which I would be doing. It isn't that there's anybody else. You mustn't think that. There couldn't be. And it isn't anything you've done. Not at least that you'd think anything. It's one of those little things that men don't notice but that to a woman mean everything. It's so little that it would sound silly if I told you. You couldn't understand why women set high value by these things; why women look on them as signposts, as clues to what's underneath. No man can understand why women fall in love and fall out of love with little mannerisms and tricks. I'd be wretched married to you. If I were wretched, I'd make you wretched, too. So that, darling, please, there's no way out of it. Forgive me, please.

That's that, then, he had thought, with life suddenly grown meaningless. And for two years remaining meaningless; till the medicine of work gradually restored a meaning to it; with vitality and health asserting that " spring was not spoiled by a single shower." So that now, thirteen years later, in the prime of life, he considered himself, and was, a happy man, with a wife he loved and children he adored, with a boy of eight now in his first term at a preparatory school whose prize-giving he was on his way to visit.

That was what his life had been; from all accounts hers had not been dissimilar.

" You're married too? " he said.

She nodded. " My elder boy's at a boarding school. I'm on my way to his breaking up."

He smiled. How curiously ironical it was: that they who had planned a life together should be now traveling together to their children's school—the children of another father and another wife. He looked at her more closely. She looked happy. She was happy. She had made a success of life. Something, though, was missing; something that had been there once. The poetry had gone out of her; as probably it had out of him, lost in this business of settling down, of accepting the compromise of middle age. He wondered if what they had lost separately, together they could not have preserved for one another. And wondering that once again, as so often in the past, he wondered what was that little thing in him that had prompted her to write that letter.

" MARY," he said, " it's so long ago; surely you can tell me now what it was that made you break our engagement."

She hesitated, smiling at him fondly and rather shyly, as one does in a reminiscent way over a past unhappiness. To give her time he poured himself out a second cup of tea. As he raised the cup she broke into a nervous laugh.

" Oh, John," she cried, " there, now, you're doing it again! That little finger. I could never be happy with a man who drank tea with his little finger crooked."

He put the cup back into the saucer. That was the reason, then. He opened his hand, looking at its palm, then stretched it across the table to her.

" Do you see that," he said, " there, by the second joint—that scar? "

She looked carefully. It was a small white line of lifted flesh, so small that she had never noticed it before.

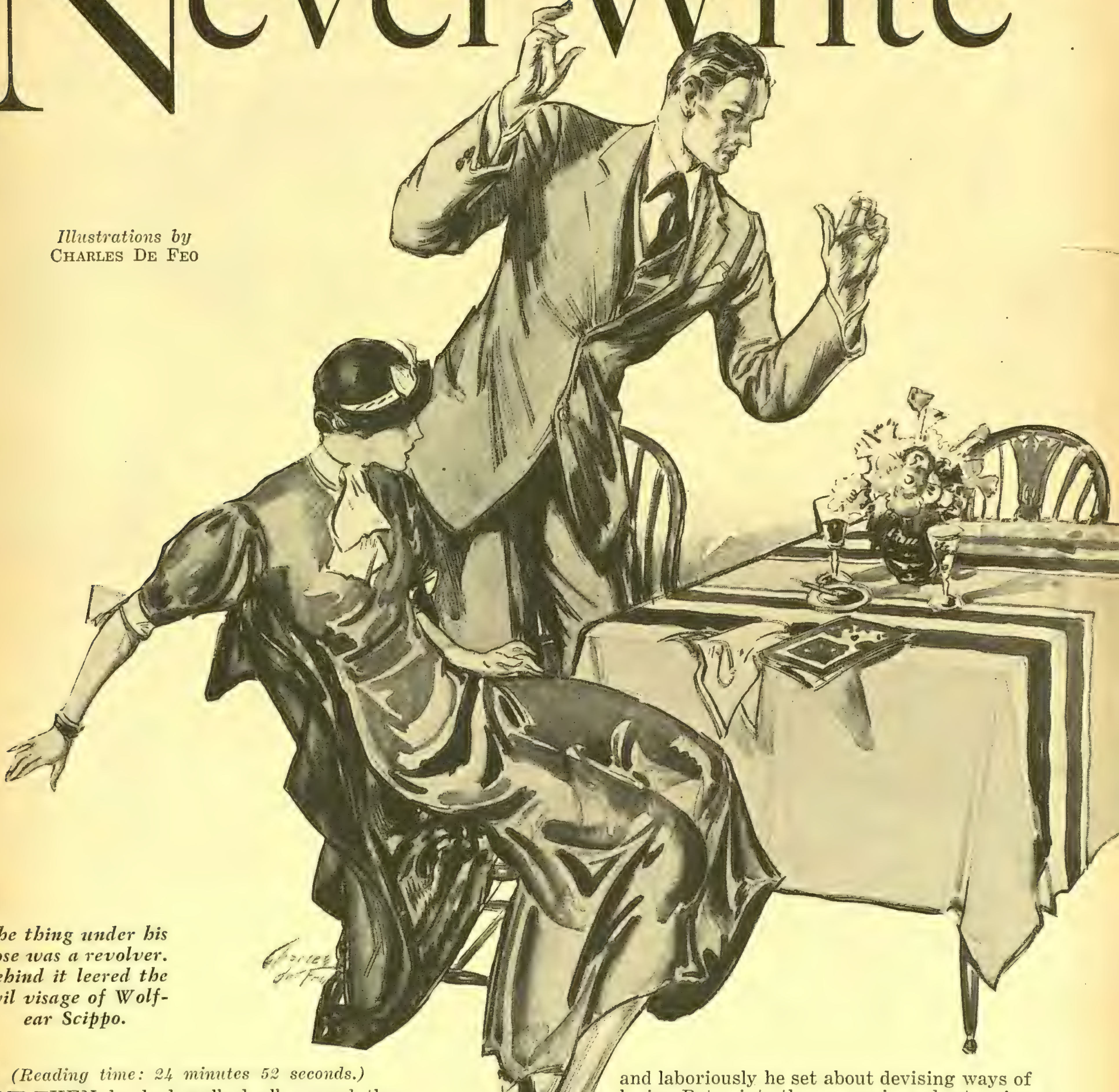
She raised her eyes interrogatively.

" It's the scar of a German bayonet," he explained. " I got it on the day I won that medal. I've never been able to move my finger since."

THE END

Never Write

Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO



The thing under his nose was a revolver. Behind it leered the evil visage of Wolf-ear Scippo.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 52 seconds.)

WHEN he had walked all around the haunted house in the twilight, the big-chinned Burbek boy returned to the knee-deep weeds of the front yard with a definite conclusion.

As haunted houses go, this tumble-down affair of crumbling field stone standing on the nice, expensive chunk of Connecticut which was now a neglected corner of the Howard Pillbrock estate, was eerie enough to have been the product of a Hollywood brain in the fever season. Its loose boards creaked and its empty window frames rattled and its weeping willow swished in a highly atmospheric manner; but it was no place for a lady alone and at night, and specifically it was no place for Betsy Phelps alone and at night.

The Burbek boy looked at the big sports convertible in the dirt road, and he looked at Betsy sitting there on the doorstep—a delectable half pint of dark-haired girl—and laboriously he set about devising ways of luring Betsy into the car again and returning her to the Phelps summer home, two miles away.

Down the shaky stairway then clattered his lifelong friend, Jethro Thomson, a mountainous youth in flannels, with a fist like a Belgian paving block and a grin as wide and all-encompassing as the Depression itself.

" Attic, closets—nary a spook anywhere," he reported. " Still, the union ones don't come on before ten or eleven. Well, Betsy lass? An icy crawl or two along the spine perhaps? "

" 'Tain't that kind of a spine, feller," Betsy told him. " Now go back to my house and have roast duck and apple sauce for dinner. Scram! "

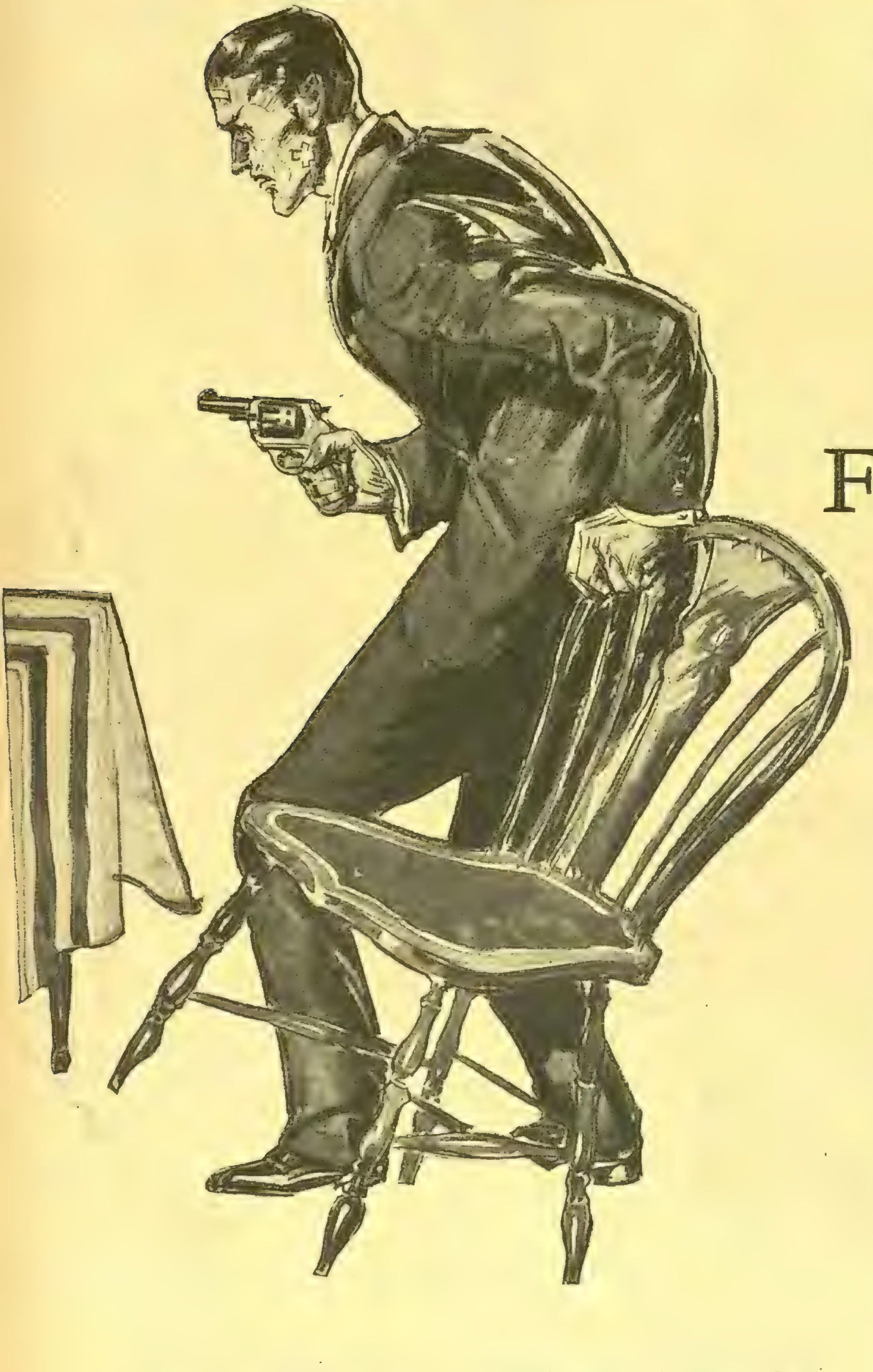
" I think," the Burbek boy said, " we'll call it off and take you with us."

" Say, is a bet a bet, or what is it? And how many

Love Letters

The Story of an Interrupted Elopement and a Samaritan Who Could Take It

By EDGAR FRANKLIN



more times do we have to talk this out?” Betsy flamed. “You walk back to the house and I stay here till midnight and then drive home. If any spook's good enough to chase me out before that, you win your trick golf clubs. If I stick, I nick you all I can for the riding boots—and what more is there to it?”

“Lots! Plain common sense—”

“Never heard of it,” Betsy yawned. “You can go back by the road or you can save ten minutes by cutting cross lots, although you'll probably break your necks in the sand pit if you try it.”

“We'll take the road,” said Jethro Thomson.

From her doorstep Betsy watched them turn into the state highway at the bottom of the hill. She heaved a sigh of relief and stared inquiringly into the old house. From the rear a loud thump sounded and another and another. Betsy brightened.

“Yoo-hoo, ghost!” she called softly. “That you?”

“That's me, all right,” the ghost said in a hard voice. “Wherever were you hiding? They poked all over the house.”

“I was skulking behind trees,” the specter snapped. “You didn't want me to materialize while the boy friends were around, did you?”

“Of course not; but what on earth are you doing now? Putting in your next winter's coal?” Miss Phelps asked, walking through to the kitchen.

“I'm unloading this damned beef stew and the paper bag broke!” the ghost muttered. “Got bored stiff hanging around here and slunk over to Torrington for the papers and food. I came back by the woods road; the flivver's parked out back there.”

Then he stepped into the dusky kitchen. He was an unusually substantial wraith, more than six feet tall, twenty-seven or so, and with strong features that just missed being handsome.

He wore what passes as a real Panama hat, and his light-gray suit looked exactly like the pictures the tailor has in his book. He gathered her into his arms and kissed her again and again.

“BETSY!” he breathed with great feeling. “My Betsy!”

“And your Betsy's spent this whole day trying to get here alone!” Miss Phelps purred, snuggling closer. “Barty, are you all right?”

“I am now,” the haunt replied tartly. “I wasn't up to the time I bought all that beef stew and realized that I actually meant to hide here indefinitely and live on it. Something snapped then—and I've been all right ever since, thank you. You stampeded me last night, kid. You had me running for the exits and trampling women and children!”

“Last night,” Betsy murmured and stroked his cheek. “Was that just last night?”

Just last night: Betsy Phelps and Bartley Shotwell, deep in the spell of their new love, dining in the swank and elaborate speakeasy of Emile Gassard, after which Betsy was to take the late train up here and Bartley was to flivver back to his apartment. Enter then the stocky, swarthy young man with the slick black hair and the swagger, the beady eyes, and the long chin. And the ears! They were so pointed at the tops that they needed only two tufts of hair to make them perfect.

This sinister figure had camped at a table by the door.

“I say, Emile!” called Mr. Shotwell, thus halting M. Gassard in his smiling progress between tables. “Who is it? New head of the Capone interests?”

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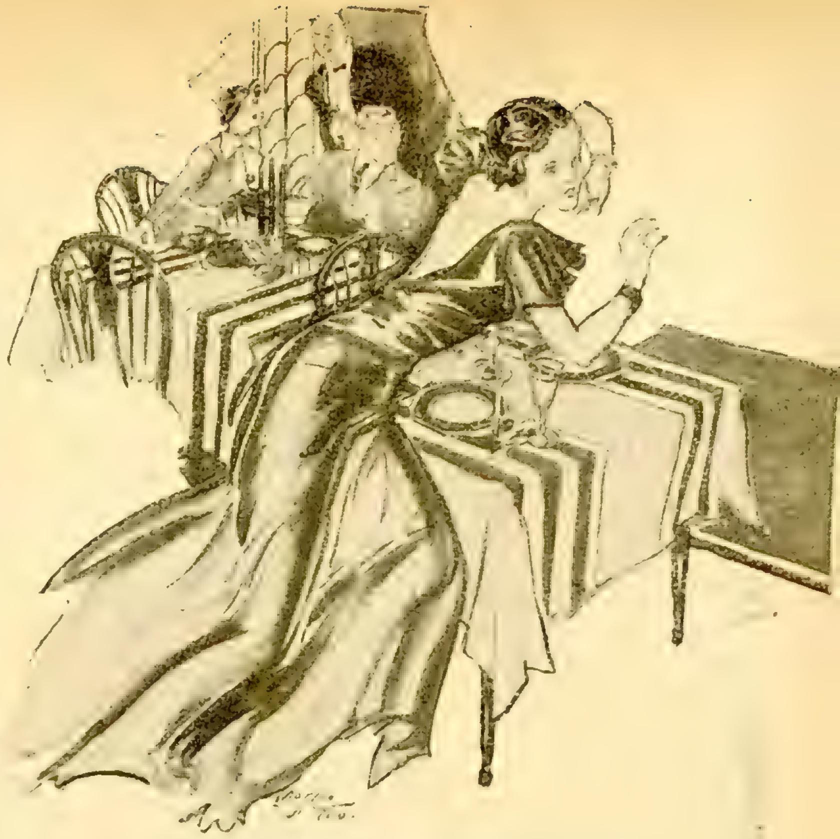


Save for Bartley's forward dive and lightning short-arm jolt, there was little more to the episode.

"Him?" Gassard whispered uneasily. "I do not know, Mr. Shotwell. I just see him myself. I don't know how he got in. I don't know who—"

But he was about to know, for at that moment the vibrant little Alsatian who was his head waiter paused at M. Gassard's elbow and spoke fluently and with great earnestness. He was paler than usual and when he had reached the end of his discourse Emile was also paler than usual.

"*Nom,*" he remarked, "*d'un chien!*"

"I learned that one in school," Betsy said quickly; "but what Jacques just said—what did that mean in English?"

"He—oh, he is insane," Gassard smiled, albeit mirthlessly. "He says that is Wolf-ear—you know? Scippo? But you would not know."

"The sweet boy they just acquitted of machine-gunning all the women and children down in Forsythe Street?" Miss Phelps said, a catch in her voice.

"I go investigate," said M. Gassard when he had squared his shoulders and drawn a deep breath. "With a certain caution."

Betsy reached for Shotwell's hand. Her fingers were bits of ice.

"Barty, will you *please* stop staring at him?" she begged. "You're too highbrow to read the tabs, but I'm not. That's the boy! Wolf-ear Scippo—Smiling Scippo. Always cheery and courteous, that kind of lethal gent. He smiled all through his trial. He smiled at the jury, so they thought twice about believing the witnesses."

"Y'know," grinned Mr. Shotwell, "this racketeer thing has been overplayed to the point of sheer dreariness. A few cheap yeggs use each other for targets and what calls itself the great American public runs for the cyclone cellar and pulls down the lid. You're white as snow."

"BARTY," Miss Phelps chattered strangely, "inside I'm whiter than seven blizzards, and will you please keep on looking at *me?* You haven't taken your eyes off him and he hasn't taken his eyes off you since he sat down!"

"The gentleman's beckoning me!" breathed Bartley.

"Is he? Well, you sit still!"

"Oh, no. I'll see what he wants. If I've started anything, we'll finish it over there. And *you* stay where you are!"

"I won't! I won't let you go and be murdered and—"

She tried to rise, but something had gone wrong with her knees. She dropped back into her chair, trembling, all but whimpering aloud, as she watched Shotwell walk lithely, unhurriedly down upon Doom in the person of the one identified as Scippo.

He, too, was rising slowly and, as Bartley approached, was suddenly smiling. It was Betsy's terrified impression that he grew more and more tense as the distance between the two men lessened, that the black little devil took on ever-increasing resemblance to the jungle beast about to spring. Now they were not ten feet apart; and with a broader smile and a queer little nod the menace slid his right hand under his coat toward the spot where shoulder holsters live—and save for Bartley's forward dive and his lightning short-arm jolt, for the sharp crack and the heavy thud, there was little more to the episode. Shotwell, a bit wild-eyed, was motioning frantically and Betsy was speeding across the dining room, and people were tossing aside napkins and rising and gibbering, and two waiters bent over something on the floor.

Betsy looked once and looked away. It was Wolf-ear, for the moment at peace with all the world.

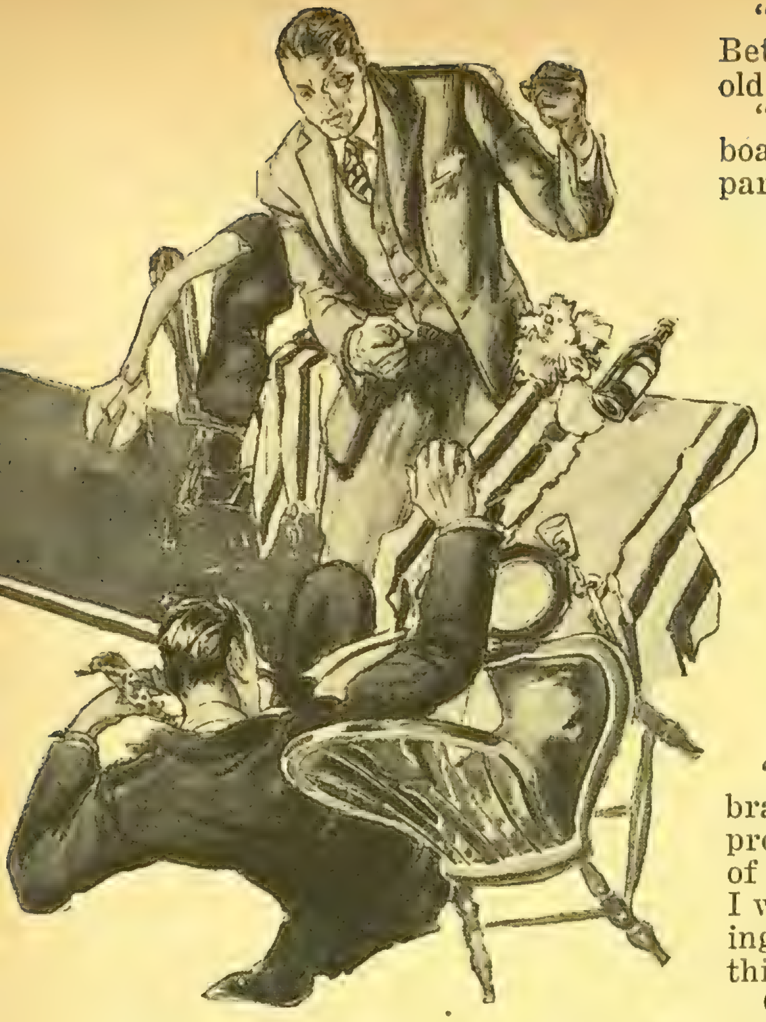
"Got to get out of this, quick!" Shotwell puffed.

And so they fled, past the heavy old cream-colored roadster just before Emile's door and to the flivver; and at the curb before Bartley's apartment there was an argument.

"You're not driving me to any Grand Central, because he's come back to life long before this, and he's gathering his gorillas and dusting off the spot to put you on, and everyone knows who you are and where you live," said Betsy. "I'll take a taxi from here and you pack your bag as fast as the law'll allow and keep to the back roads all the way up. And, Barty, you will go and hide in the old Perkins house till we see what's what and what we're going to do about it?"

"Say, girl, my ancestors fought in the Revolution solely to make this country—" Shotwell began.

Up at the end of the block a car



back-fired. Bartley jumped. Miss Phelps screamed.

"Yes, and where are they now? Dead!" she gasped out. "Barty, dearest, *promise me?*"

"I—I—" Shotwell said dizzily. "All right, I—I promise." . . .

"Did my hero have his lunch?" Betsy inquired, as they sat on the old Perkins doorstep.

"New Milford and a back-street boarding house at that, rather than park on a main thoroughfare," Shotwell grunted. "After midnight or so I'll be picking up a bite in one of my regular haunts."

"Says which?" cried Betsy.

"Yes, my gorgeous, the stampede's all over," Shotwell grinned. "That's the first time in my life I ever went into a panic and it'll be the last. One more dreamy hour with you and I'm starting back to town."

"Oh, yes? And then?"

"Then gayly to the police, I expect, and have 'em pick up that preposterous thug and throw a scare into him, and after that—business as usual."

"Barty, precious, I know you're brave as a lion; you don't have to prove it with a funeral. I had a lot of trouble catching you, Barty, and I worked myself just about sick making you ask me to marry me. Do you think I'll let them shoot you now?"

Chuckling, Shotwell held her closer and said nothing.

"There's a jinx on this romance, anyway," Betsy sighed. "A high-spirited young girl like me doesn't like secret engagements. Your sweet Jeanette had not, by any happy mischance, had a change of heart and returned your love letters when you got home last night?"

"She had not, and she isn't my sweet Jeanette and never was, and they are not—well, in the strict sense, love letters."

"No? They're hot enough stuff that she can threaten you with a breach-of-promise suit if you try marry anyone else. What do *you* call them, Romeo? Travel notes?"

"YOU don't know what it is, sitting too close to a real gold blonde in a Palm Beach moon," Shotwell sighed. "She was— I give it up. Transfigured somehow, I suppose. I never felt that way about Jeanette before. But I lost my head and—"

"And wrote her at least one sizzling epistle a day for eight days and as many as three on some of the warmer days, you said. And she treasured your dear letters!"

"I'll say she treasured them!"

"And now she's about to glorify the American stage and maybe grab off a picture contract too, and publicity—like suing *the* Mr. Bartley Shotwell— Oh, fooey! And the devil of it is," Betsy added, "she'll really do it if she gets the chance."

"Be that as it may, I think you're all wrong about your father. I think we ought to go to him and make a clean breast of it."

"Not till your past's all mopped up," Betsy said firmly. "You don't

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"All right," Shotwell sighed. "I'm trying several ways of getting the damned letters back; if they all flop I'll have to sick my lawyers on her, I suppose. I'll be shoving off now, Betsy. If there are poor and needy in the district, tell 'em they'll find six cans of beef stew on the back porch."

He rose, and Betsy rose as promptly, eyes snapping, ready to forbid him to stir one yard. So they were standing when the headlights turned out of the state road and began to bob and wabble up the hill.

"Who's coming?" Shotwell asked intelligently.

"Well, I never finished the correspondence course in second-sight, so I really don't know. But you get indoors there! I've had a feeling in my bones that ghastly butcher might pick up your trail and— Oh, please go in, just till we see who it is."

"Well, of all the da—" Mr. Shotwell began as he vanished.

In the last of the twilight a heavy old cream-colored roadster lumbered over the top of the hill and stopped not fifty feet away. Miss Phelps barely choked back the shriek, for there wasn't a single doubt of the identity of the person stepping out of the car. The wide shoulders, the long jaw were there; in the glare of the headlights she caught the shine of the slick black hair, and she could all but see the pointed ears. The creature came to a halt before her.

"Mr.—ah—Bartley Shotwell, he is here?" he asked, with a trace of accent.

"Mr. who? What? What are you talking about? I don't know any Mr. Shotwell. I never—never heard the name before! Get out of here! Go away, quick!" Miss Phelps replied in a series of explosions.

"Oh, I have been told—" the caller protested gently, and beyond that he had nothing whatever to say.

FOR in the lovely summer gloaming a light, dull thud had sounded and the swart young man had thrown up his arms, grunting oddly as he did so, and immediately thereafter his legs had crumpled and he had toppled over backward. Now he lay stretched in the headlight beam, feet wide apart, arms sprawled straight from his body, eyes restfully closed. Mr. Shotwell was standing beside Betsy, and Betsy was gasping out:

"What happened to him then?"

"He got hit," Mr. Shotwell said grimly. "He took the flat of a can of beef stew right between the eyes."

Betsy gulped and caught his arm.

"Did you bring in your bag from your car? Well, get it and put it in mine, because we're leaving right away!"

Shotwell grinned and shook his head.

"I'm not. A person gets fed up with being chased all over the map by gangsters, you know. I'll just take this boy's roscoe, as we racketeers call it, and sit beside him till he wakes up, and then—"

"He may have a knife and there may be a fight and you may have to shoot him to save yourself. And even if you didn't, this beast's supposed to be near the top of the underworld at present, and you've been enterprising enough to knock him out twice within twenty-four hours. Do you think he and his friends are going to overlook that? Get your grip!" said Miss Phelps. "I'll start the engine."

MR. SHOTWELL started and frowned and looked around, at first perplexedly, and then, as Betsy shook him again and whined in fright, quite wildly. One minute later, throttle open, they were plunging crazily down the hill.

"Flighty, imaginative little thing I am—yes?" Betsy asked. "He isn't out to get you, is he?"

"All that apart," Shotwell shouted, as for the second time he just missed bouncing through the windshield, "where do we go from here?"

"Home! And I stick some things in a bag and we elope. And we'll live in the Gobi Desert or somewhere till they've wiped out all the gangs in America!" Betsy told him explicitly.

The radio was blaring and the glad young voices of the perennial Phelps house party were rippling out on the night when they arrived, but Jethro Thomson had detached himself from the gayety and was just strolling down to the lawn. He held up his great hands at the sight of Bartley.

"But fancy meeting *you* up here!" he cried. "Where'd you find Bart, Betsy? And, come to think of it, wasn't there a wager—"

"It's off. Is pop asleep?"

"Undoubtedly; he finished dinner ten minutes ago and— Oh, by the way, did you meet up with the wicked-looking wop?"

"Eh? He was here, then?" Shotwell asked rather throatily.

"Nose to the ground, tracking you. Someone at Gassard's tipped him that you might be visiting Betsy if you weren't at home, I believe. He said he had business with you of the most urgent nature, Bart. So I sent him on to Betsy, as being the one most likely to know your exact whereabouts. But if you don't mind a suggestion," Jethro smiled, "when they've put the finger on this gruesome party and you do change bootleggers—"

"That wasn't just a bootlegger," said Betsy Phelps. "That was Wolf-ear Scippo, and he's trying to rub out my Barty—and isn't that too funny for words? You come in with me Barty!"

She sped softly to the library and glanced in. Plump, florid, and bald,

J. Watson Phelps in his armchair slumbered placidly as usual.

Betsy returned in a scant seven minutes, wrapped in a tweed coat and carrying two bags.

She led the way back to the wide veranda. She would have bounded on down the steps with Bartley in tow, but at the top she stopped short. She dropped her bags. Weakly she screamed, clutching Mr. Shotwell as her dilating eyes fastened upon the stretch of wide white driveway.

The person known as Wolf-ear Scippo lay there flat upon his back, feet wide apart, arms sprawled straight from his body, eyes restfully closed and at peace with all the world. A strip of adhesive plaster decorated the left side of his jaw, there was a lump in the middle of his forehead, and a red spot on his right jaw.

Near by, Jethro Thomson examined his own fist with some interest and more warm admiration.

"Had no idea I was still so good," he said blandly. "The dear chap steamed up in yonder relic, took a single look at Betsy's car, and was about to enter the mansion when we met. And, lo! a moment later he went out, as the saying goes, like a light." Then he perceived Betsy's luggage. "What ho! Off for a trip?"

MISS PHELPS hurried to her car, making a wide circle about the figure on the drive.

"We'll be married and aboard the lugger before midnight—and keep it quiet!" she said.

"But romantic! And could you use a good best man?"

"The job's yours if you'll take it," Shotwell grinned.

Gassard's was all but deserted when they reached it after a slow and halting journey, during which they discovered that instantaneous matrimony is not so feasible in Connecticut after all.

They felt the need of a snack and, perhaps, of a stimulating bubble as well. They had decided that Betsy should bunk with the Harrison girls, that Bartley and Jethro should sleep at one of the more obscure hotels, and that, first thing in the morning, they would hurry downtown, be licensed, and have it over on the spot, in time to sail at noon.

Jethro Thomson had gone to scrub off some of the grime that comes to him who rides in the rumble seat. Betsy and Shotwell settled at their wall table, and Shotwell reached for Betsy's hand as he gazed raptly into her softly sparkling eyes, and Betsy's other hand came over and patted Barty's adoringly and she gazed back into his own warm brown orbs.

"Ha-aah! *Pazzo!*" rasped an extremely harsh voice not two feet away. "Now stick your hands high in the air! This also for you, lady."

Miss Phelps endeavored to split the very welkin above Emile's with a series of piercing screams and discovered that there was not so much as a mouse squeak left in her. Shotwell, catapulting out of rose-tinted

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ecstasy, for one ridiculous moment contemplated a hard right to the button, thought better of it, and elevated his hands with the same wavy motion Betsy was using. For the thing under his nose was a revolver with a cylinder full of thrillingly visible bullets.

Behind it leered the evil visage of the one they had come to know as Wolf-ear Scippo. He was much the worse for wear and now had a strip of adhesive plaster on the right side of his jaw as well; but his beady eyes glittered and he breathed heavily, sucking in the air through his uneven teeth with a whistling effect.

"You—you—you crazy son of a gun! Now I got you good, huh?" he snarled. "Now you sock me joosta wance more and I shoot you — *joosta wance more!*"

As one man, the three waiters started forward to the rescue. Then, all of them having families, they changed their minds, also as one man, and remained where they were. He of the pointed ears continued:

"This time I bet you listen, huh? That's a hell of a note, I mus' say, when I gotta stop at the store and get the gun out of the cash register before I can talk business with you! So! First, the five hundred dollars!"

Just for a moment Shotwell was giving little heed to this peculiar youth. His whole attention elsewhere, he was experiencing all the glorious sensations of a lookout in one of the old frontier stockades who, peering over the horde of bloodthirsty redskins, knew that the growing cloud of dust on the horizon meant that the messenger had won through, and that here, at last, came the United States cavalry!

Jethro Thomson's bulk had loomed in the far corner of the room. Jethro Thomson had grasped the whole situation. Now, ever so slowly, ever so cautiously, foot by foot on tiptoe, he was approaching Scippo's back. He'd make a sudden grab at the man's neck, Bartley decided, and at the same instant he himself would snatch the gun—and after that they'd suffer a lot less annoyance from the racketeer element.

"Oh, that's all you want, eh?" Bartley smiled easily. "Five hundred?"

"Mister," the bandit said soberly, "I couldn't take a cent less. This year, I bet you, I go to college!"

"Yes? And so this is how you're working your way through college?" Shotwell smiled on. "What college, by the way?"

"I dunno what college yet," the other said with a shrug. "Maybe Columbia, maybe N. Y. U. I gotta see about that later. Only absolute, I tell you, this year I go! I go if I bust a leg!" His voice grew shrill, pitched high with passionate feeling. He seemed to sense the unfitness of this and, after a brief pause, he became almost apologetic. "Well, mister, you can see for yourself how it is. Business is rotten. I got no money. My papa got no money to give me, so for this once I take the great big chance and— Say, what'sa matter with you?" he demanded hotly. "Why you act like this? You think I'm trying to hold you up or something? Mr. Chalmers said you would be tickled pink to come through with five hundred dollars."

"Hey?" said Shotwell. "What Mr. Chalmers?"

Foot by foot, foot by foot, Jethro Thomson stole on and on, his great fist, tightly clenched, swinging at the end of his long arm.

"Your friend, Mr. Henry—ain't that his name?—Chalmers, who lives in the Aleria Apartments," the gunman explained slowly, as one explains to an unfortunately dense child. "And he tells my cousin Joe, who works on the first elevator, there are some letters, probably locked in a desk, in Apartment One sixty, for which you cheerfully give up five hundred dollars. Well, Joe is scared to look, and so I, because this year I go to college if I have to steal a college, I take the pass-key from him and look. Fourteen letters, and they are all on light-brown paper and they are all sweet stuff to Pinky Winky, and they are all signed Dinky Winky! Hey?"

Jethro Thomson stole on and on.

Deftly the young man shifted the pistol to his left hand. Swiftly he thrust the right beneath his coat toward the spot where shoulder holsters live. Swiftly, too, he brought forth a packet of envelopes fussily tied with pink ribbon, and thrust them under Mr. Shotwell's blushing nose—and Mr. Shotwell's hand came down and grabbed them.

"Why the Sam Hill didn't you say that in the first place?" he cried.

"Why the Sam Hill don't you let me say it?" the other demanded savagely. "Mr. Chalmers brings me here so I can come in quickly, for he say you are either here or at home, and you are not at home. So the waiter point you out to me and I sit and try attract your attention and have the private interview and—"

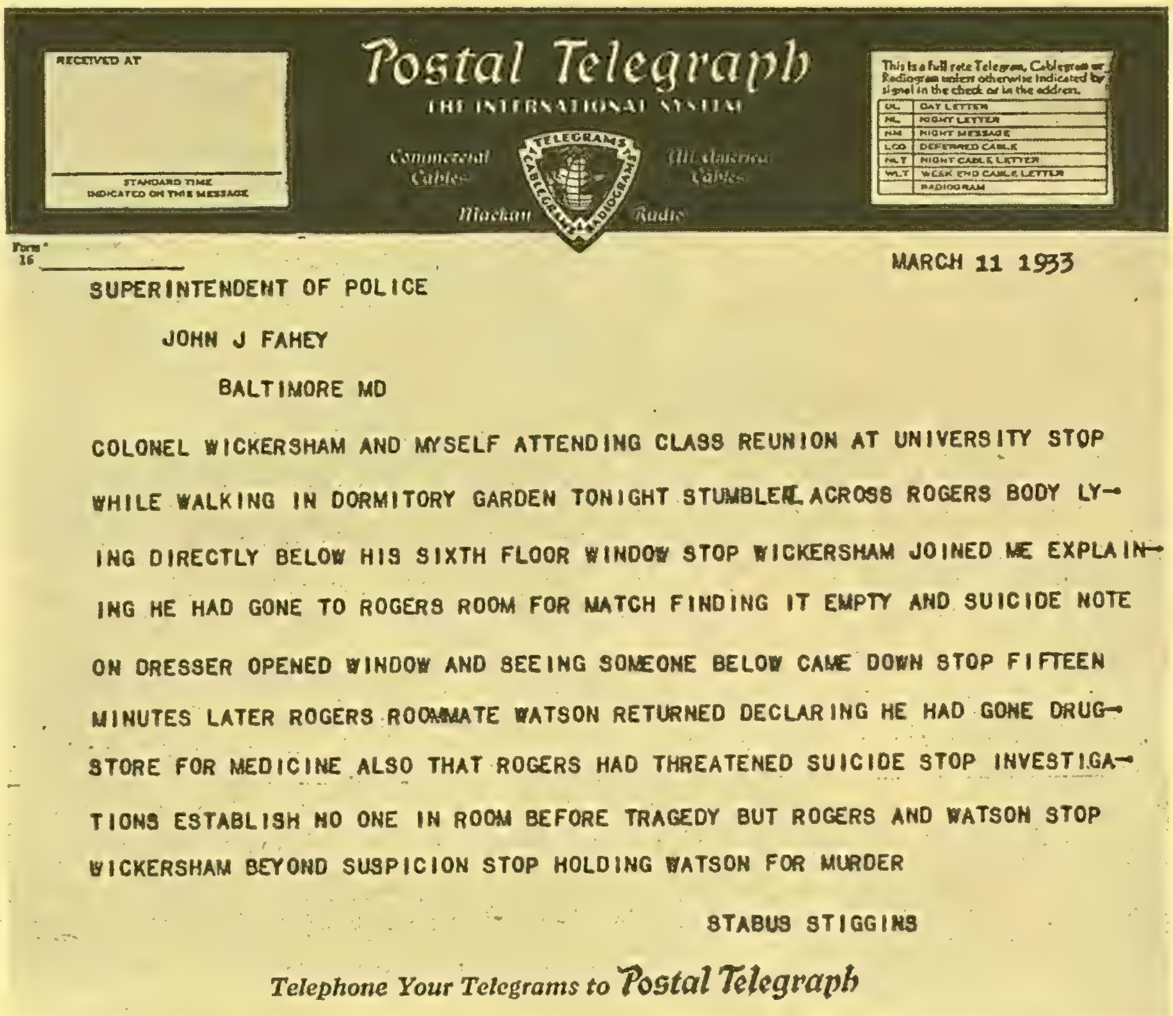
Jethro Thomson had arrived. There had been a flashing swing of his arm, which had ended just behind the young man's ear, and after that a crumpling and a thudding and a little clatter of the pistol, as its owner returned to his usual horizontal position on the floor. After that, there were little panting sounds from Bartley Shotwell and the steady rip, rip, rip of tearing letters.

"Before you destroy those, you know, I'd like to glance through them," Betsy said crisply, coldly.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY


RECEIVED AT
STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE
Postal Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM
Commercial Cables
All America Cables
Mackay Radio
TELEGRAMS
Form 16

MARCH 11 1933

SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE

JOHN J FAHEY

BALTIMORE MD

COLONEL WICKERSHAM AND MYSELF ATTENDING CLASS REUNION AT UNIVERSITY STOP WHILE WALKING IN DORMITORY GARDEN TONIGHT STUMBLED ACROSS ROGERS BODY LYING DIRECTLY BELOW HIS SIXTH FLOOR WINDOW STOP WICKERSHAM JOINED ME EXPLAINING HE HAD GONE TO ROGERS ROOM FOR MATCH FINDING IT EMPTY AND SUICIDE NOTE ON DRESSER OPENED WINDOW AND SEEING SOMEONE BELOW CAME DOWN STOP FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ROGERS ROOMMATE WATSON RETURNED DECLARING HE HAD GONE DRUGSTORE FOR MEDICINE ALSO THAT ROGERS HAD THREATENED SUICIDE STOP INVESTIGATIONS ESTABLISH NO ONE IN ROOM BEFORE TRAGEDY BUT ROGERS AND WATSON STOP WICKERSHAM BEYOND SUSPICION STOP HOLDING WATSON FOR MURDER

STABUS STIGGINS

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Why Did Stiggins Hold Watson? The solution will appear next week.

"Yes, I'll bet you would," muttered Mr. Shotwell and tore on more energetically.

Hands waving, Emile Gassard rushed to the fore.

"But this is too unfortunate, M'sieu' Shotwell!" he cried. "Last night I try to get you at your home, at your club, everywhere, to tell you of this young man. It will appear that he has the grand desire to go to college."

"Yes, he mentioned that, didn't he?" Shotwell said vaguely, and dabbed his brow as he finished the maceration of the last letter.

"It will appear that he is Antonio Marilo, the son of Giuseppe Marilo, who has the big fruit store on Columbus Avenue, and Mr. Chalmers brought him here to see you on some private matter. It will appear that he is the very bright, the very ambitious boy, determined to become American and to have the fine education. He is by no means of the gang."

Shotwell was busy picking hundred-dollar bills out of his wallet.

"We'll probably be running along directly. I don't feel like chatting with anyone who's read those damned letters or— Well, anyway, give him this five hundred when he wakes up, Emile. No, here! Give him another hundred and tell him to see a doctor and take a week off in the country, and—oh, tell him we're sorry it worked out as it did and all that sort of thing."

Emile gave his hands one final wring and then took the six hundred dollars.

Jethro Thomson, towering above them, scratched his head. As yet, he did not understand much of it.

"He looks sort of stopped now," he mused. "Of course, he's a good, tough boy and he'll be ready for more in ten minutes, but right now I'd say he was stopped."

The stragglers were coming over from the tables and gabbling, and the waiters were approaching and also gabbling. Emile Gassard was going on with his monologue about the Marilo boy's virtues. Shotwell, still prettily flushed, was talking to Betsy Phelps, and Betsy herself was thinking of a thing or two to say about letters which had to be destroyed with such terrific dispatch.

Only Antonio Marilo was inarticulate, unable to tell them that in his part of Sicily they grew lots of pointed ears; unable to tell them anything at all, in fact. He just lay there, feet wide apart, arms sprawled straight out from his body, eyes restfully closed, at peace with all the world.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What are bats called in Germany?

2—In what famous novel is Madame Defarge a character?

3—What does the word Carnivora signify?

4—Who founded the first Baptist church in the United States?

5—What is shamanism?

6—What was the original religion of Japan?

7—Who was the author of the epigram "Brevity is the soul of wit"?

8—Who was Dred Scott?

9—What does holophrastic mean?

10—When did influenza first appear in America?

11—In which states have there been two capitals at one time?

12—What is a glarimeter?

13—Where did the American type of election ballot originate?

14—For what ancient story were the Virgin Islands named?

15—What is a rucksack?

16—Who painted the Sistine Madonna?

17—What is lupulin, and what are its uses?

18—What wood is largely used for the manufacture of wooden shoes?

19—What kind of structure is a basilica?

20—What was a phœnix?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

Can a dentifrice "whiten" the teeth?

(See page 46 for the answer)

ARE YOU BUYING ONLY ⅕ OF A DENTIFRICE?

You wouldn't think for a moment of neglecting your teeth! Yet when you use a "one-way" dentifrice you *are* neglecting them. Your teeth need the balanced, 5-way protection of Squibb Dental Cream.

1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.

2 It polishes well and *safely*—with complete freedom from grit.

3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.

4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*

5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

You can trust Squibb Dental Cream. Like every product made by Squibb it is pure, effective, thoroughly reliable. Start now to give your teeth all-round care. Visit your dentist regularly. And at least twice a day, brush your teeth with Squibb's—the 5-way dentifrice. Copyright 1933 E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

The BOODLE RINGS of '33

Courts *and* CROOKS

How the Big Business Elements in the Crime-and-Corruption System Keep Within the Law and the Underworld Cheats Justice

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

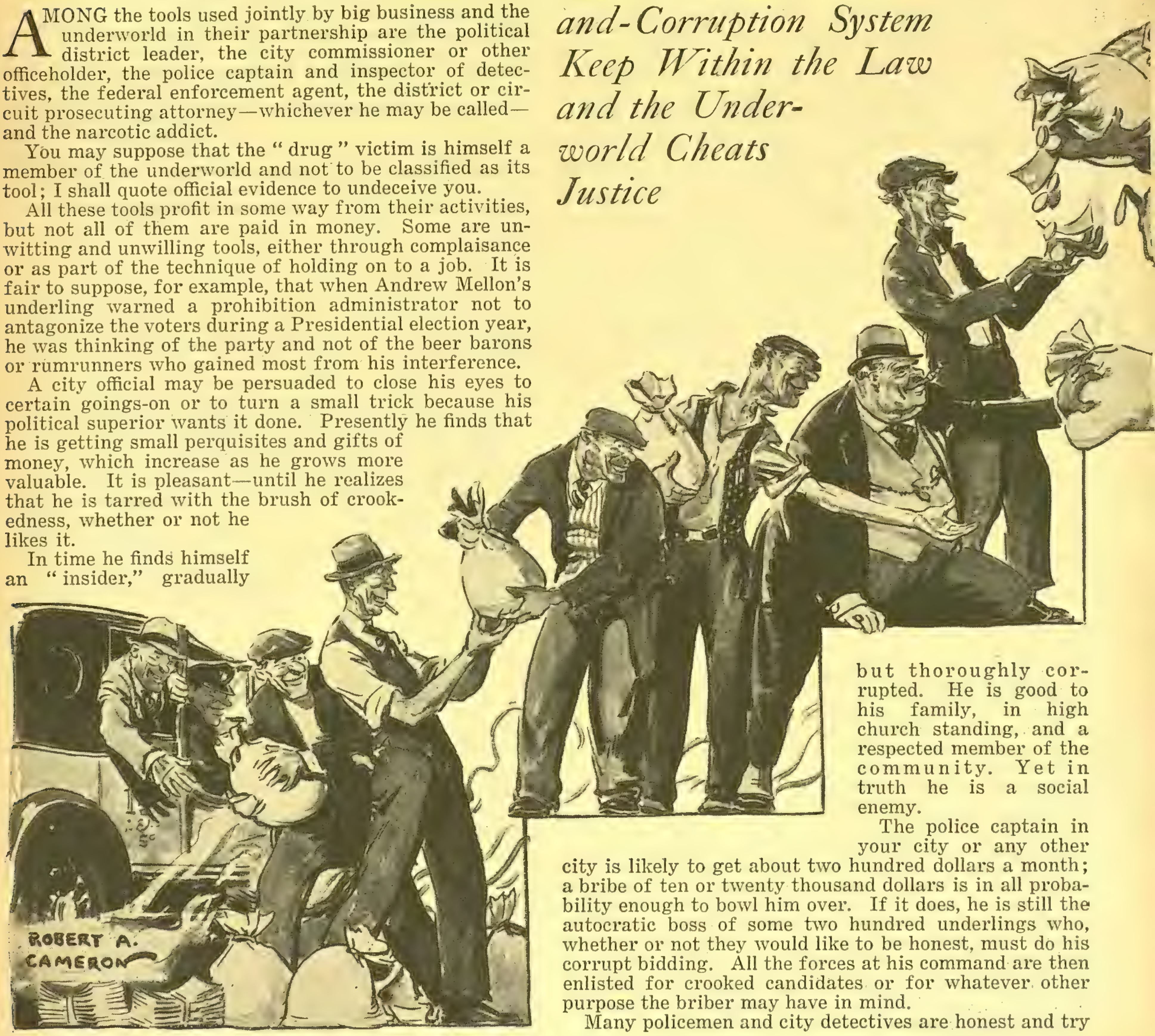
AMONG the tools used jointly by big business and the underworld in their partnership are the political district leader, the city commissioner or other officeholder, the police captain and inspector of detectives, the federal enforcement agent, the district or circuit prosecuting attorney—whichever he may be called—and the narcotic addict.

You may suppose that the "drug" victim is himself a member of the underworld and not to be classified as its tool; I shall quote official evidence to undeceive you.

All these tools profit in some way from their activities, but not all of them are paid in money. Some are unwitting and unwilling tools, either through complaisance or as part of the technique of holding on to a job. It is fair to suppose, for example, that when Andrew Mellon's underling warned a prohibition administrator not to antagonize the voters during a Presidential election year, he was thinking of the party and not of the beer barons or rumrunners who gained most from his interference.

A city official may be persuaded to close his eyes to certain goings-on or to turn a small trick because his political superior wants it done. Presently he finds that he is getting small perquisites and gifts of money, which increase as he grows more valuable. It is pleasant—until he realizes that he is tarred with the brush of crookedness, whether or not he likes it.

In time he finds himself an "insider," gradually but thoroughly corrupted. He is good to his family, in high church standing, and a respected member of the community. Yet in truth he is a social enemy.



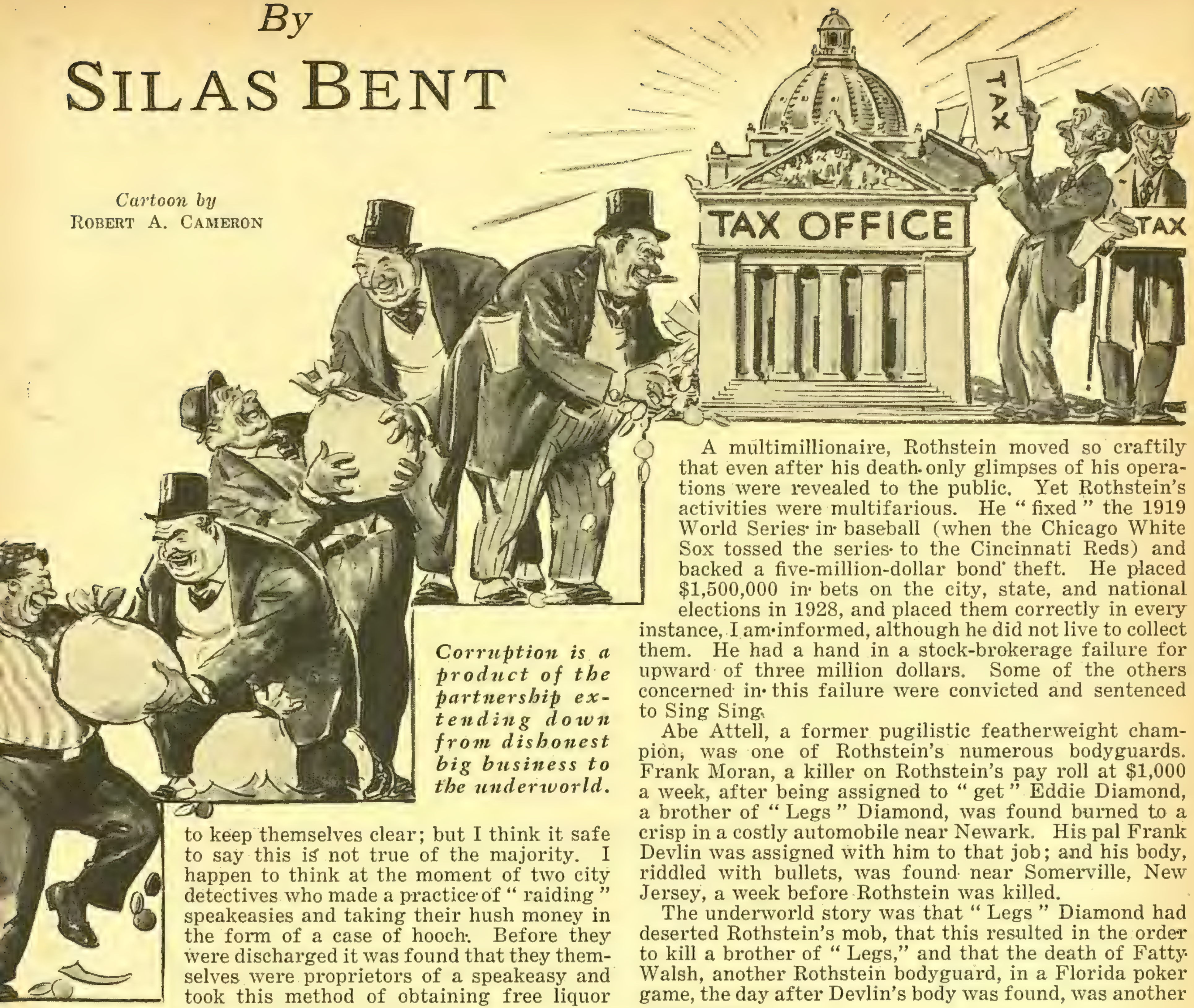
The police captain in your city or any other city is likely to get about two hundred dollars a month; a bribe of ten or twenty thousand dollars is in all probability enough to bowl him over. If it does, he is still the autocratic boss of some two hundred underlings who, whether or not they would like to be honest, must do his corrupt bidding. All the forces at his command are then enlisted for crooked candidates or for whatever other purpose the briber may have in mind.

Many policemen and city detectives are honest and try

By

SILAS BENT

Cartoon by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



Corruption is a product of the partnership extending down from dishonest big business to the underworld.

to keep themselves clear; but I think it safe to say this is not true of the majority. I happen to think at the moment of two city detectives who made a practice of "raiding" speakeasies and taking their hush money in the form of a case of hooch. Before they were discharged it was found that they themselves were proprietors of a speakeasy and took this method of obtaining free liquor for sale to their customers!

When Herman Rosenthal, a "big" gambler, was killed back in 1912, the resulting revelations were fondly supposed to have broken up the criminal alliance between the police and the underworld. Rosenthal was shot down in the Broadway district of New York City by Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Lefty Louie, and Dago Frank. Their real names do not matter here; that one of them was a narcotic addict does matter. They acted at the command of Lieutenant Charles Becker, head of the police strong-arm squad, which protected and took toll from gamblers and panders. The lieutenant and his underworld accomplices were sent to the chair amid a great outcry of righteous public indignation.

Did this put an end to protected gambling?

Sixteen years after Rosenthal was killed, Arnold Rothstein, a bigger gambler, was slain in the Broadway district of New York City. Not one indictment is on the books in the second murder, and no one was sent to the chair; but the chief of detectives and his chief inspector were fired, with some of their subordinates, and the commissioner of police collapsed. Rothstein was not only a big gambler who supplied amusement in that form—at high expense—to scores of sons of millionaires, as well as to the millionaires themselves: he was a "drug" dealer on a national scale; he was the biggest banker for bootleggers this country has seen; and he acted as a "fence" for big thieves. He bribed politicians, judges, policemen. He "lent" $20,000, for example, to Magistrate Albert H. Vitale, who was removed from the bench on account of this and other dealings with the master criminal of his day.

A multimillionaire, Rothstein moved so craftily that even after his death only glimpses of his operations were revealed to the public. Yet Rothstein's activities were multifarious. He "fixed" the 1919 World Series in baseball (when the Chicago White Sox tossed the series to the Cincinnati Reds) and backed a five-million-dollar bond theft. He placed $1,500,000 in bets on the city, state, and national elections in 1928, and placed them correctly in every instance, I am informed, although he did not live to collect them. He had a hand in a stock-brokerage failure for upward of three million dollars. Some of the others concerned in this failure were convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing.

Abe Attell, a former pugilistic featherweight champion, was one of Rothstein's numerous bodyguards. Frank Moran, a killer on Rothstein's pay roll at $1,000 a week, after being assigned to "get" Eddie Diamond, a brother of "Legs" Diamond, was found burned to a crisp in a costly automobile near Newark. His pal Frank Devlin was assigned with him to that job; and his body, riddled with bullets, was found near Somerville, New Jersey, a week before Rothstein was killed.

The underworld story was that "Legs" Diamond had deserted Rothstein's mob, that this resulted in the order to kill a brother of "Legs," and that the death of Fatty Walsh, another Rothstein bodyguard, in a Florida poker game, the day after Devlin's body was found, was another consequence.

FROM this theory it followed like a Q. E. D. that the Diamond gang, having got two of Rothstein's killers and one of his bodyguards, had finally got the "master mind" himself. (Diamond, as we know, was himself subsequently murdered.) I myself have always been skeptical of this theory. My belief is that the urbane, quick-witted, dinner-jacketed and well mannered king of the underworld was shot by a vengeful woman. He was shot but once, in the abdomen. Although a bullet which perforates the intestines is almost invariably fatal, the victim frequently lives for hours, as Rothstein did, and is conscious at least a considerable part of that time. I have never known of a gangster who wounded his man but once, in the abdomen. He does a more thorough and workmanlike job, or tries to. I give Jack Diamond and his fellows credit for neater work than was exhibited in the murder of Rothstein.

For example: Just after the incinerated body of the killer Moran was found, Jack Diamond and Charles Green, alias Entratta, Diamond's bodyguard, surrendered on a charge of having shot two other gangsters to death in the Hotsy Totsy Night Club, a resort in the Broadway district. A workmanlike job had been done there. Eighteen revolver shots had riddled the two men.

Diamond and his bodyguard surrendered with nonchalance, and the assistant district attorney asked for their discharge. Five of the state's witnesses had been killed or were in hiding. The bartender at the night club had been shot to death (this too was a neat, work-

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—Fledermäuse, or flying mice.
2—A Tale of Two Cities, by Dickens.
3—Flesh eaters; applied to creatures feeding on animals.
4—Roger Williams, in 1639, at Providence, Rhode Island.
5—A primitive religion in which the gods are supposed to be responsive only to the medicine men, or shamans.
6—Shinto.
7—Shakespeare.
8—A Negro slave, subject of legal battles from 1848 to 1856. The United States Supreme Court maintained that, as a Negro, Scott was not a citizen.
9—A phrase or sentence expressed in one word.
10—The first American epidemic was in 1647, in the Barbados and St. Kitts.
11—Connecticut (Hartford and New Haven), from 1701 to 1874; and Rhode Island (Providence and Newport), until 1900.
12—An instrument to measure the gloss on paper.
13—In Australia.
14—In memory of St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgin martyrs whose bones are said to rest in a church in Cologne.
15—A flexible knapsack of canvas.
16—Raphael.
17—The yellow powder on the strobiles of hops. It is a sedative and digestive tonic.
18—Beech wood, because of being impervious to water.
19—A rectangular ecclesiastical building divided into a nave and aisles.
20—A fabulous bird, supposed to live for 500 years, be consumed by fire of its own act, and to rise in youth again from its own ashes.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

(See page 43)

The actual color of a tooth comes from the inner tooth structure, seen through the translucent shell of enamel. No dentifrice can change this color. But thorough cleaning and polishing of the enamel surface with Squibb Dental Cream can bring out all the natural brilliance of the teeth.

Are you using a "one-way" dentifrice? Does it merely clean, for example—and fail to protect the gums, polish the enamel safely, or combat the germ acids of decay? Your teeth have a right to 5-way protection. Guard them with Squibb Dental Cream.

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a new size at 25c
to meet a growing demand
—in addition to the over-size tube at 40c

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

manlike job) and his body had been found in Jersey. An eyewitness to the double killing had been slain within a month in Philadelphia. The cashier of the club had disappeared and the assistant district attorney supposed he was dead. The manager of the club and another eyewitness had likewise disappeared.

Seeking Diamond in relation to two other murders, policemen found the address in Brooklyn which he used as a hiding place. They did not find "Legs" but they did find eight bombs, three of them tear gas, more than a score of hand grenades, most of them loaded, half a dozen steel vests, signal pistols, rifle silencers, machine-gun parts, fountain-pen pistols, and a large assortment of ammunition.

This was in a quite good residential neighborhood. If you live in a thickly populated district there may be such a cache next door to your home.

Many judicial positions, whether elective or appointive, are in the control of politicians. The district leader has a loud voice here, whether or not he has provided a place for himself, as often he does.

In New York City the magistrates, for example, are appointed by the mayor, on the advice of a district leader or the Tammany boss. The first woman magistrate in the city, Jean Norris, did not require such recommendation, for she herself was a district leader for Tammany Hall, and her co-leader was George W. Olvany, subsequently boss of the Hall. I distinctly recall, although I did not write it, the fine send-off given to her by the New York Times when she ascended the bench. She was removed for cause.

August Dreyer, when his law practice dwindled, spoke to George Donnellan, his district leader, who was later to become a judge of the General Sessions Court.

"Listen, George," he said. "For eighteen years I have belonged to the organization, and I never knew what a reference or receivership or guardianship was, never got a five-cent piece, never held a political office. I think I am entitled to get a judgeship for all I have done for eighteen years—spent my time three times a week, never asked for anything, never bothered about references. I think I am entitled to some recognition."

DONNELLAN thought this reasonable, but he delayed so long that Dreyer went direct to the then mayor, John F. Hylan, and told his story again; and so he got the appointment.

Magistrate Edward Weil got his appointment by threatening to quit Tammany Hall and the party unless he were "recognized." Michael J. Cosgrove, leader of the Sixteenth District and dock commissioner, took him to see Mayor Hylan and so got him the job.

Magistrate Maurice Gottlieb had been a member of Tammany Hall for forty years and a member of the Osceola Democratic Club for twenty of them. Judge Jerry Mahoney, whom he had helped to election as a district leader before he ascended the bench, got the magisterial place for him. "After all," said the magistrate, "I had spent money, time, and help to upbuild the organization."

Magistrate Earl A. Smith appealed to his district leader, Joseph McCormick, who was afterward indicted for taking gratuities as a deputy city clerk. Magistrate Brodsky got a temporary job by talking to James J. Hagan, his district leader, and then a permanent job by appealing to March Ingram, who succeeded Hagan. Magistrate Goodman, who owed his appointment to Alderman William Solomon, his district leader, was asked by the Seabury Committee whether Solomon had ever interfered with the course of justice in his court, and replied that he had.

"How frequently has he come to see you in reference to cases?"

"I can't recall. Sometimes he may come in, and sometimes he would call me at the house; sometimes he talked to me at the club."

"And sometimes at court in chambers?"

"Well, he would come in chambers sometimes."

AS Judge Seabury observed, a magistrate who owed his appointment to the kind of partisan activity which would find favor with his district leader could not be independent of political influence. He must pay his debt. Other magistrates gave similar testimony to the committee about interference by their district leaders—who appeared never to speak in vain—and to similar activity by other Tammany henchmen. Some of the magistrates resigned under fire; others were forcibly removed.

Magistrate George Ewald resigned when it was charged that he had paid $10,000 to a Tammany district leader for his job. After he resigned he was indicted for using the mails fraudulently in selling mining stock. The jury disagreed in that case.

Clerks in the magistrates' courts, assistant clerks, other court attendants, attachés of the district attorney's office, police officers, bondsmen, "fixers," and lawyers were found to be profiting from the widespread extortion and corruption. The work of the Seabury Committee was a stench in the nostrils of Tammany Hall and its friends. When the committee asked for a contempt citation against Commissioner William J. Flynn for refusal to answer questions, the motion was disposed of by a former state senator and organizer of the Clean Books League, Justice John Ford of the Supreme Court. Discussing the testimony of a witness before the committee which was extremely derogatory to Flynn, and which got wide publicity, Justice Ford said:

"It was cruel treatment of a distinguished citizen. Who can blame Flynn for his torrid answer made in his affidavit made on this motion?"

He then went into a long discourse on the impartial attitude of the judiciary, and expressed his " abhorrence of the methods and mode of procedure " of the Seabury Committee.

" My chief objection to this investigation, however," Justice Ford continued, " lies in its very mission. It is out to blacken the reputation of the city of New York for common honesty and common decency. This is my city. It has been good to me. I am bound in justice and fair play to defend its good name. It is the finest city on earth. Its government is efficient and honest, too, as municipal governments go. Those who charge otherwise are ignorant of conditions here or blinded by partisan and personal ambition. It is a beautiful city, a glorious, kindly city; the finest place on earth to live in and to die in.

" Although her enemies traduce her, they themselves are never so happy as when they are here. . . . The whole world of commerce, finance, and social life will in large part take at face value the slanders broadcast around the circle of the globe. . . .

" The upstaters say we are corrupt down here. Compared to them and their constituencies we are a city of Puritan virtues."

Despite this blasting revelation of the motives of the Seabury Committee, we will pause for a moment to see what the committee learned about Thomas C. T. Crain as district attorney of New York County.

THIS example is chosen because it is recent and well documented. Mr. Crain is no poorer a prosecuting official than most. I think he has been a good deal better than the average.

Racketeering is national in character. It is not a local disease, and what happened in New York City might have happened anywhere. Judge Crain clearly recognized its challenge to organized government and his obligation, as district attorney, to stamp it out. In the latter part of 1930 he formed a citizen Committee of Public Safety, with seventy prominent persons as members, " for the purpose of waging war on racketeering." He assigned assistants to the work. He talked over the radio and made terrifying statements to the newspapers about what was going to happen to any and all gangsters. He even mailed out questionnaires to industries as to how and when and why tribute was exacted.

This reverberating ballyhoo, said Judge Samuel Seabury, " ended in a complete and abject surrender by the law-enforcing authorities of New York County." Yet Judge Crain, although he fought the Seabury inquiry and tried to obstruct its investigation, had actually collected evidence regarding thirty rackets in the city. It will be enough here to indicate some of them:

The bead industry, cinders, cloth shrinking, clothing, firemen's veteran association, florists, funeral directors, the Fulton Fish Market, furs, grapes, hod carriers, kosher butchers, laundries, leather, poultry, barbers, millinery, musical instruments, neckwear, news stands, operating engineers, overalls, paper boxes, shirts, window cleaners. Some of these cases were presented to the Grand Jury. Judge Crain got three indictments, two of which were dismissed straightway; and he haled two men into minor courts, one of whom was actually sentenced on his plea of guilty of petty larceny.

" I think it is a fair conclusion," reported Judge Seabury, " to say that the district attorney of the county, confronted by the problem presented by the aggressive tactics of the racketeer, has thrown up his hands and

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To possess a radiantly clear, fresh skin use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay's generous, caressing lather brings fresh beauty to your skin. For Camay is made of delicate oils for the delicate complexion. It is pure and *safe*. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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no cutting . . . no pads

ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

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Omega Oil 35c brings relief

Muscular aches, stiffness and deep-seated pain are much like common colds. Both result from congestion. And both are best treated externally with Omega Oil. It brings a quick rush of fresh blood to break up the congestion. It also actually penetrates—to soothe tortured nerve centers. Specialists recommend it as the perfect over-night treatment for colds and painful congestion. At all drug stores.

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REALLY STUNNING
AT A DISTANCE

"Complexion Curse"

She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But *no one* admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of *clogged* bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let **NR (Nature's Remedy)** afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly ease away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick headache, bilious conditions, dizziness. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective. At all druggists'—only 25 cents.

FREE! Package of Flower Garden Seeds, samples NR and TUMS. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk 59.B St. Louis - Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

recognizes that, even with the coöperation of the Police Department, he has not been able to do anything of substantial value toward stopping the practice or bringing these dangerous criminals to justice."

He found "no suggestion of dishonesty or willful wrongdoing" on the part of Judge Crain. The district attorney was merely incompetent and lethargic.

Look back over the partial list of rackets and decide how many of them would hit your pocketbook if waged in your community. Decide for yourself whether your prosecuting attorney is any more efficient or energetic in actual deeds—not words—than Judge Crain.

And do not take too much comfort from the bill of health given to the Police Department in the Seabury report. That kindly phrase was based on the honest activity of one police inspector. No investigation was made of the police force as a whole.

Judge Crain holds an elective office; but in American cities, with one or two exceptions—such as Cleveland at present—candidates cannot win without the support of the controlling political machine. The engineer of such a machine is the local boss, but the oilers and stokers are the district leaders. They not only take care of their friends in the courts, whether the friends be gangsters or robbers or extortioners, but they manage incidentally, many of them, to take care of themselves also.

One part of the Tammany machinery might be called the Salary Elevator. Within the past two years the Board of Aldermen, over the earnest protest of many representatives of civic organizations, has granted some glaring increases. Frank J. Taylor, who had been Commissioner of Records drawing $5,000 a year, and then $7,500, became Commissioner of Public Welfare at $10,000. This the city fathers raised generously to $15,000.

Charles L. Kohler, powerful in the Tammany machine, who had been in the Health Department at $6,000, was made Budget Director at $12,000, which was raised to $15,000, and then to $17,500.

WHEN John F. Hylan was mayor his salary was elevated from $15,000 to $20,000; Tammany thought so well of "Jimmie" Walker that the aldermen raised *his* pay from $25,000 to $40,000. At the same time the board raised the pay of his Comptroller from $15,000 to $25,000, and later to $35,000. The board also raised the pay of its president from $15,000 to $25,000.

Five commissioners of Public Works were elevated in two steps from salaries of $10,000 each to $15,000. Four were Tammany men; the fifth posed as an independent. Clerks were raised from $10,000 to $13,500 and from $7,500 to $10,000. So it went down most of the line. The figures would be wearisome if repeated here in full. Although they are larger than similar figures in other cities, the machinery and the methods are the same.

Political luminaries have their corps of collectors who extort tribute to the machine from business men on various pretexts, sometimes by using the name of a police captain or an inspector, sometimes by the sale of tickets to "benefits" for the poor of the district or for the district political club.

Formerly these were rowdy affairs, and the term racket is said by some to have been derived from them. In later years they have become more pretentious, and frequently take the form of balls at big hotels, where wealthy and sometimes fashionable folk come into direct contact with the underlings who do the dirty work at the polls and between times.

IT is an open scandal in most cities that the departments having the regulation of fire hazards, apartment houses and tenements, and the public health are dishonest. Usually, for example, cooking is forbidden in apartments of certain types. The tenants are allowed to cook, and the inspectors, for a fee, give advance notice, in order that the cooking apparatus may be concealed, when they are about to make a visit. Landlords can grease the palms of fire inspectors successfully when their properties are illegally equipped or constructed.

Heavy loss of life from conflagrations have resulted more than once from this system, but men who are aware of the graft and would like to put a stop to it tell me it is impossible to get evidence, because the landlords and others who pay this tribute will not testify. The man who buys a drink in a speakeasy is not equally guilty with the man who sells it; he is not in truth violating the federal law. The man who gives a bribe, however, is equally guilty with the man who accepts it.

Why then, you may ask, recalling the oil scandals of the Harding administration, when Secretary Albert B. Fall was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for accepting a bribe, were not Sinclair and Doheny, who bribed him, found equally guilty?

The obvious answer is that Secretary Fall was what is known in vaudeville as "a small-time guy." If he had demanded, instead of $100,000, a million dollars, he might have gone scot-free.

Harry F. Sinclair, whose name is inseparably associated with the name of Edward L. Doheny in the oil scandals, got permits for four oil stations in New York City for his companies, despite protests from local property owners, from William E. Walsh, then chairman of the Board of Standards and Appeals. Subsequently Walsh shared a stateroom to Europe with Thomas W. White, a consulting engineer for Sinclair, and Walsh paid his own expenses, in cash. "An examination of Walsh's bank accounts," District Attorney Crain reported, "showed no withdrawal of any sum like the $1,007 with which he paid for his pleasure voyage." The records of the Sinclair Refining Company showed that a check for $2,007.23 was given to White for the trip.

William F. Doyle, a veterinarian who became head of the Fire Prevention Bureau, got permits from Walsh's board for garages, gasoline stations, and shops in restricted areas, and was charged with having collected fees of more than two million dollars for his services. He admitted to a Federal Grand Jury that he split his fees, but refused to name the other beneficiary and was held in contempt of court.

Walsh himself was acquitted of a charge of accepting a bribe in the form of rental for his apartment, which was reduced from $4,500 to $1,500 after his board removed a "violation" placed against a building being erected by a contractor who was also his landlord. "Fishhooks" McCarthy once lent Walsh $30,000 on an unsecured note, without interest.

CITY contractors who desire favorable official action on their projects, or wish to avert interference, have employed divers ways of accomplishing what they wish. During the boom days they sometimes put officials into stock pools or other deals. One of them, a multimillionaire, gave big sums of money outright on the pretense that his son was sorry for an official. John M. Phillips, the rich dominating figure in sewer building throughout Queens, which is that part of Long Island outside Brooklyn that is within the New York City limit, contributed $75,000 to the Democratic campaign fund when Maurice E. Connolly, boss of Queens, was a candidate for reëlection as borough president. Connolly and his chief engineer were sentenced to the penitentiary for complicity in an eight-million-dollar sewer graft. The records show that Phillips bought a lot of sewer pipe for $93,000 and resold it to Queens for $187,000; and that the Jamaica sewage plant, which cost Queens more than a million and a half, yielded half of that sum to the Connolly crowd.

At a hearing on bus contracts for Queens it was shown that one company offered terms for a ten-year franchise which would net the borough less than two and one half millions, whereas another contractor offered a deal which would net the taxpayers nearly ten millions; and that if the borough took over the business after two years, operating the busses on its own account, it would make nearly sixteen millions. This was interesting because Brooklyn had already granted a bus franchise which would bring the taxpayers a little more than two millions in ten years, whereas another company had offered twice as much, and the city, by taking over the business after two years, as its charter permitted, could have earned more than thirteen millions. Busses have replaced in modern time the old traction systems, which were a source of revealed graft on a big scale.

In Manhattan the Fifth Avenue Coach Company owns the New York Railways Company, which has perpetual franchises for the use of certain city streets. The coach company will pay the city a little more than a million and a half dollars under the present deal. It pays dividends of 950 per cent on an original investment of $50,000, partly because it charges a ten-cent fare.

Big business, whether of the Sinclair-Doheny type or the smaller city-contractor type, finds tools ready to its hands when it encounters the national or municipal political machine. In turn, the politician finds tools ready to his hand, and I have spoken of the narcotic addict as one of these. It is true that narcotics tend to make men criminally minded; it is even truer that men who are already criminals take narcotics to nerve them to murders and cruelties which they could not attempt normally, and that men who are not addicts employ dope users for such purposes.

Edward P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner of New York City, told the fifth annual conference of the World Narcotic Defense Association, of which Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson is president, how the craving for narcotics made the pitiful addict

She might just as well wear a tag—
"MARKED DOWN... BECAUSE OF PERSONAL NEGLECT"

A MAN meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, *"Beautiful!"*

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, *"Cheap!"*

Nothing so quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

This is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms free from odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure of yourself with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

SLEEP COMES
when you ease the pain

"There! Now that painful old knee joint won't keep you awake!"

"I'll say it won't! Sloan's is a godsend when damp weather starts."

DAMP-DAY PAINS
—stiff joints

Damp weather won't trouble you if you pat on Sloan's. Knee joints, wrists, shoulders stop their painful twitching at once. Because Sloan's brings fresh blood to warm and ease those spots. Stiffness goes. Muscles feel young again. You sleep soundly. . . . Always keep a fresh bottle of Sloan's in the house. Costs only 35¢.

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WARDEN LAWES *in* 20,000 Years in Sing Sing

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Save over ½-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.

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All late models completely refinished like brand new. *Fully Guaranteed.* Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!

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COUGHS AND COLDS
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Tiny bodies relax . . . relieved and soothed during sleep by the gentle, healing vapors of Vapo-Cresolene. Halts growth of infection. Drugless, harmless—the quick way to check a cough. Use this famous 53-year-old remedy for Coughs and Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough. Choice of Lamp-Type or New Electric Vaporizer. Full directions with every package. At all drug stores.

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VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

the ready prey of master criminals. The Commissioner described some recent spectacular crimes of violence in which drug users had been the tools. In one of them two policemen and a girl were slain; in another a city detective was put to death.

" Many persons beginning the drug habit," said the Commissioner, " are forced into underworld associations because of the stigma placed upon the addict by respectable society, because unlawful deeds must be committed to obtain funds to purchase drugs, and because the addict is forced into association with criminals, peddlers, and other addicts to obtain the dangerous drug. So the use of narcotics becomes intermingled with divers criminal activities of habitués of the underworld. Drug peddling develops in close association with vice, gambling, and unlawful rackets.

" The drug addict is the potential tool of the criminal. His dependence upon source of supply cannot be dwelt on too strongly in explaining his conduct, especially in his relation with peddlers. The peddler can force him into crime and keep him there. The criminal addict is a member of the anti-social group. He does not believe in law and order.

" One of the latest narcotic drugs used is a preparation called hashish. It is a narcotic preparation made from hemp in the Orient. It may consist of the top, the leaves, and so forth of the plant, or some extract of the same.

" It has long been used in the East for its intoxicating effect when chewed or smoked. In this country it has acted as an agent in crime in the Southwest and has been used along the southern border. Nevertheless the New York Department has made numerous arrests for its illegal possession."

HASHISH, known also as bhang, is one of the oldest drugs known to the human race, and one of the most dreaded when used to steel criminals to deeds of which they would be incapable otherwise. In Captain Hobson's office is a map showing how the use of this narcotic, chiefly in the form of a cigarette, is spreading into the United States from the Mexican border. The hemp from which it is made is grown successfully in the southwestern part of this country.

The United States spends nearly one and one half million dollars a year in an effort to control or suppress the use of narcotic drugs. In 1930 it spent nearly ten times as much as that on the " education," wages, and operation of its Prohibition Bureau; and in February of that year it established a correspondence school to teach prohibition agents their duties. This was done in all seriousness, not in the comic spirit.

The correspondence school was the second step in the " improvement " of dry-law enforcement. The first was to put the agents under civil service. Prior to that, according to President Hoover's Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, at least half the agents were unfit for service.

" SOME apparently sought the positions," said one member of the Wickersham Commission, " because of the opportunity for graft, and openly boasted of what they could make therein." About fifty-nine per cent of them could not pass the Civil Service examination, but the commission did not find that the service materially improved after these had been weeded out and replaced. As a fact, there was a turnover in the personnel, prior to the examination, of about two thirds, owing to the number of resignations and dismissals. No honest and well conducted business, however prosperous, could survive such fluctuations in its personnel.

Civil Service having worked no miracle, the correspondence school was set up to instruct agents " in the duties of the office, the elements of criminal investigation, constitutional law, etc." For years the correspondence-school detective has been the butt of the humorist; but even the grave and reverend Supreme Court of the United States might rock with laughter at the expert on constitutional law who gets his lore from Uncle Sam by mail.

Do you wonder that such men, working for small wages, become the ready tools of the bootlegger and the rumrunner?

Commonly it is said by enemies of national prohibition that it is responsible for racketeering and political graft. The Eighteenth Amendment, in fact, is not the cause of corruption; the technique of corruption practiced under its cloak was in existence centuries before the amendment was passed, and is a product of the system which makes partners of millionaire, politician, and criminal.

Prohibition was an experiment " noble in motive " but it was ignoble in its consequences. By making lawbreaking more highly profitable than ever before, it has financed the criminal on a scale never before dreamed of; but the partnership, not the amendment, made that possible.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
WILLARD HOTEL WASHINGTON D C

TELEGRAM STATES JOHNSON JONES AND JEFFRIES ARE THIEF BLACKMAILER AND MURDERER BUT NOT RESPECTIVELY STOP IF JONES THE BLACKMAILER JOHNSON AND JEFFRIES ARE THIEF AND MURDERER BUT NOT RESPECTIVELY THEREFORE ONLY POSSIBLE REARRANGEMENT OF NAMES IS IN RESPECTIVE ORDER AS FOLLOWS JEFFRIES JONES AND JOHNSON THIEF BLACKMAILER AND MURDERER STOP THUS JOHNSON THE MURDERER

KEELER

FIRST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS

$250 DINKY CONTEST

Don't Neglect Your Own Opportunity to Win Some of This Easy Money!

◆

64 Cash Awards for Eight-Word Jingles It's Fun to Write!

A DINKY YOU WRITE MAY WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK!

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

AT the right are published the names of the winners of the sixty-four cash prizes for the best Dinkies entered in the first week's Dinky contest. The Dinkies that won the first four prizes are reproduced at the head of the list. Read them over. They will give you an idea of the sort of entry that wins the money. Write a Dinky of your own now, while you have it in mind, and send it in for consideration in this week's contest. You may win the $50 First Prize on your first attempt! Or you may have the thrill of reading your name listed for one of the other cash awards when this week's results are published. And even if you miss the prize money this time you'll be rewarded with a lot of fun. Just try your hand at a Dinky and be convinced.

As explained in the rules, a Dinky consists of no more, nor less, than eight words, arranged in four lines of two words each with the second and last lines rhyming. Nothing difficult about that, is there? Of course you must endeavor to tell a complete story or episode. It need not be humorous; though, like the entries in Liberty Limerick contests in the past, most entries indicate that a sense of humor is still to be found in every section of the land.

Read the rules carefully so that your entry is submitted in accordance with directions. Make sure that your name and address are legible, so that if you win a prize there will be no mistake in forwarding it to you.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, March 13. Mail your entry in good season.

SNAPSHOT CONTEST GRAND PRIZE NOTE

All of the entries in the recently closed Home-Life Snapshot Contest are now being rejudged to decide the winners of the five Grand Prizes of $200 each. Announcement of the awards will be made in the earliest possible issue. Watch for it.

HERE ARE THE JAN. 28 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

S. D. CLAYTON, New York, N. Y.

Key hole.
Took peek.
Door opened.
Busted beak.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

CLARA L. PLATT, Milford, Conn.

Lips red.
Kissing frolic.
Boy dead.
Painters' colic!

$15 THIRD PRIZE

W. E. EVANS, Lynchburg, Va.

Saw ad.
Wrote Dinky.
Only got
Hand inky.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

BETTIE WARREN, Greenville, N. C.

Once Mayor,
Great talker.
Enter Seabury—
Exit Walker!

TEN $5 PRIZES

John E. Buskirk, Chillicothe, Ohio; Neva Benley, St. Louis, Mo.; John M. Copeland, Houston, Tex.; Eleanor T. Duval, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter H. Hall, Sr., Norfolk, Va.; Harold Hennig, Dubuque, Iowa; Anna K. Miller, Scranton, Pa.; Harold Rooney, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Irma L. Schwemm, Baltimore, Md.; H. S. Weidner, Uniontown, Pa.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Fay Armstrong, El Paso, Tex.; A. E. Austin, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. I. Perre Bowen, Silver Spring, Md.; Ethel C. Buyer, St. Charles, Ill.; Helen J. Brien, Watertown, Mass.; Millard Clark, Sioux Falls, S. D.; John Cassidy, New Haven, Conn.; William S. Colvin, Mount Rainier, Md.; Jack T. Cottle, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. B. B. Chase, Washington, D. C.; Fannie Cantor, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry J. Doughty, Wilmerding, Pa.; Pauline Donner, Little Rock, Ark.; Mary Donaldson, New York, N. Y.; Hugh P. Evans, New York, N. Y.

Harold Fearer, Cumberland, Md.; Robert T. Gidley, Melrose, Mass.; L. Griffith, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Marie Herbst, Erie, Pa.; James T. Howard, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. T. W. Helm, San Antonio, Tex.; Walter Haefeli, Jr., Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Clyde J. Johns, Montgomery, Ala.; Emma Lupold, Harrisburg, Pa.; Laurel Lee, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Edna Lipp, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Mae E. Lamb, St. Louis, Mo.; Stanley Le Noir, Princes Bay, S. I., N. Y.; Mrs. T. J. Mackey, Columbus, Ohio.

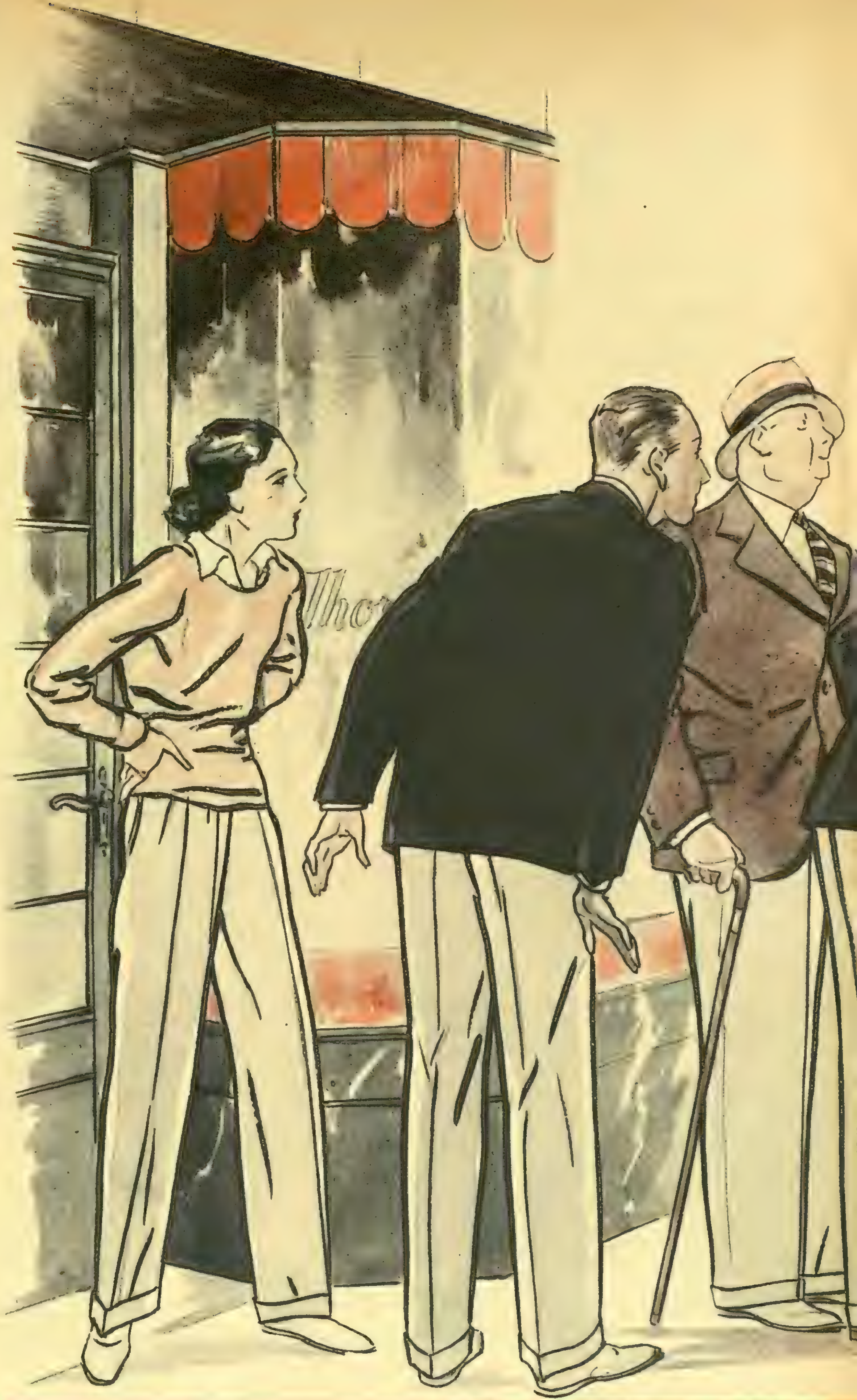
Wayne Mauldin, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. E. H. Murray, St. Paul, Minn.; Laura Miller, Minneapolis, Minn.; Anna B. Nottingham, Swansea, Mass.; Mrs. W. P. Phillips, Lake City, Fla.; G. H. Pryor, Redwood City, Calif.; Ivan Phillips, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; George E. Roseberry, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. B. G. Roseborough, Plato, Sask.; Joseph Renard, Prospect Park, N. J.; H. A. Seifert, Pawtucket, R. I.; John Smith, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Eleanor Staley, Montpelier, Idaho; W. E. Stevenson, Perrysville, Pa.; Thomas Spicer, Chicago, Ill.; George Smith, New York, N. Y.; Pauline Thompson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Harold J. Toner, Little Neck, N. Y.; John L. Waite, South Braintree, Mass.; Frank M. Whalen, Deertrail, Colo.

A Bishop and a Burglar—Carlotta Explains—Off to Newport—Swazey Shows His Art

Illustrations by
F. W. SWAIN

By

ERIC HATCH



(Reading time: 27 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Beadle Preece, who lost his money in Wall Street through Milton Sands. He is about to kill himself when Swazey, a burglar, shows up. Swazey suggests they take something of Sands', so the two steal his yacht Electra. They rescue Mary Winlock from an assailant on a shanty scow, and go to the Harvard-Yale regatta at New London. Harris Payton, husband of a wealthy woman whose yacht is anchored beside the Electra, runs away and joins them. They decide that Payton should have been on salary as a husband and go to South Bleynton to collect from his wife's aunt. Beadle enters the wrong house, to stumble over Carlotta Townsend, who has hated him since childhood. Her mother and Bishop Hartley listen to Beadle's story and Mrs. Townsend suggests a way to collect the money. Beadle gets four thousand dollars by polite blackmail and returns to the Electra. Late that night Bishop Hartley and Carlotta row out and join the adventurers. When Beadle is asleep Carlotta sneaks into his stateroom and crawls into the opposite bed.

PART FIVE—THE ADVENTURERS STEP OUT

BEADLE did not hear the soft rustle of silk against fine linen, nor the yet softer sigh a lady always breathes when her head touches the pillow and she drifts off to by-by land.

Morning came to South Bleynton the way morning so often does to places on the Massachusetts coast—wrapped up, like cigarettes in cellophane, in a fog that isn't quite as thick as the fog that people in Newport and Southampton and penthouse apartments find themselves in, but much more eerie. The fog came suddenly, walking like St. Peter over the surface of the water. With the fog came the yachtsman's alarm clock, the siren on the South Bleynton light.

It came in a great stentorian bellow that, to people hearing it for the first time, is horribly alarming. It sounds like an accident or a hungry animal. It awakened the little company of six souls aboard the Electra, blast by blast.

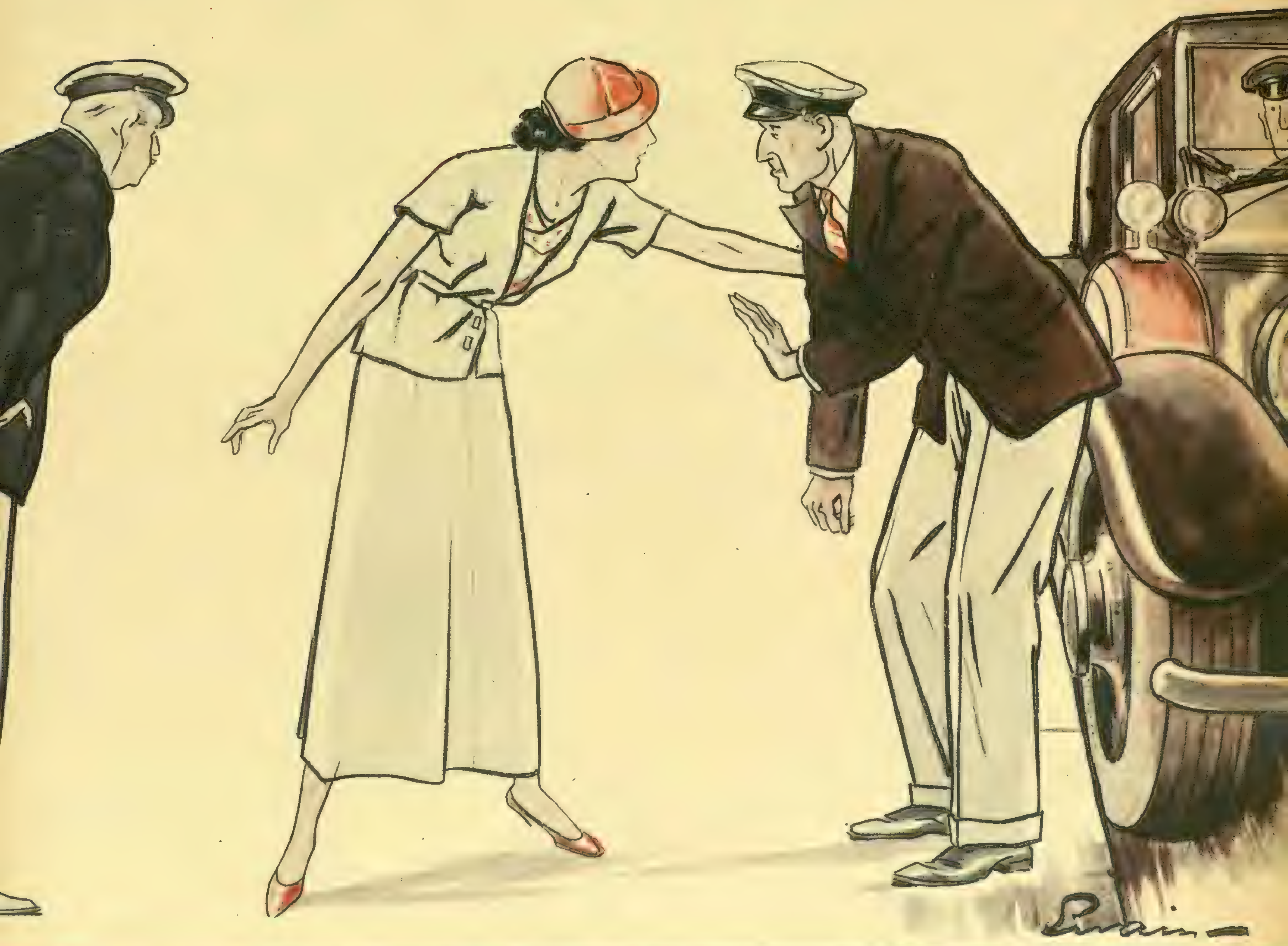
In the forecastle, Swazey sat bolt upright and reached for his gun. He'd forgotten where he'd put it, so he looked around; and when he looked around he saw the bishop. He didn't know it was a bishop and he thought this usurper had made the awful noise that had awakened him. He said, "Hey, you, can it!" The noise came again. He leaned over and looked at his sleeping partner intently.

"W'ales!" said Swazey. "Dem's w'ales an' dey're wailin'!"

The bishop, who had been dreaming of this and that, sat up and looked at Swazey.

"Good morning," he said. "Did you make that shocking noise?"

Five Days



Carlotta grabbed Swazey's arm and dragged him out of the car. They approached the doorway.

"Naw," said Swazey, "an' I don't like it." Then, feeling he was possessed of superior knowledge, he added, "Dem's w'ales wailin'."

The foghorn came again.

"No," said the bishop, sitting up in his bunk.

"All right," said Swazey belligerently—"den wot is it an' who are you an' wot are you doin' in my private cabin?"

"I was sleeping," said the bishop. "You're Swazey, aren't you?"

"Maybe I am an' maybe I ain't," said Swazey.

"I'm Bi—Waldo Hartley. Beadleston Preece told me I was to sleep here."

"So Beadleston Preece told you to sleep here, eh?"

The bishop smiled to himself.

"He told me I could either sleep in the guest stateroom with Harris Payton or sleep in here with you."

"What are you? Another wealthy sportsman like Beadle?"

"No," said Hartley. "I'm—I'm— What are you?"

"Never mind what I am. I'm on my vacation, see?"

"I am too," said Hartley; "and I'd just as soon people didn't know what I am any more than you want them to know what you are. Miss Townsend and I joined up last night."

Swazey swung his legs over the bed and faced Hartley.

"Has dat guy lured anudder woman onto here?"

The bishop nodded.

"Cheez!" said Swazey. He snapped his fingers. "Has she got clothes wit' her?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said the Bishop with a smile.

"De last one just had a nightshoit," said Swazey, "when she come aboard."

"Well," said Bishop Hartley, "this one was wearing pyjamas when she came on last night."

"Tell me dis," said Swazey. "How does he do it?"

In the guest stateroom, Harris Payton sat up and looked out of the window. He didn't think what he saw really was fog, because he was so used to waking up mornings with his head drumming and the feeling of fog all around him. He said, "Brrrrh!" shuddered, and lay down again, pulling the covers over his head, waiting for the awful morning sickness that is the curse of the man about town to come over him and take him to his private hell of nausea, remorse, and self-damnation. Strangely, it didn't come this morning. He had forgotten that he had gone to bed entirely sober the night before.

He waited for a full minute, sat up again, and stared hard at the gray mists. His eyes lighted up and he took a deep, deep breath of the sweet damp air.

"My God," he said, "it's real fog!"

Then he began to sing softly to himself the little song about Hobbs and his tray.

In the owner's stateroom, Beadle, hearing the great snoring of the light, sat bolt upright. He too glanced out of the window, and, feeling the mystery of the fog, rested his chin on the sill and stared. Presently he said, "It's a fog and that's a foghorn."

Then a sleepy voice called to him:

"'Morning, Beadle honey."

He turned quickly and looked across the stateroom with the same look on his face a man will give a brick he's tripped over. The enormity of the significance of what he saw shook him to the core. Most men, finding they had slept the night, however respectably, with a lovely lady, would have felt a certain prideful thrill.

"You!"

Carlotta's jet hair lay in a swirl on the pillow. Her nightgown had slipped partly off one shoulder. One arm was crooked under her head, which was turned toward Beadle; the other lay extended. She was looking at him out of sleepy brown eyes that blinked. Carlotta had soft, almost bossy eyes when they weren't glinting with mischief—the sort of eyes it is good for a man to look into when he greets the new day.

She yawned and stretched and spoke through the yawn:

"Beadle honey, you know your maiden aunts would never have forgiven me if I'd let you sleep in here alone last night with that little South'n gal probably just waiting to leap into bed with you."

"Carlotta, you're being coarse!"

"Well, you know how it is with Southern girls, Beadle, and somebody has to look after a man like you."

"Oh, go to hell!" said Beadle.

"Naughty word," said Carlotta. "Shall we get up?"

BEADLE glared at her. He was thoroughly angry and, for all his buccaneering, shocked. Sitting there in his bed, looking across at Carlotta lying in her bed, made him feel unreal. It seemed more fantastic to him that he and Carlotta Townsend should have slept in the same stateroom than that he should be gallivanting on a stolen yacht with a burglar. He got up out of bed and started for the companionway leading to the deck. As he reached it he heard a knock on the forward door of the stateroom, and Harris Payton called to him asking if he could come in. A second later Swazey hailed him from the deck.

Beadle stopped in his tracks. Then he started toward the forward door, took two steps, and started back for the companionway. He felt like a ball player caught between bases. Carlotta laughed and stretched again. Presently she reached out and caught his hand and drew him to the edge of her bed. He shrugged his shoulders and sat down beside her, completely defeated.

"Look what you've done! Why couldn't you have stayed in your own room? Everyone's going to know now that you've slept here. I—I've— Things like that get out. Your reputation—your mother—Bishop Hartley—" He gestured with his hands. "Oh, I know you just did it for fun, the way you socked that champagne bottle at me at the Browns' dance. But don't you see it's really my fault? I've got myself to blame for it because I invited you to stay last night. I—I feel like hell about it, Carlotta."

Carlotta saw that he meant it. She thought it was surprisingly quixotic of him to feel like hell about her reputation when she'd slept in his room simply to plague him. Carlotta was not a sentimental girl but she was a little touched. She patted his hand.

"Beadle, I'm honestly sorry I did it."

"Of course you are. We're caught."

Carlotta's hand rested on his.

"That isn't why," she said. "You know me better than that, Beadle. I'm sorry because—because I just did it to annoy you and you're being so damned sporting about it! I thought you'd be funny and nancy and say *I'd* ruined *your* reputation."

Even Beadle couldn't mistake the sincerity.

Swazey and Payton, thinking Beadle was still asleep, didn't call again. Beadle heard Payton go up the companionway in the hall and join Swazey on deck, heard them say good morning to each other. He was glad. They couldn't help knowing about what had happened, because it would be obvious that Carlotta hadn't slept in the saloon; but their going away would give him time to adjust himself. He turned his gaze from the window (which he had been staring at for propriety's sake) and looked at Carlotta. He looked at her long and silently.

HE saw her, really, for the first time in all the years he'd known her; for this was the first time, except for the little second when she'd slipped her arm through his on the way back from the Weems adventure, that she definitely hadn't been an enemy. He was rather surprised to find that, looking at her that way, she seemed a rather beautiful woman. Perhaps not as beautiful as Madelaine. He paused in his looking and tried to picture how Madelaine would look there in Carlotta's place—tried to picture her hair and the nightgown and her white shoulders, and tried to picture how he would feel if he were sitting on the edge of Madelaine's bed—Madelaine, whom he'd been so in love with. Then he stopped trying to picture Madelaine, because for one thing she wasn't there and never would be, and because Carlotta was speaking again.

"You know, Beadle, this isn't so very dreadful. After all, most people who get married haven't known each other one half of one per cent as long as we have."

"Get married!" said Beadle. "For God's sake, you aren't suggesting that—"

Carlotta laughed. Beadle's utter horror wasn't flattering but it was funny.

"No, of course not! I was just going to say that after all, when our nurses were friends and used to shove us around Central Park together, we were probably on a much more intimate basis than we—are now."

"That's true," said Beadle. "That's quite true."

"For instance, there must have been the little matter of putting on my fresh—"

"Of course!" Beadle laughed.

He didn't feel like laughing, but he thought laughter might drown out the things Carlotta was going to say. He stood up and went over to the dresser and lighted a cigarette. The yachting cap was on the dresser. It reminded him that he was supposed to be the leader of an expedition and that leaders of expeditions are hardly ever floored by finding curiously outspoken ladies in their cabins. Actually the sight of it brought him to himself—not the himself he'd used to be but the new himself he'd been learning to be since he'd lost his money. Once his point of view got adjusted he felt better. Almost nonchalantly he resumed his seat on the edge of Carlotta's bed.

"Well," he said, "are we going to try and explain?"

Carlotta said, "Sure. We'll tell 'em we're engaged!"

Beadle really laughed this time.

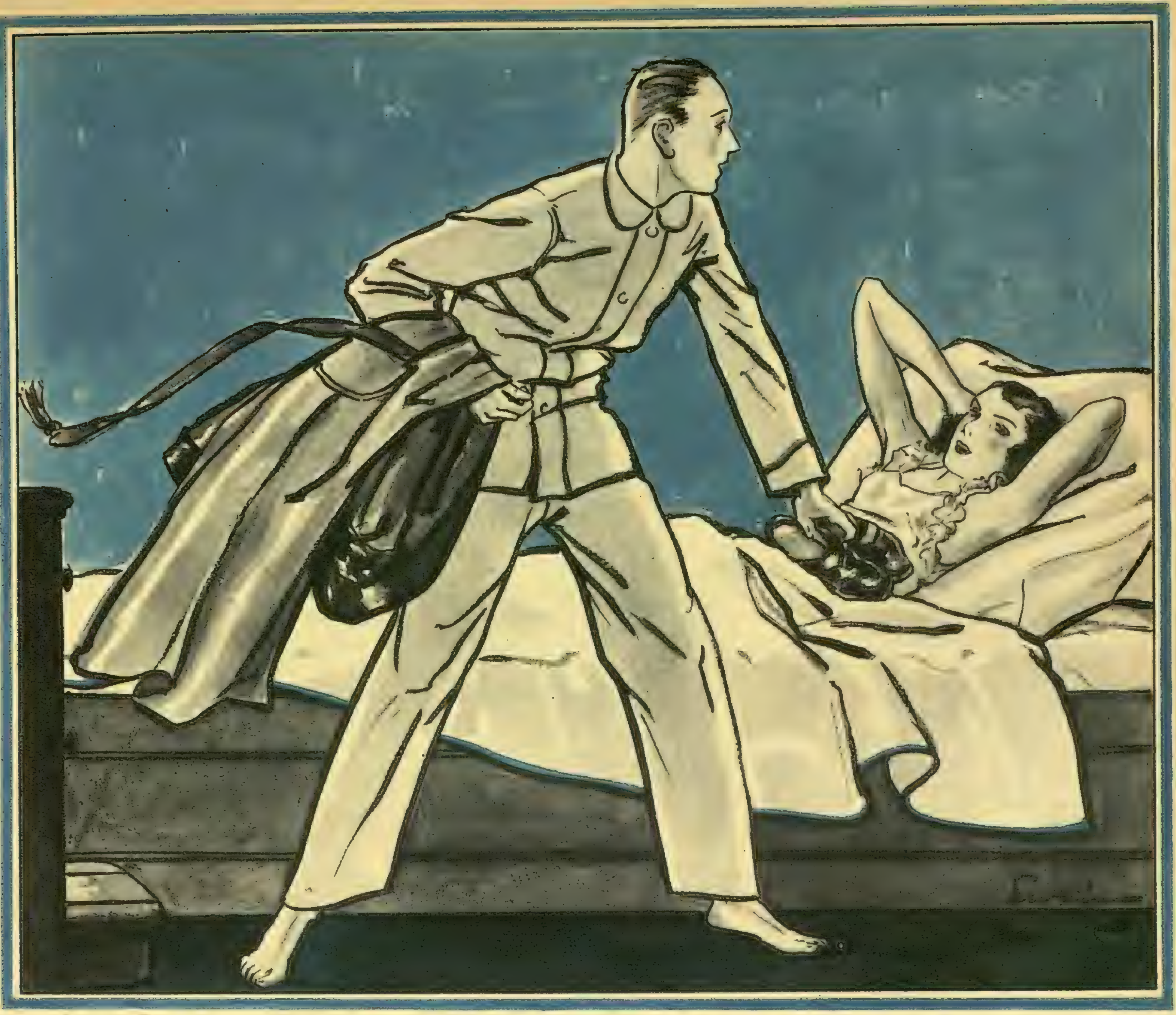
"Damn you, Carlotta!"

She looked up at him. Her eyes were not glinting.

"You're sort of a good guy, Beadle. If you'll get the hell out of here now I'll get dressed. We've got to get under way before my mother swims out and stops us."

"Good Lord, yes!"

He went up the companionway. On deck he met



He felt like a ball player caught between bases. Carlotta only laughed.

Swazey, who was sitting on a hatch peering gloomily at the fog. When he saw Beadle he shook his head sadly. There is honor among thieves, but sometimes even burglars can't help overhearing laughter—feminine laughter—when it occurs in the wrong places.

"Chief," he said, "I'm sorry. I'm tellin' you, I'm sorry!"

"Sorry?"

"Sorry," said Swazey. "I can't go on wid you. De kind of people you're loadin' dis ship up wit'! What would my folks t'ink, if I had folks? What would dey t'ink?"

Beadle smiled. He knew what Swazey was driving at, and having accepted the Carlotta situation he was beginning to get a certain amount of pleasure out of Swazey's reaction to it.

"We've some very nice people on board," he said.

"Who?" said Swazey. "Besides you an' me an' Mary?"

"Well," said Beadle, "we have a bishop."

Swazey's eyes grew wide. His jaw hung loose, like a broken fender on an old automobile. He gasped.

"Cheez!"

"He is the gentleman who slept in the fo'c'sle with you."

"Cheez!" said Swazey, nodding. Then he snapped his fingers. "I apologize! Honest, I apologize!"

"No," said Beadle; "that's all right."

"I apologize," said Swazey, "about what I said just now about de lady laffin' in your cabin. If we got a bishop here, why, it's O. K.! But—" He broke off.

"But what?" Beadle asked.

"But cheez, chief, if I'd 'a' known last night I'd have took off my socks when I went to bed, instead of just sleepin' like I was."

Beadle grinned and looked at the flatboats Swazey called his feet. A typical Carlotta thought passed through his brain. He said, "I don't think the bishop minded your keeping them on."

He patted Swazey on the back—why, he didn't know, except that he suddenly felt rather pleased with himself. For a person who had been shocked as much as Beadle had, it was rather fun to shock somebody else for a change. He proceeded to the galley. He had decided to keep his pyjamas on for breakfast. As he passed the deck house he met Mary returning from an inspection of the anchor line. They met face to face in the narrow passageway.

"Beadle!"

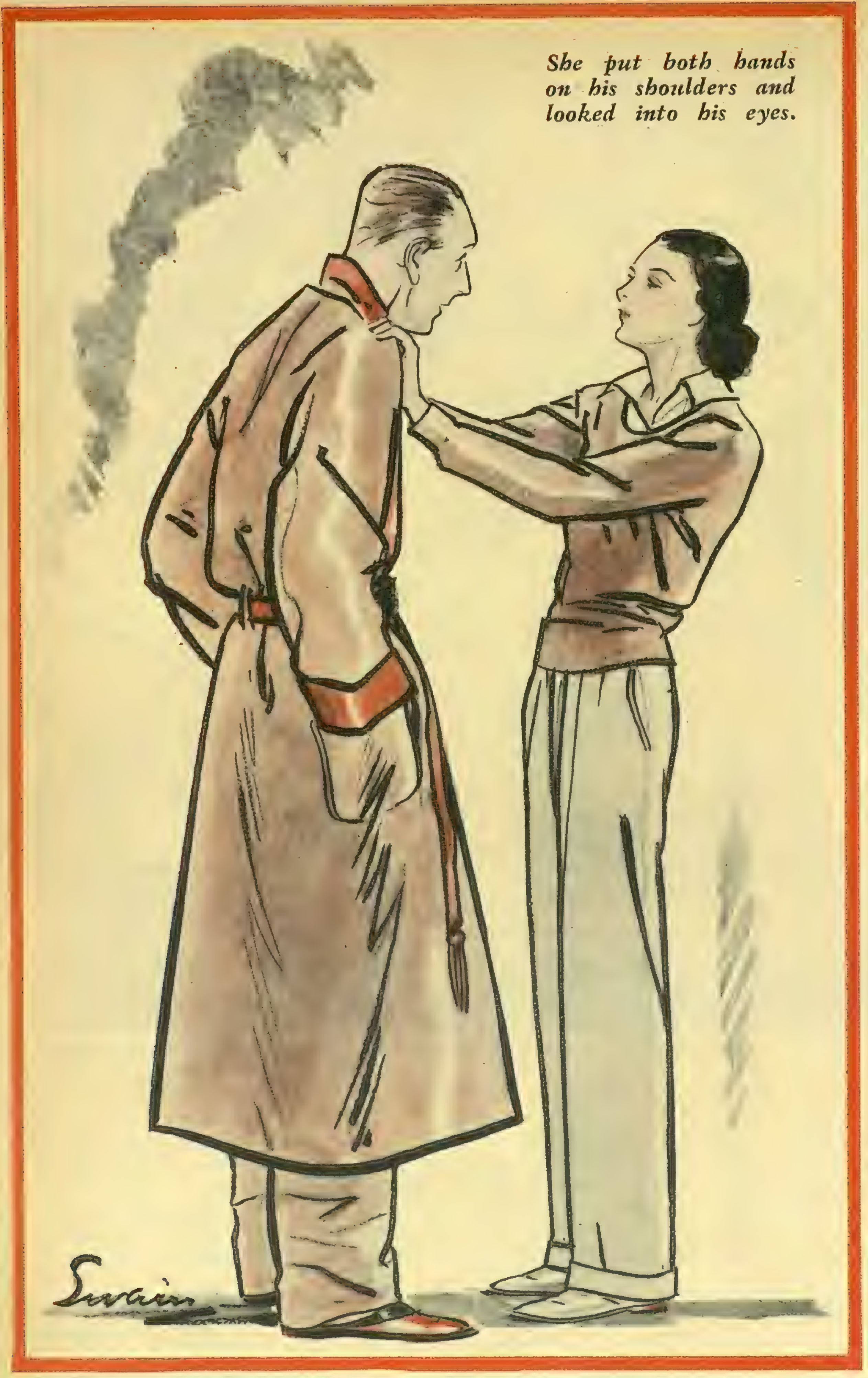
HE said, "Hello, Mary," and wondered why she seemed so glad to see him and why her eyes were so bright on such a damp, foggy morning.

"The gentleman in—in number—who slept with Swazey told me you got four thousand dollars last night!"

"I just collected it," said Beadle, "for Harris, in case we might need a little money at Newport."

"A little— Why, you-all are just wonderful!"

She put both hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. She stood for a second so. Then she said, "'Long with the four thousan' dollars did you bring a girl back with you?"



She put both hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"Carlotta Townsend came aboard with Bishop Hartley, the—the man who slept in the fo'c'sle with Swazey." He forced one of his futile laughs.

"Where'd she sleep?"

"In—"

He caught himself. It was more than possible Mary had already found out where Carlotta had slept.

"In my cabin," he said. "I slept on deck. I—I thought the air would be good for me here."

MARY WINLOCK continued to look him in the eye. The look made him uncomfortable.

"After all," he said, "she's an old friend of mine."

"So," said Mary, "was your red-headed friend."

She turned and went down the companionway into the saloon. Beadle watched her go. He stood for a long time, scratching his chin, staring at the empty companionway, feeling the way other men have felt when things like that have happened to them. Presently he nodded his head.

"Swazey's right," he said; "it's a hell-ship!"

Many hours later, as quickly as it had come, the fog lifted, and the Electra, with her eager if inexperienced crew of Corinthians, steamed from behind the breakwater.

Mrs. Townsend, from her sleeping porch, watched the departure, just as the night before she had watched the stealthy exodus of Carlotta and Bishop Hartley. She didn't in the least mind their going. She felt, if anything, that Beadle would be a good influence on Carlotta, who had seemed a little out of hand lately; and entertaining the bishop, because of the people she felt she had to ask to the house to meet him, had tired her. She sighed and, relaxing, stared at the ceiling. Presently she spoke, very slowly and carefully:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star—what a nuisance bishops are!"

THEN she laughed and rang for Hobbs. She rather expected he'd have two notes for her and she was curious to see just how Hartley had explained himself.

"If I were a betting person," she said to the ceiling, "I would bet that he blames it on having to take care of Carlotta—the old hypocrite!"

The notes, when they came, were entirely satisfactory. She read them and then telephoned a friend of hers who lived on the point at Newport. She asked the friend to telephone her when she saw the Electra round the point.

It must be said for Mrs. Townsend that she wasn't doing it because she felt Carlotta needed an eye kept on her. That wouldn't have seemed honorable. The real reason she was keeping tabs was because she thought Beadle was very likely to land in jail and if he did she wanted to bail him out.

The Electra rounded the Newport point at six that evening and headed in the general direction of the New York Yacht Club landing. Peace reigned aboard her, because Carlotta, when she met Mary Winlock, had been simple and direct and friendly and not at all like Madelaine. Mary had expected either open or saccharine enmity. She was surprised almost into liking Carlotta.

Swazey was frightened by Carlotta and the bishop at first; but as time passed, and Hartley failed to whip beads out of his pocket and Carlotta failed to produce a lorgnette, his fear wore off and his high spirits of the day before returned. When they passed James Arthur's black barkentine anchored well offshore, he even went so far as to nudge Hartley and say, "Dere's my pal's boat. I gotta go call on him later."

They dropped anchor inshore and Mary shut off the motors. The anchor dragged.

"Bad bottom," she said. "We'll move and try again."

She started the engines and moved a little farther out and once more ordered the hook dropped. This time she kept the engines running and let out more anchor line, but still it dragged. She looked at the chart.

"It says 'soft'; we oughtta hold."

Just then Payton came up from below. As soon as he saw what was going on he began to laugh. Mary turned on him in anger.

"This ain't my fault," she said; "let's see *you* anchor this scow!"

Payton laughed again and said, "All right."

He took the wheel and had the anchor raised. Then he ran the boat west, away from the yacht club. When he'd gone about a quarter of a mile he told Mary to let the anchor down again. It held perfectly here. The others gathered around him.

"What's the gag?" said Mary. "I don't get it."

"Just that you can't anchor on glass," said Payton.

"On glass?" said Bishop Hartley.

"Glass," said Payton. He smiled. "You see, for so many years people in perfectly lovely boats have anchored near that landing and thrown so many perfectly lovely bottles overboard that there isn't any bottom any more—just glass."

"Hotcha!" said Swazey. "He's a great kidder! He's comical, he is!"

"I know," said Payton, "because I've placed so many of the bottles there myself."

Mary looked at him and shook her head.

"You're nuts," she said, "but I don't mind."

"The anchor's holding, isn't it?" said Payton.

Mary shut the engines off and went below to close the gasoline valves.

Carlotta turned to Beadle. "Well," she said, "here we are. What do we do next, captain?"

Payton said, "Let's go to the club there and find out who's giving a big dinner, and then we'll all go to it and surprise them. We can give our dinner Monday night."

Beadle nodded. Then a thought came to him. He said, "Mary hasn't anything to wear."

Payton said, "That's all right; we'll all wear flannel trousers and undershirts—we'll be a knockout."

Beadle shook his head.

"No, Harris—that wouldn't be fair to her."

Carlotta looked at him. She had known for years that Beadle was definitely not one of the deep thinkers of the world. She was surprised at his understanding.

"Too bad my clothes won't fit her," she said. Then: "But look," she said, "why can't we go to Thoren's on James Street and get her something?"

"It's too late," said Beadle.

"Oh, hell," said the bishop, "and I've never been to a Newport party. I did want to go. But you're quite right about Mary—quite right."

"I wonder." Beadle was thinking again. He turned to Swazey. "Are you pretty good with locks?"

"I'm on my vacation," said Swazey. "What locks?"

"I think," said Beadle, "that if we were to hire a snappy car and get ourselves all swelled up we could probably drive right up to Thoren's and pick open the front door."

"Oh, yeah?" said Swazey.

"We could if you were any kind of a burglar."

Payton said, "I don't believe he knows how to pick a lock."

HARTLEY, who was trying very hard to be a man and not a bishop, said, "Of course if this man is just pretending to be a burglar and isn't, we should have him arrested as an impostor!"

Swazey leered at him.

"So you don't t'ink I'm a burglar, eh? How do I know you're a bishop?"

"*I* can prove it," said Hartley. "Can you?"

He sighed and sat down on the transom.

Beadle and Payton and Carlotta waited expectantly. They could tell by the fact that his lips were knocking against his teeth that Swazey was about to say something emotionally important. Swazey's lips, which were really too big for practical purposes, always did that when he was incensed. It was a habit that had bothered his mother when he was nothing but truck fodder on an East Side street. Which way the cat jumped, so to speak, seemed to mean a great deal. Presently he got the lips under control.

"So I ain't a burglar, eh? I'll show you! Let's go!"

When they blew the horn for the yacht-club launch a few minutes later, with the exception of Mary they were

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as smartly dressed a landing party as had ever left a yacht. Even Swazey had been reissued in the bishop's extra pair of white flannel trousers and, as a special favor, Beadle was allowing him to wear the yachting cap. They reached the landing and climbed out, and the steward, who had recognized Payton as a member—a tipping member—came down to greet them.

“Glad to see you aboard, sir,” said the steward—which Mary thought was rather silly, since he meant “ashore.”

“I want a town car,” said Payton.

“Lots of us do, sir,” said the steward, who had to have his little joke. “And for how long, sir?”

“Just this evening. Get it here right away.”

“Yes, sir.”

The others had gone on up the gangway. Mary Winlock lingered behind. Her little Sunday-magazine-section mind was steeped deep in tales of this Newport place. She was watching Harris Payton arriving or, in her mind, “dropping in” at his club with an enormous fascination. She didn't want to miss any of it.

The steward, who was a very old friend, leaned close to Payton. Mary heard him say, “Mrs. Payton came in last night on the Colyrium. She was fair hopping, sir.”

Payton nodded. “Where is she now?”

“Sailing. She'll be back any time.” He glanced at Mary. “I'll hurry the car, sir.”

“That, Luther, is worth five,” said Payton.

Mary very nearly screamed with delight. The steward hurried up the gangway of the float. Tremulously Mary slipped her arm through Payton's.

“Would it really matter,” she said, “if Mrs. Payton found you-all walkin' up the dock with me?”

Payton looked down at her over the pouches under his eyes and lied like a gentleman.

“It would make her furious!” he whispered.

Mary was thrilled and clutched his arm more tightly. Payton had done his Boy Scout act for the day. On the way down to the yacht the night before Beadle had told him that he was a social tiger. It had come as news to Payton, but he didn't want to disappoint Mary.

In less than ten minutes a town car drew up. They clambered into it and Carlotta gave the chauffeur Thoren's address. In another five minutes they were there, and, according to the plan Swazey had “t'ought” up, Beadle got out and tried the door. It was, of course, locked. Still according to plan, he said loudly, “Thoren promised to keep open—the dirty dog! Let's pick the lock and see if we can find the dresses—they're sure to be marked.” He crossed the pavement and addressed the chauffeur: “Can you pick a lock?”

The chauffeur smiled and shook his head. He'd lived in Newport for years and was used to being asked funny questions. Beadle turned to Payton.

“Can you?”

Payton shook his head and said, “Really, Beadle, Thoren might get sore.”

“Rats!” said Beadle. “How about you, Carlotta?”

“Let's try!”

Carlotta grabbed Swazey's arm and dragged him out of the car. They approached the group in the doorway. “Why not a brick?” she said. “Have you a brick, bishop?”

Swazey forced a laugh. He'd been carefully rehearsed in his part, but the laugh was really lousy.

“*Burglars* use bricks,” he said. “*We* can't use 'em.”

He went up to the door and rattled it, then inexpertly tried to open it with a nail he picked up off the sidewalk. While he was ostensibly failing at this, he slipped a thin piece of isinglass through the crack by the lock. The tumblers fell away and the door opened.

“It wasn't locked,” he said with a grimace; “just stuck.”

He stepped back in pardonable pride, and allowed the others to lead the way into the shop. Hartley patted him on the shoulder as he passed and said, “I take it back. You're a wonder. How on earth did you do it?”

“Dat's a trade secret,” said Swazey. “You don't tell your trade secrets, do you, bish?”

Hartley shook his head and grinned. His trade secrets consisted in always having been polite to the right people in the right places.

Thoren's on James Street was a branch of Thoren's on Fifth Avenue. It was one of those ultra, ultra dress shops that couldn't possibly be as smart as they make you feel they are. Its prices were in keeping. Two square yards of duck, normally worth a few cents, if bought at Thoren's roughly sewed into the shape of a skirt, cost you not less than ten dollars. Mr. Thoren, after years of association with the rich, had come to believe in Santa Claus.

To Mary Winlock, Thoren's was paradise. The neatly written price tags hanging to the sleeves of the dresses dazzled her.

For some time now she had been sure she was living in a dream. She was glad to see concrete evidence that it was a really snappy dream.

BEADLE, watching her, whispered to Carlotta. He said, “She's having a swell time, but you'd better help her. What ought she to get?”

“Beach pyjamas, an afternoon dress and an evening dress and a street dress and a bathing suit.”

Beadle turned to Payton.

“Can we afford all that, Harris?”

Bishop Hartley intervened.

“It doesn't seem to me,” he said, “so much a question of can *you* afford it as can Thoren afford it.”

Payton nodded.

“We'd better look at his books and see,” he said. “Come on, Swazey.”

“I ain't interested in books,” said Swazey.

Beadle said, “Carlotta, you pick out some things and put Mary into them. Then call us. We'll be in the office.”

“Come on, Swazey; we may need you.”

He led the way toward the back of the shop to a room that was obviously the office because it said “Private.”

“Go on, Swazey; do your stuff.” Swazey shook his head.

“Why not? After all, you got us into the place.”

But Swazey went temperamental on them.

“No.”

“Oh, go on, do!” said Harris.

“No,” said Swazey. “No.”

“Is it your conscience?” said Beadle.

He shook his head again.

“Come on,” said Payton; “tell papa.” He drew back his arm and made his hand into a fist.

“Oh, pshaw,” said Swazey. “I don't want youse to see how I do it!”

Beadle and Payton turned their backs. Swazey employed his strip of isinglass, opened the door, and called to them.

“Nuttin' to it,” he said. “Nuttin' to it!”

In next week's installment you will learn what happens to the adventurers after the visit to the gown shop.

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James Explains

RECENTLY little James was kicked by a mule and his mother warned him not to go near him again.

James looked up into her face and said: “I'm not afraid of that old mule—just afraid of his legs!”—Mrs. Virgie May Malone, Cedar Bluff, Miss.

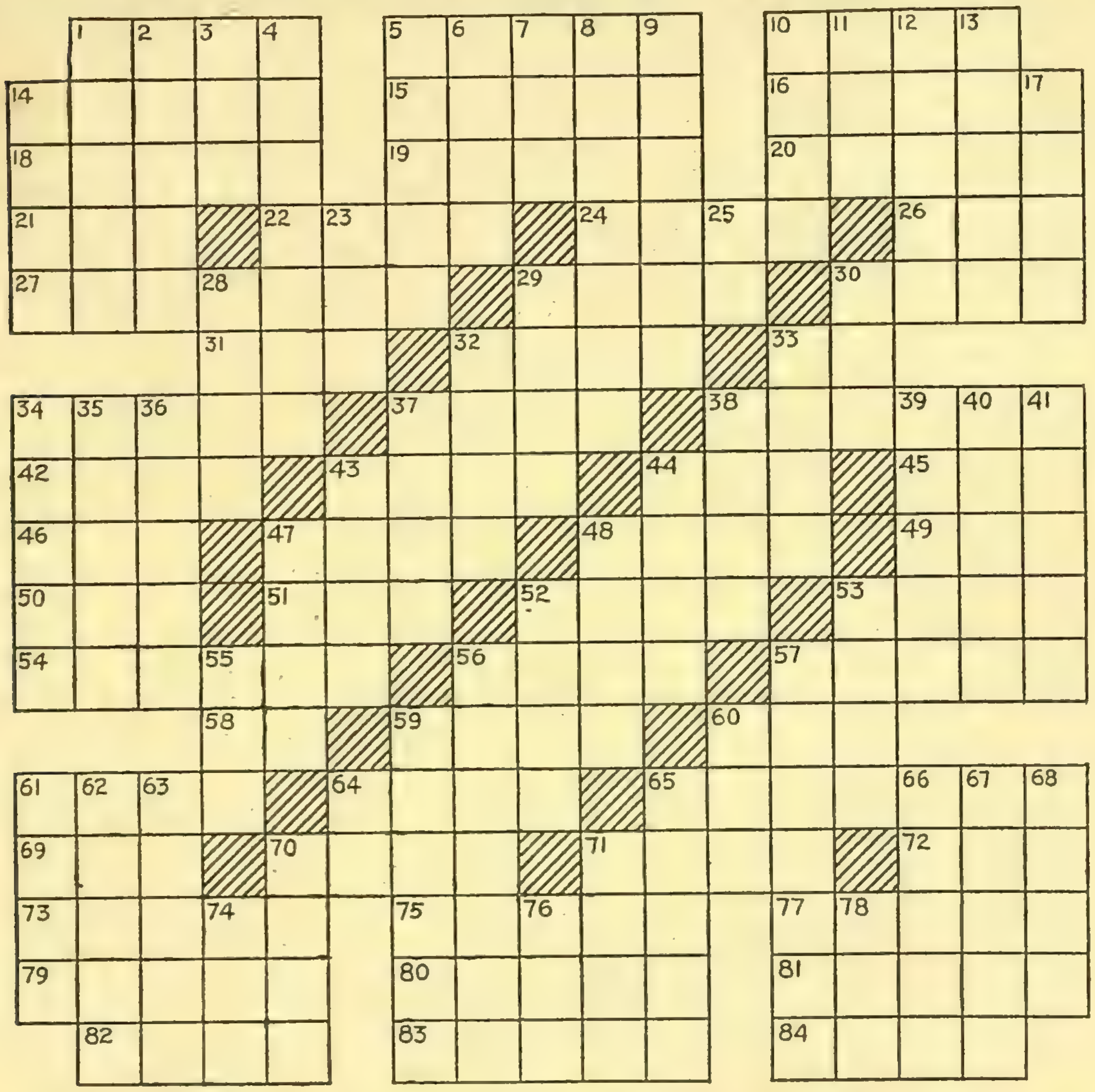
Need for Action

TOMMY, five, stood beside a table filled with delicacies, including fruit and candies. His mother came in unexpectedly. Tommy turned and said:

“Mother, you'll have to take this table or me out of the room. I can't stand it any longer!”—E. R. Bly, 19 Eighth Street, Fort Smith, Ark.

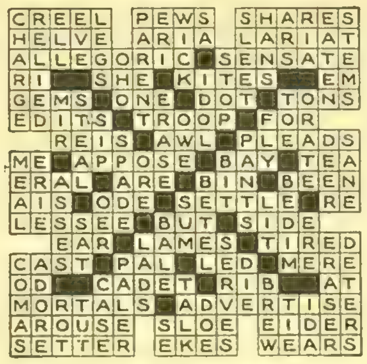
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Pronoun
5 Envelops
10 Dozes
14 Allotted part
15 Forgive
16 A constellation
18 Exists
19 Bury
20 English coins
21 A single thing
22 Transmit
24 To approach
26 Greek letter
27 Proceeding on
29 A teeming multitude
30 Previously
31 Furthermore
32 Accomplished
33 Exist
34 Musical drama
37 A fish
38 Name of a Bizet opera
42 Ornamental jar
43 Propeller blade
44 Regard studiously
45 Anger
46 Appropriate
47 Destroy
48 A metallic element
49 Authoritative rule
50 Mound
51 Utilize
52 Set down
53 Companion
54 Wandering
56 Glide through
57 Meaning
58 Pronoun
59 To climb (colloq.)
60 Japanese coin
61 A fiber obtained from peacock feathers
64 Winged



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Answer to last week's puzzle

65 A command
69 Period of time
70 Short paragraph
71 To shape
72 A constellation
73 A float (plural)
75 Receded
77 Woman's name
79 Vapor
80 Platter
81 Paper measure (pl.)
82 Strays
83 Becomes withered
84 Speaks

VERTICAL

1 Yours
2 Place of safety
3 Before
4 City in Italy
5 Squeeze out
6 Tear
7 Territorial division of Denmark
8 Enlarging
9 Endeavored
10 Back of the neck
11 Native metal
12 Partaker of a meal
13 Denominations
14 To retard
17 Resting place
23 Termination
25 Pronoun
28 Risk
29 Sharpen
30 Ever
32 Eat
33 Group of musicians
34 Elliptical
35 A document
36 Ethereal salt
37 To act lazily
38 Chilliness
39 City in Italy
40 Muse of lyric poetry
41 Fresher
43 Of great extent
44 To wind spirally
47 A dwarf
48 To get
52 A den
53 Repair
55 To be ill
56 To walk awkwardly
57 Offers
59 Slumbers
60 Salt
61 A planet
62 A size of type
63 Allude
64 By
65 Fashions
66 To alleviate
67 Abounds
68 Immeasurable periods of time
70 Theories
71 To apportion
74 Sailor (colloq.)
76 Heavy metal rod
78 Meadow

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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TRY THE milk that's famous for its amazing digestibility. *Eagle Brand.* In baby's stomach, Eagle Brand forms soft, fine, easily digested curds like those formed by mother's milk. Eagle Brand has saved the lives of thousands of ailing babies. Has raised millions of sturdy, healthy babies.

A recent scientific test proves the remarkable baby-building powers of Eagle Brand as compared with other foods and formulas. Your grocer has Eagle Brand. Easily prepared—merely add boiled water (see directions on label).

FREE—80-page booklet, "*Health for Baby and You.*" Helpful. Practical. Address THE BORDEN Co., Dept. 81, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Name. . . . .

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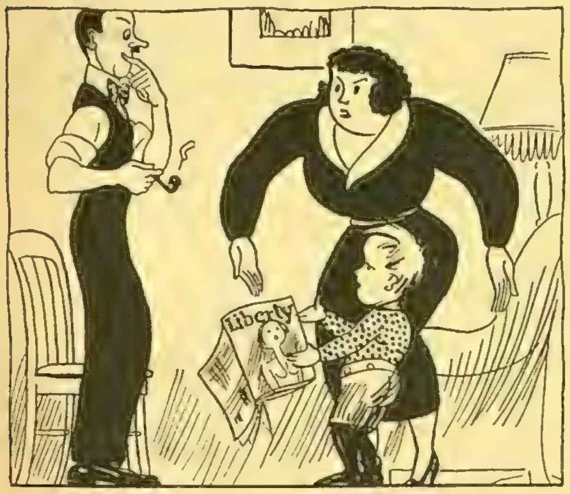
VOX

What Would You Do in a Case Like This?

DALLAS, TEX.—Your picture contest has certainly gotten us in Dutch. Our baby, aged two years, saw the picture of the little triplet boys in your January 14 issue and he immediately began to cry for one of them.



Now what are we to do? We are afraid to ask the stork to send him a little boy like one of those because he might make a mistake and send him three instead of one.—*Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Witt.*

Thank You, Buddie

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I read Sergeant Halyburton's articles in Liberty, and believe in the main the facts are just as he states. Though I was overseas with the Canadians, I did not get the facts in regard to the treatment administered to the prisoners of war until I came home again. I have read, in printed form, the report on war prisoners before the committee from the House of Commons. I certainly know now that what Halyburton states was true.

If this Herr Doktor Fonck person doubts this, all he has to do to confirm what the American sergeant says is true is to secure a copy of that report from the proper authorities in Ottawa.

The government investigated largely in regard to the matter, and I venture to say that even the cultured *Doktor* will, if he is reasonable, come to the conclusion that the same treatment was administered to the Canadian prisoners of war as to the Yanks.—*S. J. Gothard.*

Just Human Nature

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO—Tell me, please, why you can never hear a good word for your magazine until something happens and the squawkers fail to get their regular copy?

Our town gets just so many copies each week and there is a lay-back list of about ninety per cent of the copies received at our local news depot. This is the second year now that the first issue of the year—the one with the calendar cover—for some reason or another failed to arrive at all. Something went haywire in the shipping department and the magazines went to Nova Scotia or California. You should have been in our town for several days. The same guys who always squawk that there is nothing in Liberty any more were running around bawling out our poor news dealer because your magazine did not arrive.

Two of our more enterprising citizens had friends in other towns get copies for them, and those two copies are still going the rounds; when one person is through, he passes his copy on to another.—*O. K.*

This Is for Technocrats

OAKLAND, CALIF.—The absurdity of Jay Franklin's article against Technocracy in the January 21 Liberty is made obvious if but three or four words in his concluding paragraph are changed so as to make it read:

"If the Capitalists refused to agree to such a proposal, their capital should be taken from them by another group of administrators who would accept the duty of social cöoperation as part of their general formula for reconstruction. For, until Capitalism becomes humanized, it will be the creator of trouble and discontent."

Dick Joslin

And how would the Capitalists like their own proposal for Technocracy tried on them? The twelve million man power of human energy rotting under capitalistic administration could be utilized under Technocracy to produce greater comfort conveniences for everyone, including the Capitalists themselves. Now print this if you dare.—*Dick Joslin.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It is rather difficult for one with an education of sorts, mostly sorts, to express himself properly as befits a serious subject. It is doubly difficult, and perhaps even presumptuous, for one so handicapped to take issue with such an able writer as Jay Franklin.

His entire article reeks with insincerity, and is perhaps an intentional attempt to befuddle the issue. He states that the $20,000-per-year stuff carries with it the probable loss of personal liberty.

I might call to Mr. Franklin's attention that the only personal liberty left to one fourth of his fellow citizens at this moment is the liberty to starve. That is, if they exercise that liberty peacefully; otherwise that, too, would be infringed upon.

Perhaps he never heard of that small self-appointed class represented by the DuPonts, Morgans, Mellons, *et al.*—*H. H. Ducat.*

The Bank Article Made a Hit with a Banker

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I want to congratulate you on the article in your issue of January 28 entitled, How Safe Is Your Savings Bank? by Henry Mills.

In times like these this is just the kind of publicity that will serve to keep up the morale of the people.

If Mr. Mills had wished to make his statements stronger about the safety and solvency of mutual savings banks, he could have done so without straining the truth.

His moderation of tone coupled with his simplicity of language enabled the story which it told to be put over most effectively to that much quoted but little understood class, "the average man and woman."—*Thomas F. Wallace.*

The Boy Is Clever

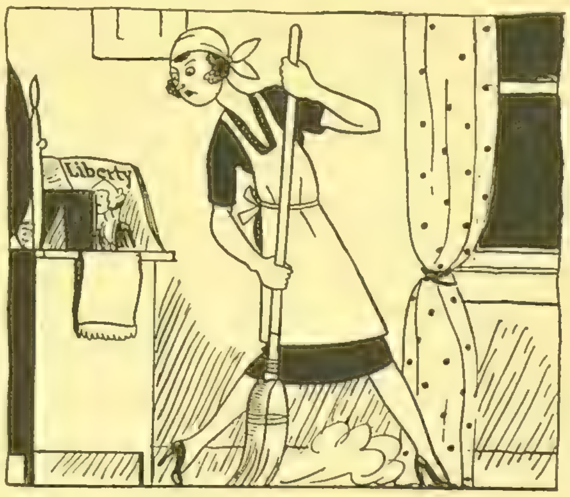
DETROIT, MICH.—Honestly, I hate to write this, but it's so darned good I *can't* keep it to myself. While reading a copy of Liberty a friend of mine remarked, "Ah! So the boy reads Liberty—America's Best *Dead* Weekly!" —*Frank R. Moore.*

We're Glad Someone Seems to Like Us

DUNDALK, MD.—Calling your old magazine America's Best Read Weekly might mean something to you, but not to some people.

You ought to leave that "best" out. I read it, but it sure makes the worst for me.

It so happens that my brother-in-law is the one crazy enough in our family to put out a nickel for the thing, so he gets first choice. I get it on Saturday, when it's time to clean. And every time I sit down for five minutes I don't any more get the cover open and settled good when somebody comes in. It wouldn't be so bad, but it happens every week when you have a good continued story, like Dark of the Moon. So I have to stand it week in and week out.



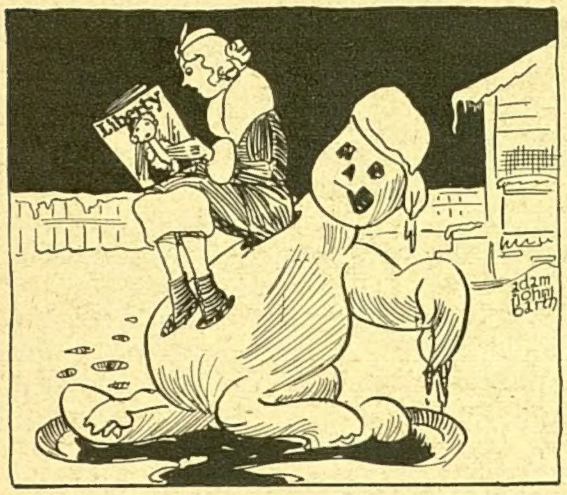
Why don't you give a person a break and stop printing swell stories?—*Grace Jones.*

POP

VOX POP EDITOR

They Must Be Teaching Her to Concentrate

NORFOLK, VA.—Please help me. I am having trouble with my daughter Esther about Liberty. She threatens to leave college if I do not get her nickel there on time each week so she can buy the first Liberty on the pile. This is quite irksome to her father at times. When she was home Christmas she went to the store to buy America's Best Read Weekly, and in her eagerness to read its interesting contents she stopped in the yard and sat on top of a snow man, and by the time that young lady had finished devouring its meat, the snow man had melted and she was sitting in a puddle of muddy ice water almost up to her neck.—*Leon M. Hewitt.*



Everybody Can't Win

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—I like Liberty's contests. I try, and have tried, a good many of them, and I've won a few prizes, too. I'll keep on trying, and I'll win some more prizes. How do I know I'll win again? Well, just try making your entries a little better than the other fellow's and see how you come out. You'll be surprised.

This plan works; no foolin'. These contest kickers make me tired. I wonder why they even try Liberty's contests.—*R. W. Carr.*

SALISBURY, MD.—You certainly do have poor judges. I have entered every contest so far, but have never seen any money.

I tried your Limerick contest, but I might just as well have saved my money. I've spent enough on your contests to buy out Liberty.

Now I'll try Dinkies, and see what success I have.—*W. P. B.*

Both Sides on That Prohibition Question

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — The editorial in your January 21 issue, entitled Saloon or Speakeasy—Which? certainly rings the bell. It took a lot of courage to write that editorial, but these are days when we need courageous people.

I think if we knew the truth, there are millions of people in the country today who have had just these thoughts, but lack the ability to reduce them to writing, and have no place to display the thoughts if they had the writing ability.

The longer the problem remains unsettled, the greater differences of opinion seem to prevail, until it looks as though there is just about one thing to do—step right across the Canadian border into British Columbia, observe the successful operation of liquor control, then try and do likewise in this country, if we have brains enough to follow the good example.—*W. H. Crawford.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Which one of your organization is guilty of that editorial Saloon or Speakeasy? That was a brilliant piece of work. If anyone doesn't believe it, have them ask your editor.

The answer to the question, saloon or speakeasy? is, neither. Your editor didn't think of that, did he? To my way of thinking, he may as well get it under his bonnet now, once and for all time.

The Eighteenth Amendment is here to stay and we who put it in the Constitution will fight the wet interests to the last ditch.—*An Old Dry.*

A Couple of Little Notes on the Hell Hounds Series

CHICAGO, ILL.—I think Hell Hounds is one of the best serials I have read in a long time. Ex-Legionnaire 1384 sure tells the truth.

I know some other ex-Legionnaires myself, and they told me the same sort of incidents as 1384.

I am a reader of Liberty for many years and sure admire it. Keep it up. Waiting for the next number.—*Joe Berger.*

Joe Berger

NASHVILLE, TENN. — Ex-Legionnaire No. 1384 certainly had us eating out of his hand until he pulled that princess stuff. Then his intensely interesting human document became just another piece of fiction. If there had to be a "love interest," why couldn't it have been a more realistic person than a desert princess who falls in love at first sight of a Legionnaire (like 1384)?—*Jay Bee.*

It Took Ten for That One

DUBACH, LA.—Does it really take ten authors to write as bum a story as The Woman Accused? Maybe they thought it was all a joke about "too many cooks spoiling the broth."

It was nice, however, to let Zane Grey write the salty chapter.—*H. G. Allen.*

This Lady Liked the Ten-Author Serial

MADISON, WIS.—Where have you been all my life, or maybe where have I been all your life? A friend just put me wise to Liberty. I surely do enjoy it now. Your ten-author serial was a great idea and very good.

I lost a lot of sleep trying to work the cross word puzzle last night. But it was worth it. My household budget will sure be a nickel short every week from now on.—*Fern Hall.*

Fern Hall

That Football Article

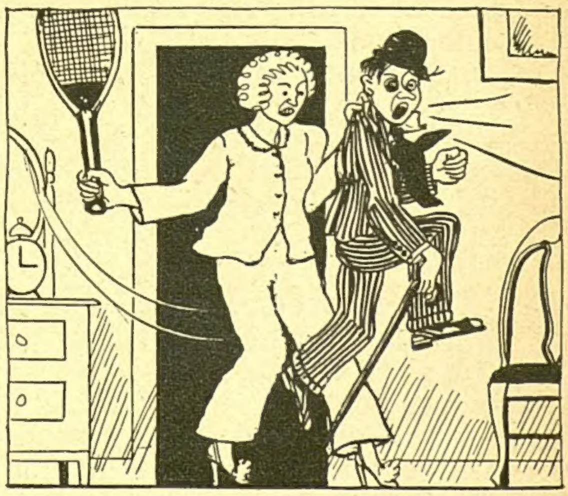
SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF.—Dick Hyland's article in the February 4 issue was the real stuff. Football is a game for those that are in the best of shape to play.

Mr. Hyland did make a few mistakes; namely, Dick Sheridan, the Army player that Mr. Hyland mentioned, was an end and not a halfback. Robert Houtz was injured fatally in a game between Alhambra High School and the University of Southern California freshmen, not in a game between Alhambra and Monterey Park high schools. Monterey Park has no high school. Houtz was injured when he stopped Bishop, big frosh fullback, at the line of scrimmage.—*Bob Malone.*

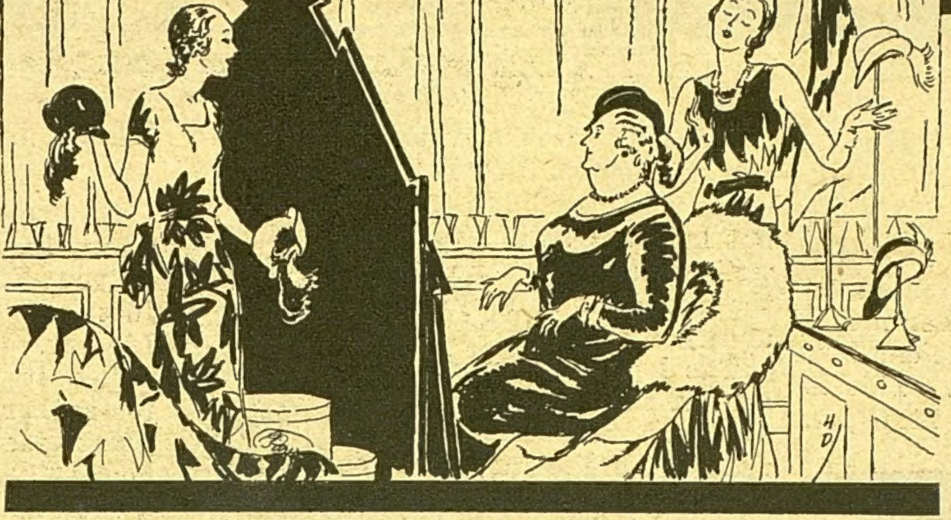
Mama Spank Papa

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Stop these silly spanking letters in your esteemed Vox Pop column. If you are a little seventeen-year-old girl it's all right—but it puts ideas in other people's heads.

Listen to this tale of woe: The writer is male and not seventeen but twenty-seven—and married to a lovely but tall lady who plays tennis and swings a mean racket. And she reads Vox Pop, and when I came home from a little party the other A. M.—well, she swung her racket. You can just imagine the painful situation that arose.—*P. J. K.*



TO THE LADIES!



By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)

AROUND the world goes Richard Halliburton, strictly at his leisure. The longer it takes him the better he likes it. His recent globe circuit took him a year and a half to complete. That's the all-time record, he claims, for slow air travel. Should we call him Richard, the Flying Snail?

He stopped off here, there, and everywhere to meet Oriental royalty. Having heard of his celebrity as a beauty lover, I asked him if he could name the prettiest girl he saw on his trip.

"The Queen of Persia," he answered promptly. She isn't really the queen, he added, but she would be if the Persians hadn't gypped the throne away from her husband's family. She's married to a brother of the last legitimate shah. Anyway, traveler Halliburton says she's got the biggest, blackest gazelle eyes you can imagine. Says she's a dream straight out of Arabian Nights. She wears a black veil. Right up to those eyes. Talk about allure! He says she takes your breath away.

"The girls of Borneo wear brass teeth," Mr. Halliburton told me. "Any dog can have white teeth," they declare. So they get their natural teeth pulled out and brass ones put in. The toothpaste business is terrible in Borneo. Opportunity, there, for a live brass-polish salesman. Mr. Halliburton went to jail in Persia. Much cleaner and sweeter in jail, he says, than in a Persian hotel.

Richard Halliburton

Persian aristocrats of the old régime are mostly in jail now. The new shah keeps them there. To meet them, Mr. Halliburton had himself locked up by request.

QUITE a number of stage and movie ladies are taking those little *doumka* pillows along with them this year when they travel. It's a new fad. One of them appears in the Broadway hit, 20th Century.

These little pillows, downy, puffy, about the size of a telephone book, can be packed in your overnight bag, and are a great comfort. In the old days Russian ladies were never without one. Always slept on one. We call our little private pillow a *doumka* because *doumka*, in Russian, means "little thought." Your little pillow holds all your little thoughts—receives all your private confidences. See?

DO I think second marriages turn out better than first marriages? A reader wants to know. Well, now, let's see what I think:

I know a young professor whose second plunge into the matrimonial depths does not appear to have fished up the pearl of contentment. First he married a poetess. She kept him aflutter for three years. Divorced him to wed one of his students—son of a millionaire.

"I let her go without blame or regret," the young professor said. "We had our butterfly years. Now we have both settled down with more substantial mates."

He, too, has married for logic this time, instead of for love. His new lady is as solid as the Hoover Dam. They're climbing up in the world, professionally and socially, but he has developed a severe case of the fidgets. To intimate friends he confesses:

"Our life is perfect. All regularity and peace. I don't know how much longer I can stand it."

His first wife left her mark on him, you see. He never can be the same again. Thought he could. That, evidently, was his mistake.

A common enough mistake, I believe. First marriages nearly always leave their mark.

On the other hand, I know plenty of second marriages that have turned out splendidly. First or second, I am afraid that it must always depend in the last analysis upon who marries whom.

A SOUTH CAROLINA lumber company squirts red, blue, green, purple dye into growing trees. When the trees are cut and sawed you have brightly colored boards. So you can now enjoy purple, green, blue, red woodwork or furniture in your home.

"Terrible taste," said I. That was my first reaction. Anything so unheard-of must be unworthy.

What nonsense! On second thought, I believe that purple floors, dark red or dark green floors, with the natural grain of the wood showing, could very well be exquisite in certain rooms. Oriental rugs should look their best, I think, on a dark red floor.

A BURGLAR broke into the home of some friends of mine. Something scared him away before he had time to remove his loot. He left everything behind, stacked up in the middle of the parlor floor.

My friends, when they came home, were horrified to discover that the house had been burglarized. They expected to find their best things missing. But closer examination turned their wrath to amazement, then to joy.

That burglar had dug up things they'd forgotten they ever owned. Nice old silver spoons, a gold chain for the lady. Best of all—according to the man of the house—three bottles of prewar sherry wine!

"**CAUCASIAN** rice" has long been a popular party dessert in Europe. The more preserved fruits you put into it, the more *party-fied* it is. I make it this way:

Soak ½ cup rice in water for an hour. Drain, add 3 cups milk, and cook in double boiler until soft and creamy. Then add ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons scalded raisins, and cook five minutes more. Remove from fire, adding ½ teaspoon almond extract, 1½ tablespoons ground almonds, 1½ tablespoons, chopped, of each of following fruits: preserved California cherries, pineapple, plums, kumquats, etc. Stir in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and ½ cup whipped cream. Chill until almost frozen. Serve in frappé glasses. A cherry on top.

ENJOYED reading Tone the Bell Easy. A book of real-life romance. All about wild old Texas. (Published by the Texas Folklore Society.)

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

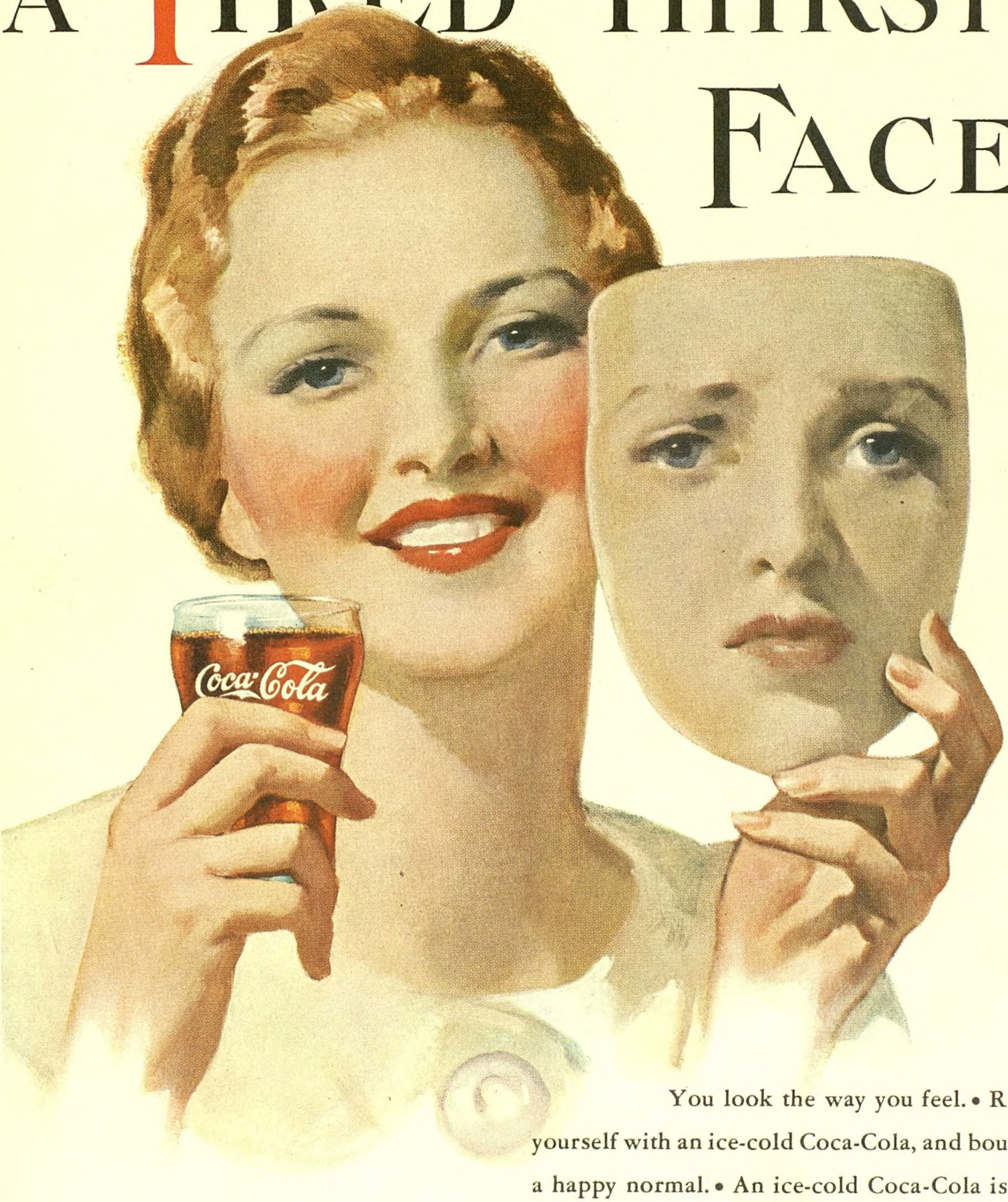
Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Don't Wear
A TIRED THIRSTY FACE



You look the way you feel. • Refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and bounce to a happy normal. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that *will* refresh you.

Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal

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